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The English Illustrated Magazine

1907

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DIANA OF THE UPLANDS.

From the painting by Charles W. Furze, A.R.A., in the National Gallery of British Art.

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THE

English Illustrated Magazine.

APRIL, 1907.

ROYAL POETS.

By ROBERT BELL.

A BIG volume might be made of the poems written by kings and queens of Great Britain. These are, of course, mostly fugitive pieces; and it is curious to notice that they deal not with war or empire, but with love and sorrow and the other plaintive themes to which the most lowly poets have also thrummed their lyres. King James I. of Scotland was perhaps the only monarch who cultivated the Muse with professional assiduity. Other kings merely coquetted with her, and one can only lament that all their flirtations were not so innocent. There is, I think, good internal evidence that if one or two of the English sovereigns had, by some Gilbertian revolution, been forced to change places with their own Laureates, Poetry would not have been the loser.

We need not spend much time over the very earliest productions of the Royal Muse. For one thing, they are scanty and not very well authenticated. For another, they are written in a tongue which is not familiar to modern ears. It may, therefore, suffice to say that Richard Cœur de Lion is believed to be the first English king who dabbled in verse, and that some stanzas written during his captivity have come down to us. Richard the Second followed his example, but his verses have gone into Time's waste-paper basket. The following lines are attributed to Henry VI.: let us hope the supposition is correct, for they suit well the temper of the king whom Shakespeare drew :—

"Kingdomes are but cares,
  State ys devoid of staie,
Ryches are redy snares,
  And hastene to decaie,
Plesure ys a pryvie prycke
  Wich vyce doth styll provoke :
Pompe, unprompt; a fame, a flame ;
  Powre, a smouldryng smoke.
Who meenethe to remoofe the rocke
  Owte of the slymie mudde,
Shall myre hymselfe, and hardlie scape
  The swellynge of the flodde."

One would expect that Henry VIII. should be an adept in amorous poetry, but the fragment of his skill that remains to us is more blatant than sentimental. It is a "sonnet" addressed to Ann Bulleyn :—

"The eagle's force subdues eache byrd that flyes.
What metal can resyst the flaminge fyre?
Dothe not the sunne dazle the cleareste eyes,
And melte the ice, and make the frost retyre?
The hardest stones are peircede thro' wyth tools;
The wysest are, with princes, made but fools."

It is an unusual way of wooing to tell the fair one that she is the fool; but perhaps some departure is necessary from the usual formula when the swain is a crowned head hampered by laws against bigamy.

Probably King Hal is also the author of "The Kyng's Balade," which begins:—

"Passetyme with good cumpanye
I love, and shall unto I dye,
Gruche so wylle,* but none deny,
So God be plecyd, so lyf woll I.
For my pastaunce
Hunte, syng, and daunce,
My hert is sett;
All godely sport
To my comfort,
Who shall me lett?"

Probably King Henry would not have believed it, but his verses are exceedingly inferior stuff when compared with the poem of the poor girl to whom he wrote poems and whom he then beheaded. Among the lines which Ann Bulleyn is supposed to have written after her condemnation are these:—

"O death! rocke me on sleepe,
Bring me on quiet reste;
Let passe my verye guiltless goste
Out of my carefull brest,

HENRY VI.

* Grudge who will.

EDWARD VI.

Toll on the passing bell,
Ringe out the dolefull knell,
Let the suorde my dethe tell.
For I must dye,
There is no remedy
For now I dye."

Edward VI. died at the age of sixteen, or probably his only poetical "remains" would not be some verses concerning the meaning of the Eucharist. Theology then occupied a leading place in the education of every Prince, and we find the young king confuting the error of Transubstantiation:—

"Yet whoso eateth that lively foode,
And hath a perfect faith,
Receiveth Christe's flesh and bloode.
For Christe Himselfe so saith.

Not with our teeth His flesh to teare,
Nor take bloode for our drinke:
Too great an absurdity it were
So grosly for to thinke.

For we must eat Him spiritually
If we be spirituall,
And whoso eats Him carnally
Thereby shall have a fall."

It is surprising to find that King Edward had also composed "a most elegant comedy, the title of which was 'The Whore of Babylon.'" Though one need not regret the demise of that particular work, so precocious a talent ought in after life to have made considerable

additions to the slender library of Royal Poetry.

Queen Mary was religious but not poetical; but Elizabeth was herself one of the Elizabethan bards. Her first girlish flight must not be too severely criticised. It was written with a diamond on a window of her room—which was really her prison—at Woodstock :—

"'Much suspected, of me
Nothing proved can be,'
Quoth Elizabeth, p isoner."

She also, like King Edward, expounded her faith in rhyme. Queen Mary was importuning her to subscribe to Transubstantiation, and Elizabeth, with an adroitness worthy of her best days, replied :—

"Christ was the Word they spake it,
He took the bread and brake it;
And what His Word did make it,
That I believe and take it."

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

From the original picture by Zucchere, in the collection of the Marquis of Salisbury.

In spite of these examples, Queen Elizabeth was a poet of accomplishments. Puttenham, who wrote in 1589 on "The Arte of English Poesie," says: "But last in recitall, and first in degree, is the quene, our sovereign lady, whose learned, delicate, noble muse easily surmounteth all the rest that have written before her time or since, for sence, sweetnesse, or subtillitie, be it in ode, elegie, epigram, or any other kinde of poems, wherein it shall please her Majestie to employ her penne, even by as many oddes as her owne excellent estate and degree exceedeth all the rest of her most humble vassalls." The same courtly critic goes on to quote her Majesty in illustration of the figure of speech which he calls "Exargasia, or, the Gorgious." May we suggest that that figure of speech would not have been invented had not Queen Bess had a soft side for flatterers? At all events, here is the Royal effusion :—

The doubt of future foes
Exiles my present joy;
And wit me warnes to shun such snares
As threaten mine annoy.

For falsehood now doth flow,
And subjects' faith doth ebbe;
Which would not be if reason ruled
Or wisdome wove the webbe.

* * *

The daughter of debate,*
That discord aye doth sowe,
Shall reape no gaine where former rule
Hath taught stil peace to growe.

No foreign bannisht wight
Shall ancre in this port;
Our realme it brookes no stranger's force,
Let them elsewhere resort.

Our rusty sworde with reste
Shall first his edge employ
To poll the toppes, that seeke such change,
Or gape for such-like joy.

Another distich which has been preserved is referred to by Puttenham as

* Mary Queen of Scots.

"that which our soveraign Lady wrote in defiance of fortune":—

"Never thinke you, Fortune can bear the sway
Where Vertue's force can cause her to obay."

That was the spirit which routed Amadas and boxed the ears of Burleigh. It is sincerely to be regretted that Queen Elizabeth did not, like her learned relation (whom foreign rulers styled "Queen James" as they had called his predecessor "King Elizabeth,") publish a collected edition of her works. It would have been a book for Carlyle to edit. Her Majesty did much in translation: and the stanzas, which are an imitation of Petrarch written on the departure of the Duke of Anjou after his unsuccessful courtship, throw an interesting light on the susceptibilities of the Virgin Queen:—

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

I grieve, yet dare not show my discontent;
I love, and yet am forced to seem to hate;
I dote, but dare not what I ever meant;
I seem stark mute, yet inwardly doe prate;
I am, and am not—freeze, and yet I burn,
Since from myself my other self I turn.
My care is like a shadow in the sun—
Follows me flying—flies when I pursue it,
Stands and lives by me—does what I have done;
This too familiar care doth make me rue it.
No means I find to rid him from my breast,
Till by the end of things it be suppressed.
Some gentler passion steal into my mind,
(For I am soft and made of melting snow);
Or be more cruel, Love, or be more kind,
Or let me float or sink, be high or low;
Or let me live with some more sweet content,
Or die, and so forget what love e'er meant.

Mary Queen of Scots, who was Elizabeth's rival in other directions, made no exception in respect of poetry. She also wrote with a diamond on a window—In Fotheringay Castle: the distich was:—

From the top of all my trust
Mishap has laid me in the dust.

Her other efforts seem to have been in foreign languages. The most interesting are a series of French sonnets to Bothwell, whom she married a few days after the murder of Darnley. They are couched in a very passionate strain. The first one ends:—

Pour luy, tous mes amis c'estime moins que rien,
J'ay hazardé pour luy et nom et conscience;
Je veux pour luy au monde renoncer,
Je veux mourir pour luy avancer.

In the Stuarts the poetic faculty was hereditary. James the First of Scotland was the best poet, as he was the best king, of the seven who bore the name. His "King's Quhair" has been compared

ANNE BULLEYN.

By an unknown painter.

From the portrait in the National Portrait Gallery.

to Chaucer, and readers of it may easily come to the conclusion that posterity has unfairly apportioned the fame between the prince and the plebian. James was himself an ardent admirer of Chaucer, as the concluding stanza of his best work shows :—

Unto the impris* of my maisteris dere,
  Gowere and Chaucer, that on the steppis satt,
Of rethorik quhill thai were lyvand here,
  Superlative as poetis laureate,
  In moralitee and eloquence ornate,
I recommend my buk in lynis sevin,
And eke their saulis into the blisse of hevin.
  Amen.

The "King's Quhair" is a love poem written in honour of the lady who afterwards became his wife, and whose "beautee eneuch to mak a world to dote" first caught his eye as he looked forth from his captivity in the tower of Windsor. Since James's reputation as a poet is well enough established by this and his other works, further quotations are unnecessary in an article which proposes to deal rather with the lesser lights of Royal literature.

James V. was also a poet, but to what extent is not quite clear. He has been suspected of an association with the Scottish ballads known as "The Gaberlunzie Man" and "The Jollie Beggar"; but even those achievements would not have justified Sir David Lindsay in alluding to him as "the prince of poetry."

More prose than poetry came from the pedantic pen of the British Solomon—James I. of England. In the preface to His Majesty's Poeticall Exercises at Vacant Houres" he apologises for the contents on the ground that they were the efforts of his youth, and that in his manhood he "scarslie but at stollen moments had the leisure to blank upon any paper." His Majesty was fond of the sonnet form. Here is a specimen :—

God gives not kings the stile of gods in vaine,
  For on His throne His scepter do they sway,
  And as their subjects ought them to obey.
So kings should feare and serve their God againe,
If ye then would enjoy a happie reigne,

JAMES I. OF ENGLAND.

* Hymns.

CHARLES I.

From the painting by Daniel Mytens.

Observe the statutes of our heavenly King,
And from His law make all your laws to spring.
Since His lieutenant here ye should remain;
Reward the juste, be stedfast, true and plaine,
Repress the proud, maintayning aye the right,
Wake always so as ever in His sight,
Who guards the godly, plaguing the profane,
And so ye shall in princely vertues shine,
Resembling right your mightie King divine.

That (which was addressed to his son) is very fair, but King James could be exceedingly bad on occasion. He liked to harp on the Divine right. These modest lines are printed beneath the portrait which prefaced the first folio edition of his Majesty's works:—

Crowns have their compass, length of days their date,
Triumphs their tombs, felicities their fate:
Of more than earth can earth make none partaker,
But knowledge makes the king most like his Maker.

The Royal bard even took his Muse with him to country houses, for when, towards the close of his life, he visited the Marquis of Buckingham at Bushey, he penned these lines:—

The heavens, that wept perpetually before,
Since wee came hither, show theyr smilinge cleere;
This goodly house it smiles, and all this store
Of huge provision smiles upon us heere.
The Buckes and Stagges in fatt they seem to smile,
God send a smilinge boy within a while.

It will be observed that his Majesty, for all his intimate association with the Almighty, was not above a pun. This monarch also made a translation of the Psalms, not very unlike that which is still sung in Scottish churches.

Charles the First's sole contribution to poetic literature is entitled "Majesty in Misery," and was written during his captivity at Carisbrooke Castle. It contains twenty-four verses, of which these may serve as samples:—

Nature and Law, by thy Divine Decree,
(The only Root of Righteous Royalty)
With this dim Diadem invested me.

With it, the Sacred Scepter, Purple Robe,
The Holy Unction, and the Royal Globe;
Yet am I level'd with the life of Job.

The fiercest Furies, that do daily tread
Upon my Grief, my Gray Discrowned Head,
Are those, that own my Bounty for their Bread.
They raise a War and christen it *The Cause.*
Whilst sacriligious hands have best applause,
Plunder and Murder are the kingdom's Laws.

Tyranny bears the Title of *Taxation.*
Revenge and Robbery are *Reformation,*
Oppression gains the name of *Sequestration.*

* * *

But, Sacred Saviour, with Thy words I woo
Thee to forgive, and not be bitter to
Such, as Thou know'st, do not know what they do.
For since they from their Lord are so disjointed,
As to contemn those Edicts He appointed,
How can they prize the Power of His Anointed?

Augment my Patience, nullifie my Hate,
Preserve my Issue, and inspire my Mate,
Yet, tho' We perish, bless this Church and State.

The poem shows some facility of rhyme as well as a Christian charity. The pity is that the King did not display either at an earlier period of his career.

CHARLES II. AND LADY CASTLEMAINE.

"Mr. Pierce, the surgeon, tells me that, though the King and my Lady Castlemaine are friends again, she is not at White Hall, but at Sir D. Harvey's, whither the King goes to her; but he says she made him ask her forgiveness upon his knees, and promise to offend her no more, and that indeed she hath nearly hectored him out of his wits."—PEPYS' DIARY, 1667.

From the oil painting by W. P. Frith, R.A., by permission of the artist.

Charles II., also, wooed the Muse only once: perhaps he was too fickle to do it twice. Laureates have done worse :—

"I pass all my hours in a shady old grove,
But I live not the day when I see not my love:
I survey every walk now my Phyllis is gone,
And sigh when I think we were there all alone.
O then 'tis I think there's no hell
Like loving too well.

We shall omit the next two verses. This is the last :—

"But when I consider the truth of her heart,
Such an innocent passion, so kind without art,
I fear I have wronged her. I hope she may be
So full of true love to be jealous of me.
And then 'tis I think that no joys are above
The pleasures of love."

With the advent of the Guelphs the output of Royal poetry ceased. It is known that the first three Georges "hated boetry," and the fourth certainly preferred millinery. George the Second, it is recorded, once corrected the proofs of a pamphlet against the Jacobites, but that was the *chef d'œuvre* of his literary career. At all events, for two centuries Royalty has remained mute. Perhaps that is a wise choice; for, as a certain great man said, comparisons are odious.

NATURE AND ART.

OUR TENANTS.

By
HEBER K. DANIELS.

Author of "Doña Rufina," "Digby Ravelyn," "Dol Shackfield," etc

[Each instalment of this amusing serial will be found complete in itself, though the fortunes of the hero will form a continuous tale from month to month.]

I.

MY ORIGIN, AND JIM'S FAMILY.

IN my young days there was no School Boards, nor spelling bees, and edication was scarce. My mother she hadn't the time to learn me; and father he wouldn't if he could, 'cause he didn't hold with edication, nohow; said it made people too artful and know-all for fair trade purposes, and was about as much use to a man of his profession as the b and l was in "plumber" and "solder."

Father was a plumber, and worked all his life for Mr. Trapley, sanat'ry engineer, and Mr. Trapley's father before him. He is dead now—died of alco'lic poisoning, so I heard—and mother, she followed him shortly afterwards. If it hadn't been for Aunt Sarah (father's sister) taking me in and caring for me, I'd have been left an orphan on the world; but she was good to me, and 'dopted me for a son, and teached me grammer, and how to spel, and 'prenticed me out to Mr. Trapley to learn plumbing and gasfitting. She was a good old soul, was Aunt Sarah, while she lasted; but she died of an over-dose, like father did, and the doctor he said they took enough between them to have floated the ark off Mount Araroot, though the coroner he reckoned he only spoke from memory, without any measurements to guide him, and tried to average it, as it were. So I was an orphan.

I went to live with Jim, who worked for Mr. Trapley as leading plumber, gasfitter and hot-water engineer; and I was 'prenticed under Jim to learn the business at two-and-sixpence per week; and Mr. Trapley charged me up on his 'counts, "Plumber's mate, 54 hours at 7*d.* per hour = £1 11s. 6*d.*"

Jim was married, and had a daughter about my own age called Mary, and a little boy a couple of years younger, that was born crippled, and couldn't walk ever since. His name was Jim, too, but they hardly ever called him anything when speaking of him, 'cause somehow he didn't seem to count for much, being only a cripple.

And I was very comfortable at Jim's house, so long as he was sober and stuck to his work; but sometimes Mr. Trapley he'd upset him, and Jim he'd knock off, and go away on the randan for a whole week at a stretch, and then come home all unexpected in the middle of the night, and scatter the family. He was a terror, was Jim, when he had the mad fit on

him, and wouldn't stop at nothing. The neighbours on both sides of him and over the way went in mortal fear of him, and shut their doors and windows and draw'd their blinds down whenever they heard him arguing, for fear he'd come in, and invite them to join in the dispute.

And when he was away, Mr. Trapley he'd put him on half time, and charge it up full on the bill:—"Plumber and mate awaiting instructions, 108 hours at 1s. 8*d*. per hour."

Jim told me Mr. Trapley was reckoned about the smartest sanat'ry engineer in all London, and the most in with builders and surveyors and vestrymen and such like; and he could make a bill almost out of nothing. It was no good trying to spring estimates and spec'fications on to him, for he was bound to 'riggle out of them and get his "extras" and "professional services" and "refreshments for men" in somehow. From all accounts he must have been a little bit beyond the ordinary, even for a sanat'ry engineer, 'cause I used, myself, to hear father say that, among his profession, both Mr. Trapley and his father were reckoned a pair of shiny ornaments.

Jim said he was the best master *he* ever worked for, and didn't worry over his time and materials so long as he got his hundred and twenty per cent. or so out of a job; and, of course, it wouldn't have paid for Jim to have gone around telling tales out of school so long as *his* wages came in regular. So I said, "Why, Jim, it's better to be a sanat'ry engineer than a plumber even." And Jim he closed up one eye and said:

"My son, you can just bet your boots on that lot." And I reckoned it was so.

Jim's other name was Pinnegear, so near as I could make out, for you can't always rely on the way the police reports get a name down, and my mate he never wrote it himself two ways the same. He said Shakespeare done it that way, too, and what was good enough for Shakespeare wasn't going to disagree with him much.

Jim was always reckoned a good hand at giving a dry wipe, and he would have made a humorist, so they said, if he'd have liked, but he couldn't abide poverty nohow, and was always ambitious to be a plumber ever since he could crawl.

It was a pity he was so quick-tempered and sudden to take on a quarrel, for a better plumber than Jim never laid a service. And Mr. Trapley he knew it, and kept in with him as far as he could, and if a customer complained to him about Jim's language, or being in drink, he'd sack him right off there and then, and put him on to help at another job, and charge it up on *both* bills, "Incidental expenses." He was the best accountant I ever saw.

My mate's wife was called Lizzie. She was a poor, timid, little, scared woman, without the spirit of a worm, and always ran away from home when Jim was in one of his tantrums. She kept house and did the cooking and washing for us when Jim would let her. And her daughter Mary, she helped her and 'tended after young Jim; for he was as helpless as an image, and required to be lifted and wheeled about like a waxwork. But she was fond of him (bless her sweet face!) and done it all for him as if it was a pleasure; and he was fond of her, too, and showed it the best he could in his poor helpless way. And when her father became obstropolous she'd always shield young Jim every way she could think of, and maybe take him away in her arms to Mrs. Hippleston's until it was all over, and Jim simmered down, when she'd come home again with him, and take him up to bed, and hush him off to sleep like it was her own baby. And that always sobered Jim.

She was the beautifullest girl I ever see. Her face it was white like a marble statue, with curly golden hair clinging all around it, like Jenny creepers, and her eyes were set wide apart and large like a deer's; and when they looked straight at you, it melted you up and made you creep all over like a shower-bath. Jim he never could face her. He might rout the neighbourhood, and turn his poor broken-down wife out of doors, but when it come to meeting those clear grey eyes, with their quiet, grave look, he'd break down all on a sudden, and clout someone else instead—generally me. But I didn't mind it. I could have stood a deal more

for one pitying look from those eyes.

I loved Mary desperate, and would have given the world then to have asked her if she hated me much; but I dasn't, on account of Jim, for once he told me he counted on marrying her to a sanat'ry engineer; and I made up my mind to be one from that day.

II.

JIM'S FAMILY, CONTINUED.

JIM'S house was in Battersea, down by the railway arches; and it took us the best part of an hour's travelling to get to Mr. Trapley's shop in Soho. We came in regular every morning by the first train, unless it was a country job and we were stopping there.

Jim could have lived in Soho, too, the same as Mr. Trapley done, if he'd liked, and saved the time and fares; but he always preferred to live in the country, he said. Besides, the journeys to the shop and back again made no odds to him, 'cause he always booked them up, and Mr. Trapley he worked them off for him on the bills: "Plumber and mate—rail fares, time travelling, and refreshments." If there was no job on at the time, it didn't make any difference, 'cause the first customer got charged it just the same.

Mr. Trapley could make a bill almost out of nothing.

I never see such a head for figures like Mr. Trapley had. He would have made a celebrated auditor.

I slept in the kitchen in a let-me-down cupboard bed, and Jim's black-and-tan it slept there too, in a basket of cotton wool all to itself; and it had the best there was to eat in the house, the same as it might be one of Jim's own family. For he was powerful fond of the dog, and would as lief have parted from his own wife as anything should have happened to it; and he always 'llowed it was the prettiest dog in the three kingdoms and the thoroughbredest, though too quivery and watery-eyed to suit my taste for beauty, and too many other dog's points leaking out to be pure bred.

We always took it with us when we went on a country job, and Jim he made it sleep on my coat while we worked; and when I came to put it on again, I tell you it was lively. But I dasn't say

The cripple sat propped up in a chair close by Mary's side and never stopped looking at her.

anything to Jim about it, for he'd have set it down to prejudice, and p'rhaps warmed me for saying it.

In the morning we'd be up and stirring before five o'clock, and sit down to a cup of tea and rashers that Jim's wife and Mary cooked for us. And we'd take our dinners with us that they'd got ready overnight, and start out to work, calling at the "High Admiral" on the way, so Jim could have a settler. And if so be we happened to meet one of Jim's old mates in there, we'd never get any further that day. So I'd go off home again and come back at closing time, and pilot Jim home, and help to hold him down, and take the knives and weapons off him, 'cause the drink always reacted on him indoors, and made him savage, and want to rip somebody.

And if my mate didn't stick on the road we got to the shop at half-past six, and if times were slack we'd stay there and drag out a job until it was six o'clock in the evening, and time to go home. But we almost always had an outdoor job to go to, and it took us two hours or so getting the tools ready, and maybe another couple of hours finding the customer's house, and Jim he wanted another hour to get back again. So the time it would pass quite pleasant, and made the job last. And Jim he booked up the time, and maybe a little over for fear his watch was wrong.

In the evening when we reached home and cleaned ourselves, we had kippers mostly, that Jim brought with him in his pocket from the fish shop, and maybe tripe; but kippers for choice. Not that I cared particular about them as a diet myself, seeing they don't carry you very far, so to speak, and smell like when the tide's out, and the passengers complained when Jim sat next to them. But he was monstrous fond of kippers was my mate, and said he reckoned it was 'reditary, 'cause his mother kept a fried fish shop all her life.

After supper Jim he'd take his black-and-tan and go over to the "High Admiral" to try and hear of a job for Mr. Trapley, and we'd get around the

table, and Jim's wife did sewing, while Mary and I took a hand together at "Beggar my neighbour," and I was happy.

And the cripple he was happy, too, and sat propped up in a chair, close by Mary's side, and never stopped looking at her all the time. And I did the same, except when I had to pay out the cards, and it was a toss up which of us loved her the most. And so we stayed, in one long, happy dream, till Jim he'd come home and bust it all up.

On Saturdays we knocked off at twelve o'clock and came home and had dinner. After that Jim went over to the "High Admiral" and waited in the private bar till the vestrymen came in and talked with the builders and 'state agents about some new job they'd settled to come off, so he could give Mr. Trapley the straight tip the next day. And after that, maybe, he'd go on to the concert hall, and we'd sit up ready to put him to bed. If he didn't come home by Sunday morning we knew we'd have to bail him out next day.

He was the most irregularest man I ever knew, and couldn't be depended on for any morning certain. It took Mr. Trapley all his time to work Jim's salary in along with the "solder" and "time-and-a-half" and "sundries"; though if he'd been a banker he couldn't have done it better.

That's how we lived on week-days.

When Sunday came round, and Jim was at home, he took his black-and-tan up on to the Common after breakfast to teach it to swim. He done that regularly every Sunday, except when he was locked up. And it couldn't swim a handstroke unless Jim got savage and throwed it in, and then he'd have to go in after it himself, or it would have drowned.

It was no good trying to get it into his head that short-haired dogs don't *want* to swim, 'cause Jim he believed in the transmogrification of souls, and reckoned p'rhaps his black-and-tan's ancestor was a Newfoundland.

So he tried, and tried, but it wasn't any use. So at last, one day, he got a small sailing ship and tied a raw steak on board, and when he'd showed it to the dog, and made him smell of it, he set the ship's rudder and shoved it off to sail across the pond, reckoning, of course, that the black-and-tan was bound to go in after the steak. Well, it would have done your heart good to have seen the way that dog carried on. He yapped and shimmered along the bank, and wanted Jim to go in himself and fetch the steak back; and the crowd, when they saw it, they all laughed fit to split themselves. But it was no good; it wouldn't so much as wet its toes for all Jim's coaxing and swearing. So presently a big Newfoundland it swam out and grabbed the ship in the middle of the pond and eat the steak swimming, and then swam on over to the opposite side so as to 'void Jim; and when my mate saw it, he was dumb-foundered and couldn't speak for a whole minute. Then, when he got his senses back, and knew where he was, he started using such fearful language to the owner of the dog, that an old lady standing by got took quite faint, and had to be helped out of range, so to speak, and a member of the vestry that heard him said it beat everything *he* ever heard in all *his* experience.

Then Jim he took his sailing pole and ran round to where the Newfoundland was going to land, and waited for him; and the owner he took his malacca cane with a knob on it, and followed after Jim. And I went too, fearing p'rhaps there would be mischief. And my mate he fetched the dog a welt with the pole across the back the same time that the owner he landed Jim with his cane over the right eye. That started Jim off tearing mad, and he made an awful swipe at the dog's owner with his pole, and it missed and went over his head, and I was unsensible for ten minutes. When I came to Jim was licked, and two policemen were taking us and the dogs off to the station.

The next day, when the magistrate heard all the evidence, he said the whole affair 'peared to him to have 'riginated in a *misteak*. That was a joke, and Jim being artful, laughed that hearty over it that the magistrate he dismissed the case against him, and fined the other party

twenty shillings for assault, and twenty shillings and the costs for aiding and abetting his dog, well knowing that it took Jim's steak.

But the black-and-tan it never learned to swim—never to this day.

Of a Sunday evening Jim's wife would go over to Mrs. Hippleston's, and talk about their husbands, and Mary she took the cripple out in the p'rambulator on to the Common, where maybe I'd meet her accidentally and help to wheel it; and Jim he went over to the "High Admiral."

That was how we lived when we stayed at home. That was our soshal life.

III.

MY FIRST OUT-DOOR JOB. MR. TRAPLEY'S WAY OF RENDERING A 'COUNT.

I WORKED a considerable time in the shop before Jim trusted me to go on an out-door job with him. I learned first to run errands and light the fire in the stove to keep the lead melted and the soldering irons hotted ready for Jim to use. After that I helped to bend the lead pipes and make the lead joints, and Jim he always wiped the joints; for you've got to know your business right through before you can wipe a lead joint properly.

You do it this way: When you have got the ends together that you want to join, you pour on the melted lead from the ladle with one hand, and with the other you stand ready with a piece of leather to wipe the lead around the joint as it cools and gets hard; and you do it over and over again until it's hermetrically sealed and won't let the water percolate through.

It requires a steady hand and a sure eye, and plenty of practice to do it properly without pouring the lead on to your fingers and spoiling *their* joints.

My first out-door job was for a party that lived on the Common of the name of Rockmount. I recollect it well, 'cause Jim said what an un*common* name it was, and reckoned he'd made a first-class joke at that. It was a leak in the supply pipe to the cistern, and we took our instructions from Mr. Trapley, who had been and got particulars at the house beforehand, and started off with the tools and nearly four dozen feet of lead pipe and solder, and red-lead, andsettrer, andsettrer.

When we got to Mr. Rockmount's house, I see at once that it was a little job we could do in less than ten minutes, without any hurry about it either; and I told Jim so, but he went on awful at my saying it with the servants all round us, as might have carried it to Mr. Rockmount. He said he'd report me to Mr. Trapley if I didn't study his interests a little better than that.

Then he took down nearly all the lead pipe there was in the house, 'cause he said it was rotten, and he used in all but a few feet of new lead pipe we'd brought with us. And we worked the whole of that day in the house, except when the cook invited us to our meals; and when five o'clock came we didn't get near finished on account of the time Jim carried on in the servant's hall. It was like a pleasure trip to me, and Jim he booked it all down on the time sheets, ready for Mr. Trapley to spread it out when we got home.

Before we went away the cook she told my mate she'd see Mr. Rockmount in the morning, and get us some more plumbing work to finish up the next day with, 'cause she liked his company so; and the housemaid she said I was pretty.

And we came again the next morning and brought some more lead pipe, and Jim he found a leak in the cistern, and poked his nose all about the basement till he discovered where some gas was escaping in the cellar, though nobody seemed to have noticed it before. So it lasted us all that day and part of the next day. I was sorry when at last we were forced to leave off. So was Jim, and so was the housemaid and the cook, and if it hadn't been for the thoughts of Mary at home I do believe I'd have felled in love with that housemaid myself.

Jim told me to tie up all the new lead pipe that we didn't use, along with the old lead pipe belonging to Mr. Rockmount, ready to put into the hand-cart and bring away with us, and I said:

"Jim, you've got the whole of that lead we brought with us booked down to the job, and t'other, you *know*, isn't ourn;

Jim made an awful swipe at the dog's owner and missed, and I was unsensible for ten minutes.

didn't we ought to leave it behind, seeing that it all belongs to Mr. Rockmount?"

Well, I never see my mate so staggered as he was when he heard that. He stared hard at me for nearly a whole minute. Then he reached over and laid hold of me tight by the ear, and, says he:

"Sonny, was you ever kicked by a horse?"

And I screamed out and said:

"No!—at least not hard."

"'Cause," says he, leaving go his hold, and shaking his soldering-iron close to my face, "'cause if you go meddling with what don't concern you you'll get such a good imitation of it as will throw the original in the shade!" Then I saw I'd made a mistake and did as Jim told me to do.

As we was going out of the house we met Mr. Rockmount coming in from business. He was a big, rough, badgering sort of a man with the most villainous looking face I ever saw in my life. Jim reckoned he must be a lawyer or something.

When Mr. Rockmount saw us and noticed the bundle of lead andsettrer we were carrying between us, he shouted out gruff-like:

"Hullo! Hullo! What are you two going off with there?"

Jim he touched his cap humble-like and said he was the plumber from Mr. Trapley's, and had done all there was to do, and was only taking the tools back to the shop again.

"Aha! So you're the plumber, are you?" says Mr. Rockmount sneering-like, and eyeing us all over suspicious; "then what have you got in that 'ere bundle along with the tools. Hey?"

At that my mate turned almost pale with fear; but he pulled hisself together and tried to brazen it out, and said there was nothing but the tools in it, s'help him.

It was the straightforrardest lie *I* ever heard in my life, and I felt like up and making a clean breast of it to Mr. Rockmount as he stood there watching us like a hawk; but I remembered what Jim said about being kicked by a horse, and thought perhaps I wouldn't. And I remembered, too, he was Mary's father.

"Nothing!" shouted Mr. Rockmount, kicking at the bundle, contemptuous, with his foot. "Nothing! ha! ha! ha! A plumber, and taking away nothing! O tell it not at Ascot; whisper it not in Bath. Oh! oh! oh! a plumber, and—— he! he! he!——hold me tight someone ——a plumb——. Here, go on! get out!—go and tell it to the marines; and say! don't forget to tell it to Mr. Trapley, with my compliments; *he'll* enjoy it more than I do." And then he went into another fit of laughing, and had to hold his sides, and when he was done he called Jim a *rara avis*, and pushed us out under the porch and shut the door on us.

After that we could hear him laughing and growling to himself all the way up the stairs to the drawing-room; and when we got to the bottom of the garden he was standing at the open window looking at us with his head on one side, as if he was admiring us for curiosities, and every now and again he'd let off a laugh, like you hear the play actors laugh when they act the devil. Jim was surer than ever he was a lawyer.

Mr. Trapley, when he heard all that we had done and what Mr. Rockmount called Jim, said he suspected he must be a s'licitor, in which case, of course, it would be no use for Jim to summon *him* for def'nition of character. And Mr. Trapley he turned up *rava avis* in a bycyclopedia and found it was a stuffed bird, and, of course, that made Jim sorer than ever for being made a chimley ornament of, so he said, 'cause he happened to be only taking with him the usual plumber's perkisites. Jim said he'd have satisfaction for it if it cost him all he possessed; but Mr. Trapley he quieted him down by slow degrees, and then the two they put their heads together and whispered; and after a bit they laughed a long, low, chuckly laugh and started to render Mr. Rockmount the 'count for work done at his house.

Of course it wouldn't have done for Mr. Trapley to have made a mistake over a man of Mr. Rockmount's sort. He'd have downed him at once and sat on him ever afterwards for a dead certainty. So he was put upon his metal, so to speak, this time, and he done it beautiful.

He took Jim's "details," and spread them out and lumped them, and drawed them in, and mixed up the "solder" and "refreshments" and "candles" along with the "rail-fares" and "professional services" and "self" and "matches." Then he blended in the old lead pipe with the new lead pipe and put it down by the weight so Mr. Rockmount couldn't weigh it, and included it with the "charcoal" and "sundries" and "time-and-a-half" and "wear and tear to stove"; marking that portion of it *nett*, to show he wasn't grabby. After that he smoothed it down and laid it out, and carried it forward and brought it up, and then totalled it down in small figures so it wouldn't look much, and rendered it. And Mr. Rockmount he paid it. He couldn't help himself.

I never see such a 'count in all my life. It was a masterpiece. Even Jim was astonished, and said Mr. Trapley ought to be Chancellor of the Estchecker.

He laid hold of me tight by the ear.

IV.

SANAT'RY ENGINEERING. HOW TO BEST A CLIENT.

IF a job was a big one, or likely to be made into a big one, Mr. Trapley nearly always went and took down the partic'lars from his clients, and made out the spec'fication and estimate in his own handwriting. When it wasn't an estimate, he always went himself after the work was done and measured it up, with one of the young men from the office to hold the tape and book it down.

If there was a dispute over the quantities or the time, Mr. Trapley he got very angry at anyone doubting his word, and called in an expert to go through it all over again with him, and be a referee between him and t'other party.

And the expert was another sanat'ry engineer most always, or a small plumber that did odd jobs for Mr. Trapley, when he was busy, and know'd him. So the

The housemaid came running to us as pale as death.

measurements and time were always right—if anything, a little under, maybe.

I hardly ever knew Mr. Trapley to get cornered; he was that quick at math'matics. You might take any of his 'counts and study it through all day, and dissect it how you liked, and you wouldn't be able to find a flaw in the time, or where any unused material was sticking out—not if you had a microscope you wouldn't.

P'raps you'd think that when a job was put out to comp'tition it would have levelled the price down to such a low figure that it wouldn't be worth Mr. Trapley's while to do it, and thrown him out of the hunt, so to speak, altogether. Well, p'rhaps so it did in one way, though not so as to affect *his* pocket. *He* always knew how to keep from being robbed.

First, he'd find out if there was any other trade likely to be working in the house the same time as his job was on and providing there was, he'd put in his estimate at such a low figure that he was pretty well certain to get the job.

Then, maybe, when the work was started, Jim he'd go up to Mr. Hillyard the builder's foreman, as might be in the house doin' of it up, and says Jim: "Tom, are you a estimate?"

"No, Jim," says the foreman; "I aint; I'm only a jobbing work. Why?"

"'Cause," says Jim, looking around cautious and lowering his voice into a whisper, "I'm a contract, as of course can't do it at the figure and——"

"I tumble," says the foreman, "and you wants me to help you cutting away and making good and lending a hand generally, and then charge it up on *my* job with profits."

"That's your sort," says Jim, and then they'd fall a-winking at one another in a way that would have made that client sick if he'd seen 'em.

And they done it that way. Mr. Hillyard he divided the extra profits with Mr. Trapley, and Mr Trapley, he'd do as much for Mr. Hillyard some other time, when *he* was on day work and t'other wasn't.

If there was no one else working in the house, and the job was a comp'tition one, Mr. Trapley he wouldn't take it over on no account. He was an Englishman, so he said, and didn't hold with sweating, nohow.

Mr. Trapley had a smart lawyer chap of the name of Gripps to protect him whenever there was suspicion of trouble ahead, though I never know'd him to get fairly into a law case while I worked for him 'cept once, when he thought he had a sure thing against Mr. Clarkson, of which I shall have more to say later on.

Jim said Mr. Gripps got so much p'rannum every year regular to keep Mr. Trapley out of the law, and it paid him at that. And what Mr. Gripps didn't know for a lawyer, his clerk knew for him; so that between those two and Mr. Trapley they never 'llowed

any client to best them while they had the law of England to protect them.

Mr. Trapley always said "client"; it sounded bigger than "customer," which he said was only fit for drapers and such like as wasn't p'fessional.

Sometimes Mr. Trapley had a very narrow squeak of it, and if it hadn't been for Mr. Gripps and his clerk the law would have got him, sure. I remember one job we done for a party that lived out in Surbiton, which his name, I think, it began with a S—— Smith, likely as not. His front stairs wanted releading over again, owing to the lead being worn out, and me and Jim was sent down to do it. After we had nearly finished and were in the kitchen sitting comfortable over a game of cards with the butler, and Jim smoking his pipe quite unsuspecting-like, we heard a sound all on a sudden, like as if the roof was coming in and breaking up the whole of the furniture in the house. It was the most long-drawed-out, rippingest sound I ever heard since Jim fell down a lift-shaft at the works, with his arms full of lamp-globes. Well, I tell you, it turned us all quite cold for a full minute.

Presently the housemaid she came running down to us in the kitchen, as pale as death, and trembling all over like an ashbin, and says she:

"It's master! he's been and stepped on the candle end you left behind you at the top of the stairs, and has fell all the way down four flights and three landings, and nearly broke the heating-stove in the hall passage below."

She said, too, he was crawling on his hands and knees towards the ante-room, where he kept his revolver, and asked her, as she went by, to tell the plumber he wanted to see him.

When Jim heard that, he said there wasn't the least use our staying on any longer to try and do any good, and guessed that we'd better take the first train and go back to Mr. Trapley as quick as we could, and tell him what Mr. Smith had done. And I agreed with Jim, and we went. And we didn't trouble to go by the front door, either; 'cause Jim he said it was too roundabout for him.

When we got home that evening, Jim he went on to the shop and told Mr. Trapley what had happened, and next morning Mr. Trapley he went off the first thing and consulted with Mr. Gripps, and he took with him a letter he'd received from Mr. Smith, claiming £500 for internal damages and general shaking up of his system.

He left the letter with Mr. Gripps to do his best with it for him, and Mr. Gripps he done it. He and his clerk they read up all the law books they had in the office, and then, after considering it over for two whole days, they sat down and concocted a long letter to Mr. Smith, full of lawful words that would have taken any man's breath out of him, they were so clever and slippery-like. They pointed out, as far as I could make out from what Jim told me, that under the Employers' Liability Act his claim on Mr. Trapley wasn't worth the paper it was wrote on. He had employed Mr. Trapley and Mr. Trapley's men, to do certain and divers works in his house, and that in the course of the said works, he, Mr. Smith, had taken it into his head to toboggan down his own stairs, without anyone asking or suggesting that he should do such a thing, or words to that effect. What he done was voluntary, and of his own free will, and on the impulse of the moment, so to speak; and now he had the astounding impudence to claim on Mr. Gripps' client for damages, after first nearly smashing his stove, and then laying in wait for his men with lethal weapons, with intent to do them grievous bodily harm. All Mr. Gripps could say was, that Mr. Smith might claim as long as he liked, and to any amount he liked, but seeing that *he* was the employer, and Mr. Trapley the employee, he'd only be proceeding against himself after all, which in Mr. Gripps' opinion was foolishness.

On the other hand, if Mr. Smith would withdraw his claim and apologise, and send a cheque by return for amount of work done in the house, Mr. Trapley would withdraw his counter-claim against Mr. Smith for wrongfully detaining his stove, and tools, and lead, andsettrer.

So Mr. Smith he 'pologised and paid up, and the next day after that me and Jim we went and fetched away our things from the house. Mr. Smith he paid for that, too, 'cause Mr. Trapley he charged it up as an "extra," as well as the damage to the stove where his head come into contact with it.

(To be continued.)

TO FAUSTINE.

By ALFRED WILSON BARRETT.

WHAT mean those dark and mysterious eyes of you ?
What are you dreaming of ?—show me, ah, pray,
Some of the ghosts that at night time arise to you.
What are you thinking of ? Why don't you say ?

Have you gone back to the days of your Emperor,
When you were gorgeous, and shameless, and bold,
Struck off the feet of your slaves in your temper, or
Drove to the circus in purple and gold ?

Or, when the darkest night hiding the sight of you,
Only a maid with you, daring, you went
Searching the taverns through, where for a night of you
Many a swordsman to Satan you sent.

Are you recalling the lovers who died for you ?
Boys in their youth or strong men in their pride,
The brutal who won you, the simple who sighed for you,
Seeking a smile from your lips as they died—

Lips more cruel than claws on those beasts of yours,
Beasts whose blood your curved nostrils inhaled,
Tearing the flesh of the kings of those feasts of yours,
Or on the victors' keen lances impaled.

Or does night bring to you, does she still cling to you,
She whom you loved, they say, more than all *men* ?
Does her ghost kiss you, caress you, and sing to you,
Girl whom you sweetheart called, worshipped, and then

Tired of and flung to your slaves to make sport with her,
She, pale gold child of a far northern land,
Maddened with fury because you had caught with her
One of your lovers who kissed but her hand ?

Are they all true, those dark tales that they write of you ?
Or are you a saint and those memories lies ?
Or is it the doubting that makes the delight of you ?
What lies behind those mysterious eyes ?

Doesn't the world seem a different place to you ?
Ah ! if again in old Rome you were queen,
Would the new gods you now love lend their grace to you ?
Or would you be always and ever—Faustine ?

THE
LOST : LAND
OF : KING : AR-
-THVR
DESCRIBED : BY : J
CVMING : WALTERS
PICTVRED : BY : BER-
NARD : MVNNS
"On the one hand we have the man Arthur, . . . on the other is a greater Arthur, a more colossal figure, of which we have, so to speak, but a torso, rescued from the wreck of the Celtic Pantheon."
PROFESSOR RHYS.
"There is truth enough to make him famous besides that which is fabulous."
BACON.
B
M

FOREWORD

WITHIN a small area in the West Country may be found the principal places mentioned in the written chronicles of King Arthur—places with strange, long histories and of natural charm. In these pages an impressionist view is given of the region once called Cameliard and Lyonnesse. We have ventured into a by-way seldom entered, and we trust to have gathered a few details which may not be wholly without interest in their place. Facts are meagre about King Arthur, and romance has so overlaid reality that his realm seems now to be veritably a part of fairy-land. In this respect the journey is profitless save that, by taking Malory as a guide, we are led to a few delightful and half-forgotten localities out of the ordinary route from which romance has not been wholly dislodged, and where tradition survives and is strong.

THE LOST LAND OF KING ARTHUR.

I.

NO pretence can be made that a complete or exhaustive history of King Arthur is given in this and the following chapters. Only parts of his story and parts of the story of his most illustrious knights are woven into this mosaic of fact and fiction. Sometimes only a few threads of the romance are to be discovered; at other times many are gathered into the fabric.

I have taken those portions only of the Arthurian fable, built upon a small substratum of historic fact, which suited the immediate purpose in view; the rest, a huge mass, which it would have been unprofitable to introduce, has perforce been omitted. The primary object has been simply to call attention to the reputed relics of the great hero, to mark some of the floating traditions of his power, and to speak of a few of the localities which bear his name or are associated with his deeds; and I have striven to add a little to the living interest in the mouldering monuments, to brush away a little of the dust of ages from existing evidences, to lift a little the veil of mystery which darkens, disguises, or shrouds the lineaments of the king. As we find him in history, and as he is represented in romance, he is so noble a figure that we should dread to lose him or the conjuring influence of his name. The proud and triumphing Roman reeled for a time under the shock of Arthur's hosts. The Saxon felt his almost invincible power. Christendom hailed his noble order and rejoiced in his imperial sway. Now, where he ruled and made his kingdom, are submerged cities, fallen towers, the wash of waters, the "trackless realm of Lyonnesse." The sea has swept over his territory, and the deep shadows of centuries have fallen upon his deeds. His fame has been made imperishable by mighty pens, and many a mountain fastness holds his name and gives it forth to the world; many a towering rock preserves his story; many a frowning height perpetuates his deeds; many a wild torrent proclaims his name. So by a hundred contrivances does the memory of King Arthur endure, and he looms, a giant, behind the mist of ages. Six hundred localities in the British Isles alone, it has been computed, cherish traditions of King Arthur, and his praise is sung by a multitude of voices, and in every region where Celtic influence has been felt. Such an influence as this cannot proceed wholly from the dry bones of fiction, or from the golden toys of romance. Legends gather about a great name, just as ivy covers the ruined column of old time; but the underlying base is there. Those who contend that King Arthur never lived are open to the charge of allowing the leaves of fable to hide from their eyes the ruined but giant fabric beneath.

In the early unwritten history of this island the invading Brythons race mastered the inhabitants, the Goidels or Gauls, who had amalgamated with the Neolithic race, and gave the country the name of Britannia. To them is attributed the building of Stonehenge and the round barrows in which the dead were interred. The Cambrians, the Welsh, and the people of Brittany are their linguistic descendants. So hardy, stalwart, and venturesome were the Brythons that they gradually spread themselves over the greater part of the country and penetrated far to the north. They offered determined defiance to the Romans three centuries before the Christian era, and successively resisted Norsemen and Saxons

until five centuries of the Christian era had passed. Driven first to the west, they took up their abode in the wilds of Wales, and in Cornwall and Devon, and only succumbed at last to the exterminating campaign of the Saxons, who first cut off the Britons of the north and the south, and then defeated the two divisions of the race, first at Chester and then at Bath. The crucial battle between Briton and Saxon was under the leadership of the last of the British chiefs, the Arthur of history and romance, and Cerdic the victorious leader of the "Pagans." Cerdic, sailing across the channel in his chiules or long ships, had landed at the Isle of Wight, fought King Natanleod of Hampshire, with whom he maintained a five years' campaign, and, triumphant at last, and reinforced by the followers of his son and his nephews, had established the West Seaxe, or Wessex Kingdom.

But, if defeated by the British at Mount Badon, the Saxons were not long in reversing the issue, and Cerdic's son Cymric, and his nephews Stuffa and Whitgar, lived to see their rivals well-nigh exterminated. At Wodensbury in Wiltshire the remnants of the British race joined with the Angles in driving the hated Saxon from the sovereignty of Wessex, but this, too, was without permanent result; for Cerdic's next of descent, Cadwalla, restored the supremacy of his house and race.

Cerdic is said to have died in 534, a date of some importance as helping us to fix the true Arthurian era. The history of many of his contemporaries is about as vague as his own, but Cerdic stands out as a man of no uncertain history, and he serves the purpose of allowing us to test the probabilities of Arthur's reputed career. That Cerdic's record should be more definite, though extremely brief, is due to the fact that he was a conqueror; that Arthur's record should be less definite, though extremely long, is due to the fact that he was vanquished and that his story became mixed with the fables of a generation which did not know him. In the one case we have concrete facts duly preserved; in the other we have merely a name which fires the imagination, and a few facts which in the course of time are magnified by romance. Allegory is but truth's shadow, and the very songs we deem idle, even the loosely-strung nursery rhymes, have deep inner meanings, as Carlyle has told us; men never believed in songs that were actually idle, and "never risked their soul's life on allegories." Real history and real religion are bound up in these shrunken shrouds of withered myths, and it is safe to assume that the name that is enshrined in a folk-song is the name of a transcendent hero, a truly great man deemed more than human, merged into the preternatural, the ideal, or the divine. And, like the student at the Wayside Inn of Sudbury Town, we—

> "Love the twilight that surrounds
> The border-land of old romance,
> * * * *
> Where mighty warriors sweep along,
> Magnified by the purple mist,
> The dust of centuries and of song."

Here it is that—

> "The chronicles of Charlemagne,
> Of Merlin and the Mort d'Arthure
> Mingle together."

But how the romance of King Arthur originated, how it came to be written, how it was developed and elaborated, how from a simple history it came to be invested with special significance and to be impregnated with spiritual meanings—to explain this, it is necessary in some measure to trace the course of early English literature and to mark the growth of the English race. The story leads us back to dim times and small beginnings. It recalls the semi-barbarism of the first centuries, the fierce conflicts of contending tribes, the domination of Rome, the last supreme encounters between Briton and Saxon, and the making of that race which we believe inherits the hardy and heroic qualities of both. No doubt the substratum of fact is overlaid with superstitions, and fantasy has reared her airy edifices upon the frailest of history's foundations. The narrow track leading backward to the times of Arthur is often undefined and irretraceable, and the traveller finds that unstable bridges have been cast across the gulfs which have

broken up the way. Very seldom, therefore, can a strong foothold be obtained, and one is often disposed to abandon the pursuit of truth as hopeless. The tendency has ever been to strain facts to uncertain conclusions in order to fit the exigencies of romance.

As discoverable error ever leads to general doubt, there are not lacking those who deny that King Arthur ever existed. He is declared to be a myth, a type, a symbol, an allegorical figure. Even Caxton, in printing Malory's history, was obliged to confute the sceptics by the mention of what he deemed unassailable facts. It was "most execrable infidelity," said he, to doubt the existence of Joshua, David, Judas Maccabæus, or Alexander; all the world knew there was a Julius Cæsar and a Hector; "and," he demanded to know with just indignation, "shall the Jewes and the heathen be honoured in the memory and magnificent prowesse of their worthies? Shall the French and German nations glorifie their triumphs with their Godfrey and Charles (Charlemagne), and shall we of this island be so possesst with incredulities, diffidence, stupiditie, and ingratitude, to deny, make doubt, or expresse in speech and history, the immortal name and fame of our victorious Arthur? All the honour we can doe him is to honour ourselves in remembrance of him."

Having thus made it a point of national pride and honour with us to accept and believe in King Arthur, Caxton proceeded to advance the proofs of his existence, which were that his life was written in "many noble volumes," while his "sepulture" might be seen at Glastyngburye (Glastonbury), that the print of his seal was preserved in Westminster Abbey, and that "in the castel of Dover ye may see Gawayn's skulle and Cradok's mantel; at Wynchester, the rounde table; in other places, Lancelotte's sworde, and many other thynges." These irrefutable facts admitted, to his thinking, of but one conclusion. "All these thynges consydered, there can no man reasonably gaynsaye but there was a King of thys lande named Arthur." The quaint prologue to Malory's romance abundantly testifies that serious arguments must have been already advanced against Arthur's existence, in order to call for so spirited a rebuke and so complete an answer. But, as a matter of fact, the truth of the histories referring to his exploits had been challenged from the first, and in spite of the immense popularity they enjoyed and the influence they possessed, they seem never to have been implicitly and unanimously accepted as veracious records.

Three Welsh poets are supposed to have been the first to celebrate the deeds of Arthur—the full-throated Taliesin, Aneurin, and Llywarch Hen. The two latter bards commemorated the heroes who fell at the battle of Cattraeth, in the year 603. Aneurin's poem, "Gododin," about a thousand lines in length, is preserved in a manuscript of the thirteenth century. The writer, who was present at the battle he describes, is supposed by some to have been Gildas, the first historian; others say he was the son of Gildas.* The poem is of a most obscure character, and doubt has actually arisen as to the particular battle to which it refers, a theory having been advanced that it celebrated a disaster which befell the Britons at Stonehenge in 472. But Cattraeth is supposed to have been Degstan, or Dawstane, in Liddlesdale, at which the Saxons were defeated; and when such divergencies as these are possible in regard to locality, persons, and dates, the value of Aneurin's poem as history may easily be estimated. The principal fact which Aneurin tells us is that of "three warriors and threescore and three hundred, wearing the golden torques," only four escaped "from the conflict of gashing weapons," one being himself. Another of those who escaped

* Aneurin was born about the year 500, and as "a monarch of bards" was of much repute in Manan Gododin, a part of Cymric Scotland. The Welsh Britons included all the Lowlands in their territory, and, as is well known, the names familiar in Arthurian romance can be traced to Scotland, the West of England, and France alike, as will afterwards be shown in these pages. Aneurin's nationality, however, is particularly well worth recalling in view of the theory that Arthur was Scotch.

from Cattraeth was Kynon, known as "the dauntless," whose love for the daughter of Urien supplied the bards with a theme. Urien himself fell in this great battle, and it was the poet Llywarch Hen (buried, it is said, in the Church of Llanever, near Bala Lake) who wrote his elegy. Llywarch Hen passed his younger days at King Arthur's Court as a free guest and a counselling warrior.

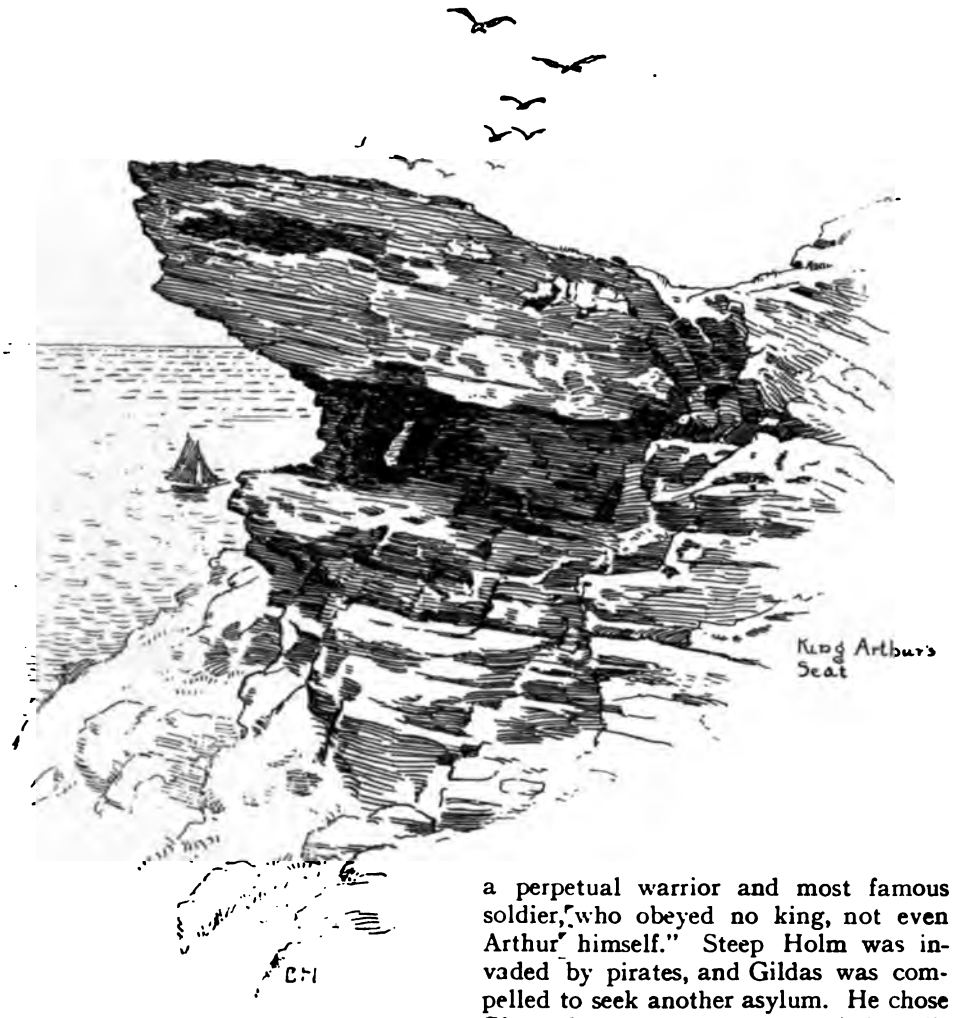
Of the third and most important prophet and bard, Taliesin, Prince of Song, we are told that he was the son of Saint Henwg; that he had a miraculous birth; that he spake in wonderful verse at his nativity and sang riddling tales; that he was invited by King Arthur to his Court at Caerleon; and that, having presided over the Round Table as a "golden-tongued knight," he became chief of the Bards of the West. A cairn near Aberystwyth marks the site of his grave. The story of the bard of the radiant brow, of his wonderful delivery from pirates, and of his poems, which excelled those of all others, has always been a popular one, but the sifting of truth from fiction is no easy task. His allusions to Arthur probably have no superior value to the references of Aneurin and Llywarch Hen, and we are forced therefore to dismiss them from account. Sir Walter Scott, in the introduction to one of his poetic romances, justly reminded his readers that the Bards, or Scalds, were the first historians of all nations, and that their intention was to relate events they had witnessed or traditions that had reached them. "But," he added, "as the poetical historian improves in the art of conveying information, the authenticity of his narrative invariably declines. He is tempted to dilate and dwell upon events that are interesting to his imagination, and, conscious how indifferent his audience is to the naked truth of his poem, his history gradually becomes a romance." Such were the early historians, as well as bards, upon whose records the English chroniclers relied.

These chroniclers were Gildas and Nennius, of whom no very certain biographical facts can be discovered, though the latter is said to have been a monk at Bangor. Gildas is the reputed author of a treatise, "De Excidio Britanniæ," blindly copied by Bede, which supplied a history of Britain from the time of the Incarnation to the year 560 A.D. But darkness enshrouds the historian, of whose country, parentage, and period much is surmised and little is discoverable. The erudite author of "Culture in Early Scotland," Dr. Mackinnon, believes that the writer of the gloomy and pessimistic work on the destruction of Britain was a Romanised Briton, who migrated to Brittany to escape the pitiless severity of the Saxons, and there founded the monastery of Ruys. It has even been claimed that Gildas was a native of Clydesdale, and if this were so another link would exist to connect Arthur himself with Scotland, for the historian was so closely identified with the race and the cause championed by that king that his surname was taken from Arthur's famous battle of Badon, which, again, has been said to have been fought in the Lowlands.* Gildas was the wisest of the Britons according to Alcuin, and Dr. Mackinnon thinks that his chronicle should be accepted as authentic, in spite of its occasional errors and its undoubted bias. The stern character of the writer is evinced by his denunciations not only of Saxon excesses, but of the clerical vices of his age. In short, Gildas was a religious devotee, an austere and uncompromising critic of the demoralising customs of the time; a species of prophet, also, who saw in corruption and degeneration the signs of coming destruction for the race to which he belonged. Roman influence had undermined the morals of the people and enervated public and social life. The story Gildas tells is one of unrelieved gloom, but it stands out in contrast to other narratives by its rugged simplicity and its freedom from the more romantic elements. Murder, sacrilege, and immorality were bringing about wholesale desolation, and the patriotic Gildas saw no future before his country but absolute

* A Badon in Linlithgowshire is the reputed site.

ruin and racial extinction. His allusions to Arthur are scanty, incidental, and none too complimentary, and they have assumed importance only as bases for the construction of bold theories by subsequent writers.

In Somerset, near the ancient British settlement of Brean, is a rocky islet



known as Steep Holm, 400 feet high and about a mile and a half in circumference. In this desolate place it is said that Gildas Badonicus took refuge during the time of conflict between Britons and Saxons, and that here he composed the greater part of "De Excidio Britanniæ." Leland records that the hermit "preached every Sunday in a church by the sea-shore, which stands in the country of Pebidiane, in the time of King Trifunus; an innumerable multitude hearing him. He always wished to be a faithful subject to King Arthur. His brothers, however, rebelled against that king, unwilling to endure a master. Hueil (Howel), the eldest, was a perpetual warrior and most famous soldier, who obeyed no king, not even Arthur himself." Steep Holm was invaded by pirates, and Gildas was compelled to seek another asylum. He chose Glastonbury, and there he died. His writings are pessimistic in the extreme. "The poor remnant of our nation," he said, "being strengthened that they might not be brought to utter destruction, took arms under Ambrosius, a modest man, who, of all the Roman nation, was then alone in the confusion of this troubled period by chance left alive. His parents, who, for their merit,

were adorned with the purple, had been slain in the same broils, and now his progeny, in these our days, although shamefully degenerated from the worthiness of their ancestors, provoked to battle their conquerers, and, by the goodness of God, obtained the victory." In this dismal strain did he write of triumphs, and the power with which he described defeat may therefore easily be guessed.

The answer that has been given to the question, oft repeated: Why is history so silent on King Arthur? is a strange one. It is said that Gildas, on hearing that Arthur had slain his brother Howel, was so deeply offended that he determined that the hero should not be celebrated by him. In revenge, he cast into the sea "many excellent books which he had written concerning the acts of Arthur, and in the praise of his nation, by reason of which thing you can find nothing of so great a prince expressed in authentic writings." Gildas himself supplies another explanation, for he bewailed the loss of national records "which have been consumed in the fires of the enemy, or have accompanied my exiled countrymen into distant lands." His own sources of information were those which he found in Armorica and other portions of the Continent.

Nennius is supposed to have compiled another comprehensive history comparable with that of Gildas—"Historia Britonum"—the period embraced being from the days of Brute the Trojan to the year 680 A.D. But so much doubt prevails as to his work, that the history, despite the later date, has been ascribed to Gildas himself. Both may have been forgeries of the tenth or eleventh century. For five or six centuries the story of Arthur was "folk-lore," and was preserved in snatches of song, a few fragments of which still exist. Such a legend, as Longfellow says, can only—

> "Spring at first
> Out of the hunger and the thirst
> In all men for the marvellous.
> And thus it filled and satisfied
> The imagination of mankind,
> And this ideal to the mind
> Was truer than historic fact."

Songs in praise of heroes, real or mythical, always exist among rude peoples—the sagas which nations unwillingly let die. They are the repository of national history, the inspiration of an aspiring and progressive race, the embodiment of their hopes, the treasury of their traditions. Mythology, "the dark shadow which language throws on thought," is the first outcome of mental activity and percipience—the struggle for human expression of all that is marvellous and memorable. All the early history of races is mixed and engloomed with dim allegories. Intense reverence for divinities, or the awe of them, leads to the making of fables and the reciting of marvels, in which the gods speak and act as men, or men speak and act as gods. The thoughts of primitive peoples are concentrated upon the hero, the commanding figure who typifies their desires, and about whose name cluster legions of victory. Not infrequently, divine qualities are attributed to that hero who thus looms majestically upon the horizon of history, and ultimately becomes a religion. "The gods of fable are the shining moments of great men," Emerson said, and whether the Arthurs and Odins of mythology were men worshipped as deities, or deities divested of divinity and transformed into historic heroes, the after ages must always have some difficulty in deciding. What we know is that the interval between language and literature is crowded with shadowy mythological lore, and little of the light flashed back from to-day can illumine the haunted, mystic, twilight time of phantom and superstition.

Yet Geoffrey, Archdeacon of Monmouth, and afterwards Bishop of St. Asaph (1100-1154), in giving shape and substance to the Arthurian legends and traditions, had no better material to work with than that supplied by the British folk-songs, the tainted records of Gildas and Nennius, and the so-called Armoric collections of Walter, Archdeacon of Oxford, who flourished in the eleventh century, and connected the Arthur of Brittany with the Arthur of Siluria. Geoffrey's famous "Chronicon sive Historia Britonum," dedicated to Robert, Earl of Gloucester, and given to the world in the Latin

tongue in the year 1115, was professedly a translation of the "Brut y Brenhined," a "history of the Kings of Britain, found in Brittany," best described in Wordsworth's phrase: "A British record long concealed in old Armorica, whose secret springs no Gothic conqueror e'er drank."

In reality his imagination had been fired by the bardic celebrations of Arthur's triumphs, the songs still sung vauntingly by an unconquered race. The old monkish chronicler manifested a marvellous ingenuity in imparting circumstantiality of the most convincing character to his narrative. He connected place-names of great repute with eponymous heroes; he linked the truths of the Roman occupation with the half-truths or fables of the British resistance; he wove some of the most striking Scriptural facts into the fabric of the romance; he so leavened falsehood with reality, that the imposture was hard to detect, especially in an uncritical age, and the effect was most impressive upon the minds of an unreasoning generation. His inventions did not extend to incidents; these he took from the chronicles to hand, and he can only be charged with a free amplification of the records, and a readjustment of the events which had been described. Notwithstanding all the craft and devices of the chronicler, however, his history was almost immediately challenged, William of Newburgh, a Yorkshire monk, declaring that Geoffrey had "lied saucily and shamelessly," with many other hard terms. He charged the supposed chronicler with making use of, and wholly depending upon, the old Breton tales, and with adding to these contestable compilations "increase of his own." Nor was William of Newburgh alone in his protests and denunciation. Giraldus Cambriensis, by a parable, implied that Geoffrey's work was a deceit. There was a man at Caerleon, he said, who could always tell a liar because he saw the devil and his imps leaping upon the man's tongue. The Gospel of St. John was given him; he placed it in his bosom; and the evil spirits vanished. Then the "History of the Britons," by "Geoffrey Arthur" ("Arthur" was a bye-name of Geoffrey's), was handed to him, and the imps immediately reappeared in greater numbers, and remained a longer time than usual on his body and on his book." *Cædit quæstio.* But all this did not prevent Geoffrey's masterpiece in nine books from attaining a remarkable popularity both in its original form and when translated, as it rapidly was, into the Anglo-Saxon and the Norman-French languages, where it could be fully understanded of the people. It covered the history of the Britons from the time of Brut, great-grandson of Æneas of Troy, to Cadwallader's death in 688.

The first translators were Geoffrey Gaisnar or Gaimar, in 1154 (the original history had been published only seven years previously), who turned the story into Norman-French verse, and Wace, a native of Jersey, who obtained the favour of the Norman kings, and was the author of two long romances in Norman-French —the famed "Brut," or "Geste des Bretons," and the almost equally famous "Roman de Rou." The former work was a free metrical rendering, published in Henry II.'s reign, of Geoffrey's "Chronicle," with some new matter. Wace, according to Hallam the historian, was a prolific versifier who has a "claim to indulgence, and even to esteem, as having far excelled his contemporaries without any superior advantages of knowledge." It was in emulation of him that several Norman writers composed metrical histories.

Then came Layamon, a Midland priest living at a noble church at Emly, or Arley, who at the close of the twelfth century produced the first long poem written in the English language. He did not go to Geoffrey of Monmouth's work direct, but wrote an amplified imitation of Wace's version of the "Chronicle." Layamon's paraphrase contained just over double the number of lines in Wace's poem, the additions consisting chiefly of interpolated dramatic speeches. There were already Cymric, Armoric, Saxon, and Norman ingredients in the medley of history and romance, and to these Layamon added a slight Teutonic element, for the chansons of the Trouvères had carried the fame of Arthur into

Germany, and already new legends with new meanings were germinating from the loosely-scattered seed. With Artus for the central figure and with courtly chivalry for the theme, these variations and expansions of the story of the British chief exercised as powerful and enduring an influence upon the people of France and Germany as they had done, and continued to do, upon the people of Britain. The good priest seems to have had no other object in writing in good plain Saxon the story of King Arthur than to make widely known among his countrymen the noble deeds in which he evidently had an abounding faith. In fact, his purpose was purely patriotic. The only guile he employed was in supplying the names of many persons and places, in addition to the speeches, all of which circumstances served to magnify the literary imposture. Walter Map, or Mapes, a man of the Welsh Marches, with a reputation for exceeding frankness and honour, followed Layamon and introduced other and more striking details of permanent value. Map was the friend of Becket, and is believed to have been for some time the king's chaplain. For the love of the king his work was done. His Latin satirical poems display his chief characteristics, and it is as a wit rather than a writer that he was famous at the Court. It was this man who is held to have conceived the character of the pure and stainless knight Sir Galahad, and assigned to him what is in some respects the chief, or at all events the worthiest, position in the Arthurian list of knights. Sir Galahad, stainless, chivalrous, alone capable of achieving the Quest of the Grail, was the creation of Walter Map, and to him we owe that spiritual and religious element which refines and enriches King Arthur's history. Map wrote the story of the Grail, a Christianised rendering of Celtic myth, and to him probably we owe the moving and impressive "Mort," with those notable outbursts which rank among the treasures of our literature. He, however, had the originals to work upon. The Welsh had taken their legends to Brittany, the troubadors were singing them, and the German and the French chroniclers were at work. And though there is no doubt that Map contributed in a considerable degree to the romances, it must be faithfully recorded that questions have arisen whether he was really capable of doing all that has been attributed to him, and whether, if he had the capacity, he would also have had the inclination. "Spotless spirituality," such as he is supposed to have infused into the story, is scarcely consistent with the character of the man whose Anacreontics are often lacking in refinement.*

So far, it will be easily conceded, very little has been advanced in the way of proof of the existence of the British prince and hero, of the Cymric "Dux Bellorum," of the Chief of the Siluri or Dumnonii, the name given to the remnant of the British races driven westward by the Saxons. We can understand Milton questioning who Arthur was, and doubting "whether any such reigned in Britain." "It had been doubted heretofore, and may be again with good reason," he wrote, notwithstanding the fascination possessed by—

> "What resounds
> In fable or romance of Uther's son
> Begirt with British and Armoric knights."

Geoffrey's "monument of stupendous delusion" had not deceived him, and Sir Thomas Malory's laborious compilation, while winning unstinted admiration for its beauty, richness, and delectation, would be as unconvincing historically as were Caxton's quaintly-argued evidences. All the tributaries which now combined to make the full broad current of Arthurian literature were infected at their sources, numerous and widely separated as those sources were. If Malory depended, as we have the authority of the best scholars for believing, upon the several ancient romances of Merlin, the inventions and adaptations of Walter Map, the mysterious compilations of pseudonymous "Helie de Bouri" and "Luces de

* Take, for instance, the song in which he expresses the wish to die while drinking in a tavern, "Meum est propositum in taberna mori."

· THE COMING OF ARTHVR ·

Gast," with other manuscripts—some of which are untraced—of like character, it was obvious that he was only presenting us with an aggregation of the impostures, inventions, fables, and falsities of the centuries preceding. That Malory had a conscientious belief in the romance is extremely probable, though in the absence of all information concerning him—for he is a name, a great name, and nothing more—we can only infer this from the scrupulous manner in which he has performed his task and from the commendatory form in which it was issued in the year 1485.

Judged purely as literature, and with every allowance made for want of uniformity in level as well as for the tediousness of numberless digressions, Malory's romance only admits of one opinion; and to him and to Caxton (who, despite the humility of his prologues and epilogues, and his professions of "simpleness and ignorance," was a scholar and a master of middle-class English) the race is under a perpetual debt.* The compiler does not seem to be open to the charge levelled against him by Sir Walter Scott, that he "exhausted at hazard, and without much art or combination, from the various French prose folios"; on the contrary it is easy to conceive that he exercised that "painful industry" with which he is credited by the writer of the Preface to the edition of 1634. In addition to this, he stamped his own individuality upon the work, and manifested a singular purity of taste by removing the grosser elements which stained many of the earlier versions, and by preserving all that was best as literature and in keeping with the finest and truest spirit of romance. We know from the scholarly investigations of Dr. Sommer and Sir Edmund Strachey how judicious Malory was in translating from his "French books," or in making abstracts, or in amending and enlarging. With true insight he chose the material that was of good report and of genuine worth; the dross he cast aside. Malory may have belonged to a Yorkshire family, judging from the fact that Leland recorded that a Malory possessed a lordship in that county, but there is no slight authority for believing that he was a Welshman and a priest—"a servant of Jesu both day and night," as he himself said. That he was a good and earnest Christian his own work proves beyond all question, for he imparted all the religious ardour to the romance that he could, and accentuated that element when it had already been introduced.

The romance of Arthur was enriched, to use Gibbon's words, with the various though incoherent ornaments which were familiar to the experience, the learning, or the fancy of the twelfth century. Every nation enhanced and adorned the popular romance, until "at length the light of science and reason was re-kindled, the talisman was broken, the visionary fabric melted into air, and by a natural though unjust reverse of public opinion the severity of the present age became inclined to question the existence of Arthur." That Arthur's name should stream like a cloud, man-shaped, from mountain-peak is the fault of the mediæval writers who, in taking the British king for their hero, could represent no age but their own, and had no consciousness of anachronism. It came natural to them in speaking of the sixth century knights to endow them with the attributes of the thirteenth and fourteenth century, and to describe Arthur's Britain much as they would have described the Britain of a Henry or an Edward. The Arthur of Geoffrey, of Walter Map, and of Malory is as impossible as the Arthur of Wagner, Lytton, Swinburne, and Tennyson. Most of the writers on chivalry have either viewed and treated the Knights of the Round Table as contemporary heroes, or have altogether idealised them. We are forced to the conclusion that Geoffrey and all the other mediæval chroniclers had no real conception of the character of the age of which they wrote; if they discovered real names and real persons they transported them to an imaginary world and invested them with fabulous attributes.

* William Caxton, "simple person," as he styled himself, urged that he undertook the work at the request of "divers gentlemen of this realm of England."

They made reality itself unreal, transformed heroes into myths, and buried history beneath romance; they had no power to recognise truth even when it appeared to them.

King Arthur was a traditional and historic chieftain of rude times, the man of an epoch, a hero to be sung and remembered. His life must have been a tumult; his seventy odd battles were the events of his era. Whether he represents a nascent civilisation, or whether, following the Romans, he simply maintained a barbaric splendour in the cities they had made or by means of some enlightened laws they had instituted, is a matter of dispute. But he is the "gray king," the elemental hero, not the advanced type. It is a remarkable fact that English scholars have until quite recently done so little to popularise Arthurian literature. Malory's version remained almost inaccessible until Southey issued his addition, and the best work of all was undertaken for us of late years by Dr. Sommer, a German. Considering the hold on the imagination which the romance possessed, little was done to elucidate the obscurities and to solve the mysteries concerning not only the authors but the heroes themselves and the land to which they belonged. Much has been conjectured, but we feel that we are dealing more with phantoms and fancies than with realities and facts. Yet what an inspiration King Arthur has been! His name has lingered, his memory has been treasured in national ballads. Poets have in all ages hovered round the subject, and some have alighted upon it, only perhaps to leave it again as beyond their scope.

> "The mightiest chiefs of British song
> Scorned not such legends to prolong."

Milton, Spenser, Dryden, Warton, Collins, Scott and Gray, together with derided and half-forgotten Blackmore; Lytton, with his ambitious epic, doomed to unmerited neglect; Rossetti, James Russell Lowell, and lastly, Arnold, Morris, Swinburne, and Tennyson—those who have lifted the romance into the highest and purest realm of poetry, and who have impregnated the story with new meanings and illuminated it with rich interpretation.

All have felt the influence of Arthur's history, "its dim enchantments, its fury of helpless battle, its almost feminine tenderness of friendship, its fainting passion, its religious ardours, all at length vanishing in defeat and being found no more." We have seen how the Arthurian history, real or fabulous, arose from early traditions and grew as each chronicler handled it and combined with it the traditions and the fictions of other races. It lost nothing by its transfusion into new tongues, but was enriched by the imaginations of the adapters and combined with the stories already current in other lands. The hero that Celtic boastfulness had created became the representative hero of at least three peoples in these early times, and the songs of the Trouvères speedily spread his fame over Western Europe. We find Arthur represented as the master of a vast kingdom, and his power extending to Rome itself; and we find him claimed as the natural hero of nearly every race which heard his praise and was kindled to valour by the example of his exploits. Each country seemed bent upon supplying at least one representative of the Table Round, and eagerly competed for the pre-eminence and perfection of the knight of its choice. The kingdom allotted to him was without limit, and as old Disraeli would put it, "fancy bent her iris of many-softened hues over a delightful land of fiction."

Lost though King Arthur's realm is, the land of the ancient British chieftain must have been real, and it is most possible that we tread the dust which covers it in journeying from Caerleon to Glastonbury, from Glastonbury to Camelford, from Camelford to Tintagel. To these places is our pilgrimage directed.

(To be continued.)

GALWAY GOSSIPS.
From the painting by Sir E. A. Waterlow, R.A.

THE WOMAN OF THREE COWS.

An Irish Tragedy.

I.

ABOUT fifty years ago there lived, in a wild district of the south of Ireland, a widow named Cronin and her family, consisting of two sons and a daughter. She was what is called "well-to-do in the world," being in possession of a small farm, stocked with three cows and some sheep, for which she paid merely a nominal rent. At the time our tale commences, her eldest son James was ten years old, his brother Daniel nine, and little Ellen six.

One fine morning in the month of May, Mrs. Cronin and her children had finished their breakfast of milk and potatoes, and the pig was enjoying his, consisting of the skins, politely given to him on the floor, when the mother addressed her eldest boy: "Come, Jemmy, 'tis time for you to be off to yer school."

"I won't mind going to-day, mother; 'tis Inchigulah fair, and I want to see the fun."

"Oh, thin, the niver a step you'll go to the fair to-day. Is it to be kilt entirely you want in the fight they'll have wid the Kilmichael boys?"

"That's the very reason I want to go;" and the undutiful boy prepared to move in the forbidden direction.

His mother did not exert her authority to restrain him, but turning to her youngest son, who was leaning against the door, lazily biting a straw, "Dan," said she, "you'll be a good boy, I know, and go to school to-day; and next day I go to Macroom, I'll bring you a fine new cloth cap to wear to chapel on Sunday, and Jim will have to go in his dirty ould caubeen, because he won't do my bidding."

James turned round, his face flushed with anger. "Mother," said he, "that's always yer way; you care more about Dan than you do about me."

"To be sure I do. Isn't his little finger worth your whole body."

"Thin keep him, and make much of him, for it's little of me you'll see this day;" and off he set, leaving his mother in a most unenviable state of mind. She was far from meaning what she said when she spoke of preferring Dan to James; on the contrary, her eldest son was her favourite, and having spoiled him in infancy by foolish indulgence, she now tried to govern his wayward temper by exciting the fiendish passion of jealousy. The result of this most pernicious plan will be seen in the sequel.

II.

AT that time the hedge-schools were the only means of education which the country afforded; and wild and uncouth as were both masters and scholars, and primitive as was their place of assembly—for, as the poet says,

"Its roof was the heaven, its wall was the hill,"

yet a considerable share of learning was often acquired by the pupils, more, perhaps, than in some polished seminaries. To one of these schools Mrs. Cronin sent her children as regularly as she could induce them to go, and thither Daniel

and his little sister proceeded this morning.

Mister Dogherty's rustic establishment was rather a favourable specimen of its class. Some of the head boys were well versed in the higher branches of arithmetic, could write "copper-plate," and the broad Doric intonation of their reading was abundantly compensated, at least, in the opinion of most of their auditors, by the gallant speed and reckless rapidity with which the most jaw-breaking polysyllables were cleared in a flying gallop. True, this sporting pace constantly left both reader and hearers perfectly innocent of the meaning of the text. But this was a trifle, and Irishmen never stick at trifles.

"Why, thin, Dan, it's time for you," said Mister Dogherty, as the boy entered the school; "and where's James this fine morning?"

"He's gone to Inchigulah fair, though my mother tould him not to go."

"Oh, it's like him, the young scamp! Never fear, when I catch him to-morrow I'll wattle him well, to tache him obedience in future."

The scholars were now examined on the subject of their lessons, and having acquitted themselves very much to Mister Dogherty's satisfaction, he proceeded, as was not unusual with him, to tell them one of his drollest stories.

The happy frame of mind in which the recital never failed to put the worthy master was quickly disturbed by sounds of clamour and crying among the more juvenile of his pupils. Seizing his formidable wattle (*Anglicé*, cane) he loudly demanded what was the matter.

"It's little Ellen Cronin, sir, that's roaring because Dan is pinching her, and saying his mother doesn't care about her, and that he's the white-headed boy at home."

"Come up here, Dan." The summons was slowly and sulkily obeyed. "Take that, sir," said the master, giving him a few smart blows, "and I hope 'twill tache you to have more *nature* for yer sister. 'Twas one mother bore you both, and in place of tormenting, you ought to love one another." He then dismissed the school, and little Ellen, glancing fearfully at Dan, went up to a pleasant-looking boy of twelve years old, named John M'Carthy, who, taking her hand, said kindly, "Never fear, Aileen, Dan shan't touch you: I'll walk home with you to yer mother's door."

The children then dispersed in different directions, Dan walking gloomily apart, and John talking cheerfully to Ellen till they reached her home.

They found Mrs. Cronin in a state of fretful anxiety about James, who had not yet made his appearance. Several of the neighbours were passing on their return from the fair, driving a few lambs, or a cow, or a pig before them. One man who was trying to quicken the pace of a peculiarly refractory specimen of the last-named animal, was accosted by the widow.

"God save you, Jerry!"

"God save you kindly, ma'am!"

"Was there a good fair to-day?"

"There was, ma'am, a power and all of people in it, but there wasn't to say much in the way of buying and selling."

"Would you see that gossoon of mine anywhere there?"

"I did thin, ma'am, see him in the thick of all the fun; for there was a dickens of a scrimmage between the Walshes and Cotters; and, never fear, Jemmy was wheeling his bit of a stick, and shouting for the bare life as well as the best."

"Oh yea, wisha! I wouldn't doubt him: he's an active boy, anyway." And, strange to say, a kind of pleased pride at her son's courage and daring spirit mingled with anger at his disobedience and fears for his safety. "Was he hurt at all, Jerry?"

"Myself didn't see; for as I had this *slip* bought, I thought 'twas better to make the best of my way home without waiting to see how 'twould end." Then giving the pig a significant cut of his whip, he moved on, wishing Mrs. Cronin good evening, and saying, "Oh, thin, won't I airn this one before I have her home to-night."

Evening began to close in, and still no sign of James. At length a man appeared, driving a donkey-car, at the bottom of which the truant boy lay stretched on

some straw. His mother ran out to receive him, and albeit the nerves of Irishwomen in her rank of life are pretty well steeled against fears connected with broken heads and bruised limbs, yet when she saw her son's pale face, and his fair curls matted with blood, escaping from beneath a bandage which was bound tightly round his head, she burst into a passionate cry of grief and terror, not unmixed with rage. The neighbour who had kindly brought him home raised him in his arms, and assisted her to lay him in bed, at the same time saying, "Don't fret yerself, Mrs. Cronin, you'll find the boy will be none the worse to-morrow. To be sure 'twas well I found him whin I did, for he was down on the ground, and a boy of the Walshes lickin' him at no rate; but still Jemmy showed the thrue blood, for he kept bating the cowardly spalpeen, that was twice his size, as long as ever he could stand."

"He was on the ground, and a boy of the Walshes lickin' him at no rate."

"Oh, the murtherin' villain, to dar' touch my child! Never fear, he'll sup sorrow for it yet."

So saying, she went to prepare some whey for James, who just then opened his eyes, and asked feebly for a drink. Her neighbour wished her good-night, and went home; and she, having settled the sick boy as comfortably as she could, retired to rest with her other children. James passed a sleepless night, and next morning was in a high fever. His mother, in great alarm, sent Daniel with all haste to summon Dr. Handley to see him.

III.

LET not our English readers imagine for a moment that the gentleman whom we have mentioned had ever in his life attended a school of medicine or taken out a diploma. He belonged to a class of men who are every day becoming more rare in Ireland, and will probably soon be nearly extinct, owing to the now universal establishment of dispensaries, and the consequent residence in the country of regularly qualified practitioners; but at the time of which we write the rural population might be said to be totally destitute of licensed medical assistance; for the expense attendant on bringing a physician fifteen or twenty miles into the country was of itself an insurmountable obstacle. Besides that, the people in general entertained a strong prejudice against the regular practice, and much preferred their own unlicensed pretenders. Medical advice, such as it was, was offered by

three classes of practitioners. The first were the "fairy-men," who undertook to charm away the diseases both of men and cattle; and, although the effect of their prescriptions was of course purely imaginary, yet they were regarded throughout the country with much respect, not unmixed with awe; and if anyone got a "blast" (the name for every kind of illness whose origin was unknown), these men and their charms were always had recourse to. The second, and most numerous division, were the "old women," who, besides their prescriptive right to usher all the thumping young "Paddies" into a land of fighting and potatoes, were also called on for advice in various cases of disease. Here, it must be confessed, their practice was often most destructive, being characterised by a bold disregard of the plainest rules in medicine. Turning the head of a patient in typhus fever towards a blazing turf fire, heaping blankets on his bed, and administering copious libations of whisky punch, "to drive the cold from his heart," and which, for fear of any mistake, usually first paid toll at the lips of the good lady herself—these formed part of their standing rules. Still, somehow, the patients often recovered, thanks to the ever-open door, the wide chimney, and creviced roof, which served to admit plenty of fresh air, and also to the hardy constitutions with which the rural Irish are happily endowed.

The "old women"—long life to them! —still flourish. I very lately, when visiting the district where the scene of our story is laid, met with some amusing specimens of the tribe. They look on the encroachments of the dispensary physicians pretty much as the aboriginal dogs of New Holland regard those of their European brethren, condescending to emulate them to a certain extent, but jealously excluding them, as far as may be, from their lovely sylvan haunts.

The practitioner who was sent for on the present occasion belonged to the third class, who were a degree more learned: men who had picked up a smattering of medical knowledge, and assumed the grave title of "doctor." The doctor was regarded with much respect, and his advice sought on various matters—agricultural, political, domestic, and matrimonial; in fact, in each parish he was usually esteemed second in wisdom only to the priest.

Dr. Handley, who held this proud position in the parish of Inchigulah, had formerly been gardener to a gentleman's family. While living in service, he was in the habit of uniting surgical with horticultural employments; and the younger members of his master's family found much amusement in conversing with him. For their edification he would invent the wildest and most ludicrous adventures, of which he would gravely assure them he had been the hero.

With all this extravagance, he possessed much shrewdness of character, of which I will give an instance. Just before he retired from service, the law forbidding to inoculate with pus from the natural small-pox was passed, and emissaries were sent through the country to detect and prosecute any who did so. An apothecary from the neighbouring city of C—— came into this district, and as he was known to Handley's master, he was hospitably received and entertained at his house. Having strong suspicions that the old gardener was a transgressor, he endeavoured to ascertain the fact by searching inquiries among the country people; but in vain—not a man, woman, or child would inform or give him the slightest clue; and many a time that day did the town Galen find himself humbugged after the most approved fashion.

The next morning, accompanied by one of his host's sons, he went into the garden to try what he could do with the delinquent himself. The old man was busily engaged in digging a border; and, giving one knowing glance of the eye as he returned the apothecary's civil salutation, he quietly continued his employment.

"This is a fine morning, doctor."

"It is indeed, sir; glory be to God!"

"And 'tis fine healthy weather for the country. I suppose there are but few sick persons in the neighbourhood just now?"

"I know whosomever 'tis healthy for: it agrees wonderful with the caterpillars;

bad luck to 'em, if they aren't ating up my early cabbages, just as the Moths and Sandals ate up Julius Casar."

Mr. ——, nothing daunted, returned to the charge. He wanted to establish the fact of the doctor's practising medicine in any way, hoping afterwards to detect the inoculation business; but Handley was thoroughly up to him, and turned his flank in masterly style. After an immensity of what our old friend, had he lived in the days of Sam Slick, would have termed "soft sawder," had been lavished in vain, the apothecary continued:

"Now, Dr. Handley, I have heard a great deal of your medical skill; in fact, you are better known and more esteemed in town than you think, and I should like to have your opinion on a difficult case. Suppose a man came to consult you, affected in such and such a manner" (detailing a variety of imaginary symptoms), "what would you do for him?"

The old gardener stuck his spade in the ground, and, leaning his arm on the handle, looked keenly at his questioner. 'I'll tell you, sir. If he was a *good* fellow, I'd do the best I could for him; but if he was a *bad* fellow, that would talk friendly to your face, and turn agin you afterwards—*maybe I wouldn't give him a pill!*"

Not another word from the crestfallen apothecary. He turned on his heel and walked off, while his young host, with a loud laugh, exclaimed, "I think, Mr. ——, the next time you're ill, you may as well not mind consulting Dr. Handley!"

The old doctor had now retired, with the savings of his years of labour, to a neat cottage and small farm about a mile distant from Mrs. Cronin's dwelling. Here, as his practice was extensive, he picked up many small sums among the farmers, together with various fees in kind, consisting chiefly of eggs, butter, meal, and chickens; but he was always ready to prescribe gratuitously for the very poor, by whom he was much beloved. He united a thorough contempt for town-bred physicians to a most comfortable assurance of his own superior skill.

From this digression on an almost extinct class in Ireland, we return to the subject of our story.

IV.

DR. HANDLEY, summoned by Mrs. Cronin, soon appeared at her son's bedside. Having bled the boy pretty copiously, he ordered a fomentation of simples to be applied to his temples; and whether his prescriptions were *secundum artem* or not, certain it is that after a few days his patient became convalescent. The mother, who had been terrified at her son's danger, now lavished on him the most foolish caresses, indulging every wayward fancy, and straitening herself to gratify his whims. Instead of calmly reproving his sin and disobedience, she spoke only of vengeance to be taken on Tom Walsh, the boy who had beaten James; and she even promised Dan a new jacket as a reward for having thrashed Mickey Walsh, a younger brother of the offender, but who was himself quite guiltless of the affray. Daniel returned one day from school with a black eye and bloody nose, which would have excited his mother's displeasure, had they not been satisfactorily accounted for in the manner above mentioned. While James's illness lasted, his brother and sister were made subservient to him in everything. If he pettishly complained of them, the mother cuffed them without mercy, telling them that Jim was of more consequence than ten brats like them. The old doctor often remonstrated with her on the subject.

"Mrs. Cronin," he would say, "I seen a dale of childher rared in my time, and I never yet saw good come of setting up one above another. 'Tisn't in the nature of things but that they'll always be fighting and vieing with each other; and sure 'twould give you a sore heart-scald in your latter days to see them that you rocked in one cradle, and fed at your bosom, taring and desthroying one another like them hathen Romans, Romulus and Ramus." These well-meant admonitions were in vain; blindly did the infatuated mother continue to minister to the worst passions of her children, reckless of the rapid growth of evil in their hearts.

Little Ellen was a child of a naturally sweet and yielding disposition; she had true womanly feeling, and, under different

training, would have grown up all that was amiable and lovely. Even as it was, she received much less injury from her mother's misrule than did her jealous, turbulent brother.

She had a beautiful white hen with a top-knot, which her aunt had given her, and which she dearly loved. Every day the fresh egg which Snowy laid was brought in for James's breakfast; but, not satisfied with this, the selfish boy declared he must have the hen for his own.

"Ah, Jimmy," said his little sister, "don't take Snowy from me; sure you know how fond the crathur is of me, and I of her. She flies up on my shoulder, and picks the bit of praty out of my mouth; and she's quite strange to you and Dan. Sure you won't take her, Jimmy?"

The boy was that day more than usually ill-tempered, and, without replying, he tried to snatch the bird from Ellen, who held it closely in her arms. Enraged at meeting resistance, he seized the hen furiously, and wrung its neck. Its poor little mistress threw herself on the ground, sobbing in an agony of grief. Just at that moment their mother came in; and when she understood the cause of the uproar, what course did she pursue? She blamed Ellen for trying to retain the bird, telling her she deserved to lose it for going to vex Jim; and merely told the latter he was a fool for having killed such a nice laying hen; never adverting to the cruelty and injustice he had shown towards his sister.

Scenes of this kind were of daily occurrence, and tended to foster every bad and jealous feeling in the children's minds. Their mother really loved them, and fancied she had their interests at heart; but truly it was a false kindness, a cruel love. What availed her care for their bodies, while, by a perverse system of fondling one at the expense of the other, she filled their young souls with envious discontent? Jealousy of a brother stained with blood the hand of the first murderer. Six thousand years have rolled on since then, and of all the sanguine torrents which, during their course, man has drawn from the veins of his fellow-man, who can say how many may have flowed from the same fratricidal source? Parents, if you would have your sons and daughters grow up a blessing and a praise, a crown of rejoicing to your old age, teach them while they are yet "little children" to "love one another."

V.

TWELVE years rolled on, and brought with them many changes. Mrs. Cronin's bright dark eye began to wax dim, and her raven hair was streaked with grey; but time, which robs youth of its beauty, clothes childhood with matured grace and vigour. James and Daniel had grown up to be stout, handsome young men, while their sister Ellen was, beyond dispute, the fairest maiden in the country. Time did its work in developing their persons; their mother did hers in perverting their minds. But let us say, once for all, it was done in ignorance. She was a weak-minded woman, possessing undisciplined passions and affections; wishing to rule her sons, and finding herself without either physical or moral power to effect it. She, therefore, as wiser politicians have done before her, tried to establish a balance of power, shifting the scale as the hasty fancy or irritated feeling of the moment might chance to dictate. But a plan which may answer indifferently well in the government of a nation is often destructive when applied to the regulation of a family; and so it proved in this instance. Did Daniel offend his mother by betting at a horse-race and losing his money, she would threaten to make his brother's share of the farm, at her death, treble his; did James spend the night at a wake or pattern, and return towards morning intoxicated, she would promise to make a settlement on Daniel whenever he choose to marry, and leave her eldest son unprovided for.

In the commencement of our narrative we mentioned a boy named John M'Carthy, who good-naturedly protected Ellen from Dan's unkindness. This lad, now become a fine, stout young farmer,

possessing some acres of good land, did not lose sight of his former little playfellow. It is not my object to write a love story; indeed, as the man said when asked if he could play the organ, "I don't know whether I could do it, for I never tried." It will therefore suffice to mention that a strong attachment had sprung up between them; and as soon as Ellen attained the age of eighteen years (an uncommonly advanced period of life for a pretty Irish peasant girl to remain unmarried), John, with his parents' entire approbation, sought her for his wife. Mrs. Cronin at first demurred. It would be necessary to give her daughter a portion, and she did not like to diminish her stock, now consisting of six cows. She told her proposed son-in-law that she would take a night to consider, and give him an answer in the morning.

That evening, when James and Dan came in from work, they found the house neatly swept up, a bright fire blazing on the open hearth, and their supper of potatoes and salt fish ready and smoking hot. As soon as they entered Ellen went out to milk the cows, and their mother, drawing her seat near the fire, began :—

"Why, thin, boys, you wouldn't guess who was here to-day?"

"Maybe 'twas the tithe-proctor, bad luck to him?"

"No, Jim, it wasn't the tithe-proctor, but a dacenter boy than ever he was. What do you think of young John M'Carthy?"

"I'll engage, then, he wanted to buy them three sheep I got last Candlemas, but the never a one of 'em will he get till I see what price they'll bring at the fair."

"'Tisn't them sheep he wants at all, but the nicest and purtiest lamb in the flock; he came to ax me would I give him your sister to be his wife."

"She might get a worse husband than Sham Age, there's no doubt of that," said James; "and I suppose the boy won't be looking for fortune, he's so well-to-do in the world?"

"As to that," said his mother, "I think I ought to give her three cows, half-a-dozen sheep, and a couple of feather beds."

"Are you mad, mother?" was her son's energetic rejoinder. "That would be the purty bargain in airnest! To lave us all depinding on the other three cows to make our butter, while Miss

They each carried a gun.

Ellen is sitting like a lady in John M'Carthy's parlour; for no less would do him in the new house he built."

"Foolishness, boy. Ellen was ever and always the good daughter to me, and I'll give her what I plase and as much as I plase. May be you and Dan will be sorry yet that you didn't thry to contint me better than you do."

James returned a violent answer, and the dispute waxed very warm. It ended in the sons going sulkily to bed, while their mother persisted in her intention, and threatened to give an additional gratuity of twenty pounds. Mrs. Cronin was really piqued into acting thus, for her disposition was far removed from liberality; but she enriched her daughter in order to vex her rebellious sons.

VI.

AFTER a reasonable delay, John and Ellen were married, and removed to a comfortable farm, which he had lately taken in conjunction with his brother, who was to live with them. Here, in the society of a husband whose sunny temper and cheerful countenance knew no sullen cloud, Ellen enjoyed such happiness as she had rarely known. Her young heart and mind seemed to expand and brighten beneath the influence of domestic kindness; and there was not a prouder or happier wife than herself in the whole parish of Inchigulah when she put on her lace cap with pink ribbons and her fine dark-blue cloth cloak on Sunday, and accompanied her husband to chapel.

Mrs. Cronin was a provident woman, and from her savings she soon contrived to replace the three cows which she had given to Ellen. Among her stock there was one red cow, a very fine animal, which yielded an immense quantity of milk, and was quite an object of admiration in the country. James had long wished to possess it for his own, and frequently importuned his mother to give it to him. This, however, she constantly refused. She had been left by her husband sole possessor of his farm, having power to divide it among her children during her life, or to will it to them after her death, in whatever shares or proportions she pleased. She was most tenacious of her property, and, generally speaking, could with difficulty be induced to part with any of her stock. This cow, however, was employed as a powerful assistant in controlling the domestic economy. If the mother was pleased with James she held out vague and uncertain promises that the animal should be his; did he displease her, he was told that Tiney should be forthwith presented to Daniel; or, were both brothers defaulters, she was to be driven to the next fair and sold for whatever she would bring; till at length the poor innocent cow had become the cause of more envy and heart-burnings than the sacrifice of a hetacomb of oxen could in ancient days have appeased.

At length James contrived to extract from his mother a definite promise that from the first of the approaching month of June the coveted animal should be his, and all the profits derived from her were thenceforth to be appropriated to his sole use and benefit.

About the middle of May a great horse-race was to come off in the neighbourhood, and Mrs. Cronin, knowing that much gambling and cheating would be likely to go on, peremptorily forbade her sons going there. They both, however, disobeyed, and going to the racecourse, not only betted and played away all the little money they could collect, but James staked the precious promised cow, and lost her.

When their mother found they had gone in defiance of her positive injunctions, her rage knew no bounds; she stormed and raved aloud against her rebellious children. In the midst of her invectives her son-in-law, who was coming to pay her a visit, walked into the house.

"Good morning, ma'am," he said; "I thought I heard you talking to someone as I was lifting the latch, but I see you are all alone."

"Oh, thin! thrue for you, John; I am all alone, and cold and lonely is my heart this day, afther the tratement of them ungrateful boys that I tuk such care of and such pride out of. The villains of the world! to go off agin my orders; but I'll pay them for it yet."

John, who was a most amiable, good-natured young man, and a great favourite with his mother-in-law, tried to soothe her and calm her anger; and to all appearance he succeeded. She talked quietly of Ellen, and asked many questions concerning the welfare of their household; but the bitter feeling still rankled in her bosom, and her thoughts were brooding over the undutiful conduct of her sons. After some time John rose to depart, and Mrs. Cronin followed him a few steps from the door.

"And so you tell me," said she, "that Ellen is well in health, and happy, and content with everything about her. God keep her so; she was ever and always a good daughter to me. And now, Sham, darling, I'll send her a purty little present, that maybe you won't see the likes of agin in a hurry."

So saying, she led him into the field where Tiney was feeding, and desired him to drive her home at once, and give her to Ellen with her mother's love and blessing.

John was as much pleased as surprised at his mother-in-law's unwonted generosity; and knowing nothing of the cow having been promised to James, felt, of course, no scruple in taking her. He accordingly drove her home, thinking, as he went along, what a pleasant surprise it would be to his dear Ellen. Tiney was indeed greatly admired by her new mistress, who had often fed her when a calf; and John's brother pronounced her to be "a rale beauty, worth almost any money!"

My readers may perhaps imagine the miserable state of James's mind when he returned that evening to his mother's house. His conscience told him that he had been guilty of a great sin in disobeying his parent, and his selfish feelings reproached him with having thrown away every farthing that he possessed; and last, and worst of all, he knew that on the 1st of June, he would have to part with his cow, or ransom her with a sum which he had no means of raising. He walked into the cottage, and sat down by the fire without uttering a word. His mother, who, now that her passion had in some measure cooled, felt rather apprehensive of the storm so soon to be awakened in his breast, was equally taciturn. Daniel had remained outside to attend to the horse which they had ridden in turn, and there was no one else within doors.

Presently the girl entered with a pail of milk. "Arrah, misthress," said she, "I felt as quare and as lonely to-night without having poor Tiney to milk; and see yourself, the milk looks nothing since hers is taken out of it."

"Tiney!" said James; "what's the matter with her?"

"Ah, you may go whistle for Tiney!" said his mother; "I gave her to-day to a boy that's worth ten of you, and that I heartily wish was my son in your stead."

"Mother!" said James, clenching his fist furiously, "you wouldn't *dare* do it!"

It would be needless and painful to dwell on the scene that followed. Dan having come in, joined in the war of words; and at length the wearied and enraged mother retired to bed, and her sons, breathing curses and threats, also sought their place of repose. Dan, who had not so much cause for excitement, and who, besides, was of a more apathetic disposition than James, slept soundly; but his brother did not close his eyes all night, and at four o'clock in the morning he awoke Daniel. In pursuance of a plan which they had concerted on the previous evening, they dressed themselves quickly, and stole noiselessly out of doors. They each carried a gun, and walked along rapidly for some time in silence. At length Daniel, looking earnestly at the inflamed features and bloodshot eyes of his brother, said, "Jim, what are you going to do at all at all?"

"I'm going to make that sneaking spalpeen give me up my fine cow that he wheedled that foolish woman out of."

"And what'll we do if he won't give her up paceably?"

"Maybe I have a trifle of logic here that'll persuade him," said James, touching the lock of his gun significantly. "Them M'Carthys never had much pluck in them."

On they walked, but the fresh morning breeze and glorious sunshine, which awakened all living things and summoned them to joyous activity, had no

soothing or softening influence on a heart consumed by its own restless fire. After a walk of six miles, the brothers arrived at M'Carthy's farm, and in a meadow at some distance from the house they saw Tiney quietly grazing.

"Now for it, Dan," said James; "we'll drive her off, and let me see if one of the M'Carthys dare touch her agin." So saying, he proceeded to throw down the gap which had been built up to prevent the cattle in the field from straying beyond its precincts. At this moment John and his brother appeared advancing towards him.

"Good morning, Jim," said the former; "you're out early to-day."

"Not a bit too early to disappoint thieves and robbers," was the courteous rejoinder. "Ho! you thought you'd have my fine cow all to yourself; but 'twas aisy wid ye, my boy. I'm come to take her back, and never a hair of her will you see again, if 'twas to save your life."

"James, I don't understand all this. Your mother gave me the cow freely, without me ever axing her, many thanks to her for that same; and I won't have her taken back by you on a suddent without rhyme or rason."

"You won't, won't you?" said James; "see if you dare prevent me." And he immediately proceeded to drive the animal out of the field.

John ran to intercept him, and stood in the gap, at the same time saying quietly, "Now, Jim, leave off this nonsense; you know I don't want to fight with you, but the cow shan't leave this field to-day." In a transport of passion James raised his gun, fired it with deadly aim, and down fell the stout and manly youth before him a bleeding corpse at his feet. The wretched murderer and Daniel, when they saw what was done, began to fly with speed; but the victim's brother, uttering a loud cry of horror, ran to lay hold on James. The latter, as if possessed by a demon, seized Daniel's gun and fired at his pursuer. He, too, fell mortally wounded. James stopped for a moment, raised him up, placed him with his head leaning against a tree, and then, with such a yell as might have resounded through earth's primeval valley when Cain stood a convicted and sentenced criminal before his Righteous Judge, the guilty being and his brother fled.

VII.

IN less than an hour afterwards the Widow Cronin was standing in her house preparing the morning meal, when her eldest son rushed in. His face, notwithstanding his rapid flight, was colourless; his eyes red, and glowing with a fiendish glare. "Mother," said he, extending his hand, "look there!"

The wretched woman gazed at the blood-stained fingers. "Oh, James, for the love of God, tell me what you were doing!"

"That's *blood*, mother," answered he with frightful calmness: "the blood of an innocent man; it was *you* made me shed it, and on your soul be the guilt." He then rushed from the house, and ran wildly up the mountains, where Daniel had already found a place of concealment.

Of course the fearful hue and cry of murder was soon raised, and notice sent to the nearest police station; but the faction of the Cronins was numerous and powerful, and in those days the arrest of a criminal in the remote parts of Ireland was almost impracticable. It was, and indeed is still, a point of honour among the peasantry never to deliver up a man to justice, even though he may have been guilty of the most atrocious crimes. That this point of honour rested on a false foundation, every lover of his country must grievously lament. Notwithstanding the reward offered by Government, and the vengeful watchfulness of the M'Carthys, the murderer remained for several weeks undiscovered in the wild mountain fastnesses, being fed, lodged, and concealed by the farmers who inhabited these remote regions.

Who may attempt to picture the state of his mind during this period? He passed from the extreme of wild fiendish rage to the dull apathy of despair. This again gave way to a sense—oh, how keen and thrilling!—that all was lost. There he stood, *a murderer!* his hand dyed in the blood of those who had never wronged him. And when he

"*That's* BLOOD, *Mother*," *answered he, with frightful calmness.*

thought of Ellen, "Oh, my sister; my own darling sister!" he would say, "bright were your eyes and glad was your heart till the dark cloud of sorrow came over you. 'Twas I that tuk him from you, that loved you better than his life; and now you're down in the dust, aileen, never to lift your eyes again to the face that was brighter to you than the sun, and more gentle than the moonbeams on the river. Oh that I could buy back his life with my own; but this world and the next are shut up from me in darkness for ever!"

This mental conflict did not last long. The unhappy man one day set off for the nearest town, in order to surrender himself to justice, and while on the way, was suddenly surprised and seized by the officers of police, who were in quest of him. For a moment the instinct of self-preservation led him to make a show of defence, but all regular determination to oppose the demands of the law was gone; and the feeling that whatever should befall him could not be worse than the fearful remorse in which he was plunged, caused him speedily to submit to his fate. He was lodged in the county jail, and in due time brought to trial. He made no defence, confessed his crime, and sought no mercy. The fearful sentence of the law was passed on him, and he was remanded to his cell. During his imprisonment, and now in the brief interval that remained until the fatal day, he was constantly visited by the prison chaplain and the priest of his own parish, a good kind old man, who had known him from childhood. He remained apparently unmoved by their pious admonitions, always saying there was no hope for him either in this world or the next. On the morning of the execution, as he was leaving the cell, he turned to his old friend and said, "Tell my mother I forgive her; and may she and my Maker forgive me!"

These were the last words he uttered. In a few moments the young and stately form of James Cronin lay a distorted and dishonoured corpse. Fearfully had the soul it enshrined been warped by unwitting error; fearfully was that error avenged.

VIII.

WE return to the unfortunate mother whose mistaken preference and indulgence had led to such a dismal tragedy. On the day of her last interview with her son she fell into a state of stupor, which was followed by a raging fever. From this she slowly recovered; but her reason was fled for ever. After a time, as she was perfectly harmless, though impatient of restraint, the person who was appointed to take care of her allowed her to wander at will through the country. Nothing seemed to agitate her save the sight of a *red cow*. At this she would stop, and say with a shudder, "Oh! don't you see she's stained with blood, and all the water in the sea can't wash out that colour?"

And Ellen—what of her? There are woes over which, like the artist of old, we must draw a veil. They are too deep for utterance, too sacred for description. From the day of her husband's death she never looked up or smiled; she languished like a wounded bird, the vigour of her young life struggling against the arrow whose death-thrust was in her heart. At length, on the day that the tidings of her brother's execution reached Inchigulah, she expired, rejoicing in the hope of meeting her beloved husband in that world where no sin or sorrow can enter.

Daniel continued for a time to wander the country; but as no active exertions were used to bring him to trial, he ventured to return to the farm, which had now become his. We may mention that the late tragic events, in which he had been a guilty participator, seemed to have wrought a favourable change in his character. He watched tenderly over his mother while she lived, and after her death he married the daughter of a neighbouring farmer, and led a quiet domestic life. He still survives; but it seems as if an evil destiny dogs his footsteps. Nothing appears to thrive with him, no doubt from the spiritless manner in which he conducts his affairs. His property has thus dwindled away, so that he now possesses only one or two fields, and supports his family by daily labour. I have often seen him; and

without knowing his history, even a casual observer would remark the settled dejection and spiritless expression of his countenance.

One fine summer evening, about a year after the events we have narrated, a group had assembled at the door of Mr. Dogherty the schoolmaster, consisting of several farmers and Dr. Handley, then verging on eighty years. While they smoked their pipes and talked over the politics of the country, the widow Cronin passed by. Her hair had become perfectly white, and her eye was lighted up with a restless fire which nothing but the hand of death could extinguish. She walked quickly by, looking vacantly at her old acquaintances, but not seeming to recognise any of them. "Poor woman!" said the old doctor when she was gone, "sorely you supped the cup of sorrow. You had two as fine lads as ever brightened a mother's eye or gladdened her heart. 'Twas a good soil to work on, but sadly 'twas misused. You thought to reap whate where you sowed nothing but hemlack!"

This, in its chief incidents, is an "owre true tale." The records of the county Cork prison contain the memorial of James Cronin's crime and execution; and it was from an old man in the country, who was present at the trial, that I heard the fatal history.

PASTORAL.

By J. M. STUART-YOUNG.

LIKE twin violets wet with dew,
Just as limpid, quite as blue
Are her eyes; her golden hair
Keeps the sunbeams 'prisoned there.

On a sultry summer day,
Blooming by some country way,
One might find a blushing rose
Of the hue her soft cheek shows.

Red carnations, where the bee,
Humming low and drowsily,
Honey'd nectar slowly sips,
Match her parting rosy lips,—

Lips that in the laugh's slow curl
Show the underlying pearl,
Or reveal, so dainty, round,
Dimples wherein love lies drowned.

When she speaks the throstles will
In their homes of green be still;
And the lark, on outspread wing,
Pauses should she chance to sing.

Ah! This maiden, young and fair,
Smiling, fresh and debonair,
Poisoned has with Love's keen dart
My brain and life, my panting heart!

By OSCAR PARKER.

NO play of Shakespeare defies the unities of time, place and action so ruthlessly as "Antony and Cleopatra," and all the traditions of the stage furnish abundant precedent for most drastic reconstruction of an acting version. The play would scarcely be tolerable under modern conditions if put on the stage as written. The action leaps from Rome to Alexandria, from Messina to Misenum, from Syria to Athens, darting to and fro like a lively shuttlecock, scarce staying long enough in one place to get more than a single stroke in forwarding the game. Turn to Act IV. It commences with a very brief scene in Cæsar's camp at Alexandria; then comes a scene in the Palace, another before the Palace; then back to the interior, to Antony's camp, to Cæsar's camp, to the field between the camps, to the walls of Alexandria, to Cæsar's camp, back to the field of battle, to a room in the Palace, to another room, and, finally, to the Monument. Here are thirteen changes of scene in one act; and in Act III. there are twelve. Conceive the effect on a modern audience of this kaleidoscopic display!—of thirteen five-minute scenes in one act! Compression and re-arrangement are absolutely necessary in staging the play to-day, and a manager's first task, after determining the character of the production, must be to select, combine and reform the scenes into as small a number as will effectually frame the essential development of the drama. For this, as I say, there is sufficient precedent, and precedent also there is in abundance for importing into the stage production a spectacular magnificence, for which there is but slight warrant—scarcely more than suggestion indeed—in the play as we read it. Garrick seems to have put this label on it, for when he produced it in 1759 he is recorded as spending a considerable sum in mounting it handsomely. This is easily understood. In "Antony and Cleopatra" the strength of Rome in her noblest period and the sensuous splendour of the East meet. Here is a chance for a display too good to be lost: Rome and Alexandria at their zenith; the voluptuous languor of the East embodied in a woman — the virile energies of the West typified in Antony. The world was tottering to a mighty fall, and once more a woman was to hasten the catastrophe.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree has precedent, then, for spectacularising the play in the

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MISS EDNA MAY

As Nelly Neil—ALDWYCH THEATRE.

present production at His Majesty's Theatre; but to this end he has taken fewer actual liberties than some of his predecessors. At the Drury Lane Revival in 1873, the procession of Cleopatra's barge on the river was represented, thus realising visually what is, in the play, a graphic description from the lips of Enobarbus. Also the battle of Actium was depicted, and a Roman festival in honour of the nuptials of Antony and Cleopatra was interpolated. In the later Revival (1890), at the Princess's Theatre, the progress of the royal barge was again displayed; Antony had a triumphal reception after his victory, and an Alexandrian Festival, vaguely allegorical, took the place of the Roman carnival. Now Mr. Tree's only interpolation is a tableau representing the return of Antony from Athens to Alexandria, for which Mr. Tree somewhat naïvely accounts as a device to "bridge the gap in the action of the play," due to the fact that in one scene Antony is in Athens, and in the next Cæsar is describing him as already in Alexandria. But it is a scene of dazzling splendour, and is in harmony with the action and the development of the story. It is, however, not so much on this one scene that the sumptuousness of the revival at His Majesty's rests. The same unstinted striving after splendour of effect runs through the play. Cæsar's house in Rome, the landing-stage of Cleopatra's palace, the interior of the palace, Pompey's galley—all are triumphs of stage representation, and the costumes, processions, the details of the pictures give consistent life to the magnificence of the setting.

I suppose it may reasonably be asked, What of the acting? "Antony and Cleopatra" is a drama of psychology, a fact that becomes submerged in consciousness under its classification as an historical play. We cannot help feeling some regret that Shakespeare, having chosen the subject, so emphasised its historical significance. The story, old as Hercules and Omphale, as Samson and Delilah, is one of the primal tragedies of mankind; the strength of the man pitted against the wiles of the woman is broken at last. Cleopatra is the superlative type of the heartless, selfish, ambitious, sensuous woman who knows the full value of feminine beauty and how to use her charms with most seductive effect, and she is moreover a consummate actress. The rugged, unsophisticated Antony is no match for her, and yet he struggles manfully at times against his conscious degradation. But to the last he has faith in Cleopatra, and he never wholly forfeits our sympathy. What a tragedy Shakespeare might have made had he confined his play to this psychological interest — the gradual ruin of a noble nature by the unscrupulous and royal prostitute. Mr. Tree retains almost intact those scenes of the drama which bear on this subtle play of character; but as everyone knows, Antony is already under Cleopatra's spell when the drama opens, and we are witnesses only of his infatuation and the queen's capricious humours. Mr. Tree's impersonation gives one the impression that the part wearies him and that he is compelled to make a conscious effort to realise it to himself, and—though this would follow—to his audience also. He is best when anger stirs him, as in the scene with Cæsar's messenger. Miss Constance Collier is not an ideal Cleopatra. She is not so much the capricious queen as a rather shrewish vixen, but she plays the scene with the bearer of ill-tidings from Rome with fine fervour and a rage that is almost regally impetuous. Mr. Lyn Harding's Enobarbus is, however, in all respects a most finished and admirable performance. His faultless elocution, his tone of philosophic humour, his lightness of touch and impersonal air, as of a critic rather than actor in the mimic events, make a most agreeable impression.

"Macbeth" is an instance of the historical drama in which the psychological interest governs the whole structure of the play. It is true that the fall of Antony affected the course of the world's history, while the fortunes of the small and remote Kingdom of Scotland in the Eleventh Century were of little more than local consequence. It is true that the

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MISS NINA BOUCICAULT AS MARY AND MR. LEONARD BOYNE AS THE HON. WARREN BARRINGTON.

In "The Stronger Sex."—APOLLO THEATRE.

"Do you come with me, Mary?"—ACT III.

imagination is impressed by the great affairs in which Antony played a leading part, and that by insisting upon them Shakespeare has invested his infatuation for, and subjection to, the Egyptian Queen with immensely greater significance than it would otherwise possess. In "Antony and Cleopatra," therefore, the conflict of character and temperament is waged on a stage so vast that the more subtle exposition of character is dwarfed. In "Macbeth," on the other hand, there is no such distracting element. From the moment that Macbeth gives ear to the prediction that he shall be Thane of Cawdor and King of Scotland, the tragedy of his fall fills the stage. It is, then, of the utmost importance that the actor of the part should conceive and reflect all the nobility of the man as well as all his weakness, all the pity of his surrender no less than all its baseness. Mr. Bourchier's Macbeth seems to me to come somewhat short of expressing the more heroic qualities of the great captain and conqueror. We are not compelled to wonder how such a man could be seduced by his own or by his wife's ambition into committing murder after murder, into violating the obligations of hospitality, into an act of perfidy and disloyalty. His Macbeth is something of a craven by nature. Even his remorse is but half-hearted and inspired by his fears rather than his conscience. His fall does not stir in us that pity that should be inspired by a noble nature tempted beyond its strength. Probably this is Mr. Bourchier's reading of the character, but, if so, he chooses to withdraw a prop to the sympathies of his audience. In expressing the superstitious and imaginative side of Macbeth's character, Mr. Bourchier is admirable; but these traits are quite consistent with the sterner qualities of physical courage and a rugged indifference to consequences when once a course is settled in the mind. Macbeth quails only before the supernatural; the real has no terrors for him; and when at last fate overtakes him, he meets it without a tremor.

"I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been my senses would have cooled
To hear a night-shriek; . . . .
. . . . I have supped full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me."

It is these sterner qualities that we seem to miss in the impersonation at the Garrick.

In many respects Miss Vanbrugh's interpretation of Lady Macbeth is adequate. Her elocution is somewhat monotonous, but she realises the indomitable spirit, the ruthless directness of purpose, the completeness of self-surrender to ambition, the unconscious cruelty that women show when unsexed by an engrossing passion.

The caustic of "The Philanderer" bites deep, and Mr. Bernard Shaw chooses to leave the burns to fester without applying any healing salve. Probably he thinks the types of humanity whom he satirises deserve all they get, and to put them in hospital would be a waste of sympathy and energy. I am disposed to agree with him. They are a puny lot. We part from them without a single regret. They have taught us nothing of human nature we did not know before we met them; they have not stirred one exalted emotion. We recognise them all as real types of genuine men and women. O yes; there is no question of that. The man whose temperament, by some mysterious law, takes toll of every woman's heart, and who exacts the toll from pure love of his own emotions; the woman who surrenders, and ever after mistakes pride and pique for love; the tom-boy whose only idea of independence is impudence; the conventional pater talking platitudes to self-willed daughters who have forgotten the decencies of civilisation; the old fogey who has the past so built into his mental fibre that he construes every new phenomenon in terms of his own experience—they are all as familiar to us as the notes of the National Anthem. But, frankly, it is delightful to meet them again, and to meet them with just that artful touch of exaggeration which, without becoming caricature, expresses our sense of their futility and meagreness. With a sensitive appreciation of

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MR. C. H. WORKMAN AS THE DUKE OF PLAZA TORO AND MISS LOUIE RÉNÉ AS THE DUCHESS.

In "The Gondoliers." SAVOY THEATRE.

the value of environment, Mr. Shaw makes the younger members of this group devotees to the Ibsen cult, or rather to the absurd travesty of Ibsenism which surged through our social philosophy some few years ago. They are all members of the "Ibsen Club," in which a necessary qualification for membership is that "the women must not be womanly or the men manly." What an ideal hunting ground for the philanderer! Here he can track his quarry with the easy consciousness that, if they ever turn "womanly" again, he can remind them of the terms of the bargain.

Unfortunately for him, the truly womanly woman is seldom logical, and Leonard Charteris, the philanderer, having made love to Julia Craven of the cult till he, tiring of that particular quest, turns to other game, finds that Julia can be as exacting, as jealous, as hysterical, as capricious and as exasperating as any scorned and deserted woman, not of the cult, could be. She is by turns a reckless fury and a tearful supplicant, and in either temper equally obnoxious to Charteris, who succeeds finally in getting her engaged to a Dr. Paramore, and so off his hands. Such is practically the whole of the story; but the interest of "The Philanderer" is not the story, but the characters who play it. Even if they are not the stuff of which heroes and heroines are made, they are stripped with such audacity, their foibles and weaknesses are exposed with so much ingenuity of invention and such pungent wit in the dialogue, that we are carried along on ripples of laughter from first to last. We are not asked to treat "The Philanderer" seriously as drama. It is an entertainment. It holds the mirror up to nature, it is true, and in dramatic form; but after all it is only a satire, perhaps merely a gibe, ephemeral except for the one fact that it satirises constitutional defects of character and not a phase or pose only.

It is admirably staged at the Court Theatre. Miss Mary Barton, who undertook the part of Julia Craven on the briefest notice, owing to Miss Lillah McCarthy's illness, plays it with great spirit and admirable appreciation of its varying moods. No great task falls to Miss Wynne Matthison in the part of Mrs. Tranfield, but she gives the part distinction. Miss Dorothy Minto scores high as the flippant and very much emancipated Sylvia. Mr. Ben Webster is not absolutely convincing in the part of the philanderer, though it is a very conscientious and well-studied performance. The decided success of the cast is Mr. Eric Lewis as Colonel Craven, a part for which his style, his voice, even his mannerisms, are perfectly suited.

"Hedda Gabler" is announced to follow "The Philanderer" at the Court *matinées*, and on April 9th, "Prunella," by Laurence Housman and Granville Barker, is to succeed Ibsen's play.

"John Valentine" begs the question when he, or she, calls his, or her, play "The Stronger Sex." (And now, having indicated my scepticism as to the sex of the author, I will give her the benefit of the doubt and take her at her own classification.) It takes more than a solitary swallow to make a summer, and more than one brave and resolute woman to make the whole sex dominant. But with this single masculine protest, let it be said at once that "John Valentine" has given us a very entertaining comedy, even though he is compelled to sacrifice his hero to do it. His hero is rather poor stuff, but chiefly because he is the resultant of social forces in an epoch when social forces are apt to be sordid and sinister. The Hon. Warren Barrington is impecunious, idle, selfish, with extravagant and luxurious tastes which he can only indulge by running into debt. The only way out is a marriage with money, and this he is making when the play opens. The bride is a rich American girl, Mary, who, to him and his English circle, seems only a sweet little trusting thing who will think him a god and let him mould her as he will. Only one person appears to understand her and that is her cousin, Oliver Thorpe, also a rich American, of the proverbially keen, wide-awake, self-reliant and quietly satirical type. "Mary can take care of herself," he says confidently, when someone suggests she may not have married as happily as she might; and the theme

Photo by] [*Dover Street Studios.*

MISS ROSALIE TOLLER.

of the play is not only Mary's undoubted ability to take care of herself, but to mould her husband from a rather worthless cumberer into a very decent fellow and a useful member of society. She loves him and believes in him, and the art of the playwright is seen in this—that, while the Hon. Warren is playing the cad and the tyrant and doing his best to make us despise him, we continue to tolerate him because we are forced to regard him through his wife's eyes and to see that there is really good stuff in him and he only needs to be licked into shape. It is a little hard, some may feel, that the task should fall to his wife, and once or twice the issue seems a bit doubtful, but she has nerve and courage and, above all, an abounding love and faith, and when it is over and the husband capitulates and the honeymoon really begins, Mary has not only captured the whole of our sympathy but forced us to include her husband in the range of our goodwill. Miss Nina Boucicault plays Mary with a quiet force that conveys exactly the right conception of the character, a girl whose natural instincts are wholly feminine but whose training has developed a reserve power of meeting difficulties with courage and an intuitive adaptation of means to end. Such a girl has not been swaddled in down all her life, and to many, no doubt, the character will seem overwrought, if not almost forbidding. But I think on the whole we may be thankful that, if social conditions in one country can come so near to turning a gentleman into a cad, the strenuous energies of another can develop a woman capable of reversing the process. The duel between the wife and husband is practically the whole of the play and, therefore, the second act is decidedly strongest, the final act being somewhat hysterical and disjointed. The very adequate cast includes Miss Lilian Braithwaite, Miss Marie Illingworth, Miss Gertrude Scott, Mr. Leonard Boyne (who plays the unsympathetic part of the Hon. Warren Barrington with conscientious vigour), and Mr. Paul Arthur.

"The Stronger Sex" is preceded at the Apollo by a delightful little one-act play, by E. M. Bryant (also an unknown playwright), called "The Peacemaker." It is seldom that so well-constructed a little piece is seen nowadays. The theme may be almost too weighty for a curtain-raiser, but the play is bright, humorous, and convincing, and puts an audience in good spirits for the more serious business to follow. It relates a successful effort to bring together a young estranged couple. The peacemaker's well-laid plans go lamentably astray, to her discomfiture, but the end is blissful.

"Nelly Neil" at the Aldwych Theatre is very much above the average level of its class of entertainment. Mr. C. M. S. McClellan wrote it; Mr. Ivan Caryll composed the music, and Miss Edna May in the title *rôle* has a part that just suits her dainty style, while the whole action revolves round her—all conditions that certainly ought to make for success. Furthermore, as regards stage setting, nothing more brilliant and beautiful has been given us, surfeited as we are with exquisite stage effects. What, then, is the matter? I think the matter is that we have got neither honest comic opera nor honest extravaganza. It looks to me as if Mr. McClellan set out to write a comic opera in good faith. You can dissect a very neat and compact comic opera plot. An extremely pretty girl, well connected, the toast of the town, everybody's darling, turns socialist and everybody follows her. She becomes assistant in a Regent Street flower shop, starts in to establish the millennium on the principle of levelling up and levelling down to a happy average. But there is another party in search of a millennium, a group of anarchists, who are for destroying everything and starting fresh. Of course the two won't mix. Then there is the recognised order of things represented by the Stock Exchange, and Mr. Billy Ricketts, of Rickett's Bank, and a motor car. Eventually the simple life, as lived at "Simplicity Farm," Hampstead, swallows up the whole and reconciles the factions, but Nelly and Billy find their millennium in the good old-fashioned and eternal way.

Now, that is an intelligible *bouffe* plot, but somehow, in Mr. McClellan's hands

or in those of his "improvers," we get so many side-winds that the original idea is something like London in one of its own capricious fogs. For some time we move rapidly and assuredly along a recognisable highway and then suddenly plunge into opacity, through which we grope to light once more, and thus the course alternates between the clear and the dubious. I imagine a good many would agree with me in deprecating the mixture. It is bewildering. Who is responsible for it in "Nelly Neil" I can only guess, but I am very sure that if the author or authors had "sat tight" to the plot, he or they would have moulded a play instead of a humorous musical spectacle.

As it is definitely announced by Mr. Frohman that Miss Edna May retires from the stage at the conclusion of the run of "Nelly Neil," owing to her forthcoming marriage, this will, so far as can be now asserted, be the last part in which she will be seen, and I fancy the announcement will crowd the Aldwych Theatre until the play is withdrawn; for Miss May is deservedly popular. It is rare that a *première* in musical comedy possesses, as she undoubtedly does, so refined and delicate a style where the temptation to extravagance of manner is great. She is an attractive and picturesque personality on the stage, a graceful dancer and a piquant and effective vocalist. Her songs in "Nelly Neil" are not so numerous or ear-haunting as in some other parts she has played in London; perhaps "I'm just like any other girl" in the second act is the best, and it is certainly rendered in her most characteristic manner. Her retirement will be a distinct loss to the stage and will be felt in both hemispheres with equal regret. Mr. Coyne's inimitable drolleries add much to the humour of "Nelly Neil." He is a new-comer to the English stage and has come to stay, I hope. His style is very different from that of most of our recognised buffoons, lighter and more spontaneous seemingly, but he "gags" unceasingly.

"Toddles" has moved to The Playhouse, and all the active *coterie* of matchmakers have, of course, followed him, and there nightly ply their wiles to marry him off, willy-nilly, to their respective selections in the matrimonial market. The second act alone, played as it is in Mr. Cyril Maude's inimitable vein of helpless protest against the unkind fates, would carry the farcical comedy triumphantly for many a month. It runs its appointed course briskly, to an incessant ripple of laughter, and at the end leaves a very tender memory in the mind. For Mr. Maude, whatever description of part he may play, has a subtle power of winning our sympathy for it. We wish him well out of his troubles and a brimming cup of happiness.

It is March as I write, and yet "Sindbad" is still sailing the ocean blue at Drury Lane, and repeating his marvellous adventures every evening, not to mention several afternoons each week. Still the great ship sinks to the coral caves and the great whale saves the band of heroes, practice having made perfect both contingencies till they outrival Nature herself —in automatic regularity at all events. There have been some changes since Boxing Day, of course, but the Valley of Diamonds is as glittering as ever, and the great roc soars with the enterprising and resourceful Sindbad like the well-trained bird it is. Children cannot tire of this visible realisation of the most absorbing fairy tale that ever was written, and their elders cannot tire of taking them to see the tale re-lived. It goes so merrily and sumptuously on with song and dance and quip and joke, and it is good to hear the childish voices trilling joyously even at the horseplay. There may have been better pantomimes at Drury Lane in the grand old days of Leno and Randall, but it is never quite a safe thing to hark back to bygone memories, since we cannot always distinguish with certainty between an unspoiled capacity for enjoyment and genuine merit in the thing enjoyed. Enough that there are always boys and girls growing into the delectable stage of unspoiled capacity for enjoyment, and to those of them who go this year for the first time to Drury Lane the "Sindbad" of 1906-7 will always be the most beautiful and delightful pantomime they will ever have seen.

A TOUCH OF NATURE.

By HILDA NEWMAN.

THE physician shook his head. There was unwonted sadness in his professional gravity—regret for the passing of bright promise with the little life that ebbed away in the silent room upstairs. And he had no consolation to offer, no other childish claims to urge in compensation for the taking of this treasure, no word of hope in answer to the mute enquiry of the father's eyes—only the grasp of sympathy that told all.

The mourner followed him mechanically to the door, lingering there long after the glowing lights of the brougham had disappeared in the distance: the rush of cold air was reviving, and the starry mysteries of the firmament inspired him with timid resignation, reminding him of man's littleness, and the working of the inscrutable system that buries in oblivion the greatest of our joys and griefs.

He strove to thrust out of mind the picture of a childless home, soothing himself with the memory of his wife's ever cheerful and ready companionship. The selfishness of his sorrow became apparent with the thought—how the tender-hearted woman must suffer, and, though she betrayed no sign of fatigue, she must be simply worn out with her extraordinary love and devotion for his child. She had need of such solace as he could offer, and he longed for her simple faith, so he turned from the curious looks of passers-by to the hospitably open door, and re-entered the house that held his great sorrow, and his greater blessing.

* * * * *

Sleep laid a soothing hand on the little sufferer's brow, gently stroking out the lines of pain in the small, pale face, clasping the tiny restless fingers, and reviving a faint hope in the heart of the anxious woman who sat on, motionless, in the dimly-lit room, while the shadows deepened without, in the hush of oncoming night.

But the resignation that had followed a battle of belief and despair dwindled with the flicker of possible happiness—the merciful numbness of utter acquiescence quickened anew into aching uncertainty.

She prayed with a mother's fervour for the sparing of the child that was hers only in name, wondering tearfully at the unknown woman who had lightly relinquished the ties and tears of motherhood, and brought shame on her husband, making him shudder to look back into the past. Did she regret? Would the knowledge of the trouble touch her hardened heart? Had she no yearning for the dear ones she had left so unworthily?

Thinking it all over sometimes, as second wives will, she contrasted her own plainness with the other's defiant beauty, and, humbly unaware of the attraction of her womanly sympathy and perception to the man who had pierced the glamour of cultivated coquetry, sought to subdue an exultant consciousness of the undreamt-of happiness another's folly had brought into her once quiet and joyless life.

. . . The child slept softly on. His father, entering noiselessly, stood transfixed at the sight of the still figure, dreading to look nearer or to ask the meaning of the strange silence. With a reassuring smile, his wife rose and led him to the bedside, where he could hear the sighing breath of his little son.

"Thank God!" he whispered, fervently pressing the hand that clung tenderly to his own.

"It is a good sign," said the wife; "but we must not be too sanguine. If God would only spare him," she added brokenly.

Her husband drew her to the light, looking fondly into the tired eyes. "You must rest or you will break down," he said anxiously; "and I dare not think of that."

"My dear, there can be no rest for us till we know, and we must bear this together."

"You have borne too many of my burdens," said her husband, sadly. "It has been no equal sharing of joy and sorrow, as I hoped, and to-day has brought a problem that worries me—something you must help to decide."

"What is it?"

She was alert at once, ready to listen, consider, and advise. He did not answer immediately, but turned away, and began softly to pace the room. At last he seated himself on the arm of her chair, and, taking her hand, began awkwardly:

"Do you remember a conversation we had about a week before our marriage?"

The wife wrinkled a reflective brow. "We made so many plans——"

"It was on a subject that we wished to forget, and we made a mutual promise——"

"Ah! yes, yes; I remember," she murmured.

"*Her* name was never to be mentioned. You buried your scruples about second marriages, and I buried my miserable past. We began a new life together, a happy one, in spite of everything, wasn't it, dear?"

At last he seated himself on the arm of her chair.

She assented, with a tightened clasp.

"And now I am going to ask you so hopeless and difficult a question that the mere asking will hurt me, because I must break my promise. Oh! my dearest—do you understand?"

She lifted a pale and anxious face.

"You have seen her?"

"Yes; the unhappy woman came here."

"*Here!* To *my* house!"

The wife sat suddenly erect, her heart beating violently. Would the intruder have dared, without encouragement; oh, unworthy thought! She must stifle it.

"Yes; I could not refuse to see her. She would not go, and I feared a scandal."

"What did she want?"

"She wished to see the child."

The answer fell with leaden weight on the conflict in her bosom; it appealed to her inmost soul, but it came so inopportunely—this touch of nature—in the woman whose husband and child she loved with such jealous fervour. Jealousy! Yes; this was the fierce pain that choked her with bitter unspoken anger. Why should this shadow of sin creep into her wholesome life? How dared this wraith of the past come to claim a forfeited love?

"What did you do?" asked the wife, looking straight before her.

"I sent her away," answered her husband, in a constrained voice, "on condition that I would speak to you, and let her know your decision. She was very humble," he added, gently.

"How did she know of the child's illness?"

"She would not tell me; but she said she had heard he was in danger, and came to know what the physician had said. She longs to see him before—before——"

His voice failed suddenly. The wife sat still, with averted head, anxious to reason it all out with him, yet ashamed to betray the selfish feelings that would disappoint him. She did not desire this meeting—it might mean the thin edge of the wedge, and she was fully aware of her inability to contend with so dangerous a rival. The painful reminder, too, that the child she had loved and tended with a mother's care was not all her own, wounded her deeply. There was this sacred link to be feared, and though she hated herself for the doubt, she felt—knowing her husband's kind heart—that humility and repentance were powerful weapons in the other's hands. There was no need for her to make the sacrifice—no one had a right to expect it. An indignant remonstrance rose in her heart, but it was as if a Divine touch on her quivering lips forbade its utterance.

She had hitherto held it her mission to help the sinful and the fallen to the remorse that came inevitably with a full knowledge of guilt, doing her best to aid them in the leading of a better life. She had been patient and pitiful, noting the hopelessness of their struggle for social tolerance, and now for the first time she felt no mercy, no sympathy, for a gleam of natural feeling in the darkness of a wasted existence. She trembled at the responsibility of having to sanction or forbid this meeting. It was in her power to crush the tender impulse of an awakening soul into the blackness of despair and unbelief—to darken an intolerable life with the derision of closed doors, scorning all claim of motherhood with fine contempt . . . or she could grant the humbly-craved desire, stifling the pettinesses of her own passion.

God would know what she risked—God and herself—but it seemed a sin to forbid this repentant spirit a glimpse into their paradise.

So, by-and-by, her husband musing wearily beside her in the darkness, felt the dear, tear-stained cheek rest softly against his own.

"Let her come, darling."

He kissed her fervently, and with a strange sense of relief and gratitude.

"I *knew* you would do what was right, little wife."

* * * * *

The husband's first impulse had been to bar out the black-robed woman whose quickened conscience jarred terribly on his over-wrought mood, but the harsh words of dismissal died away as he looked into the drawn and faded face of his first love, and man-like he shifted the responsibility of the answer to her on whose judgment he had learnt to rely. He did not reckon the cost of the consent he had obtained; it surprised him less than the desire and speedy acceptance of it by one who had been accustomed to have her wishes regarded as laws.

She *must* have changed, he thought, watching her ascend the staircase with slow, unsteady steps The memory of her past gaiety filled him with shuddering pity, in which no spark of love lingered She had not addressed him since, obeying his summons, she had arrived, pale and breathless, at her old home. It seemed

impossible to converse on ordinary subjects, and any insight into the past or present sentiment was to be avoided. She fought an hysterical emotion that forbade speech —perhaps the sight of this child might still that gnawing agony of reproach, perhaps some natural instinct might make him give her, even at the last hour, the deep, unquestioning, filial love she had blindly cast aside. Ah! for some memory to cling to when the frail illusions of the past were swept away — and heaven knew how soon she would need it.

The other ran forward, seizing her outstretched hands.

The husband, feeling awkward and ill at ease, was glad to gain the silent room, where his wife continued her tender vigil. The child lay back on his pillows, flushed and panting. He fixed his plaintive eyes gravely on the new comer, but did not speak.

The wife rose, but at a sign from her husband, remained standing. It was clear that the other neither saw nor heard them. Love, fear, remorse, mingled their changing shadows on her white face, as with an inarticulate cry, she fell on her knees at the bedside, and seizing the wasted little hands, covered them with passionate kisses

The child, bewildered and half alarmed at the violence of this new affection, drew back with a low fretful cry that stabbed more than his unrecognising glance, already deepening to dislike, as she tried, with breathless imploring words to coax his memory. It warned her to an assumption of merriment that was painful to see. She changed her manner, speaking lightly, reminding him of past pleasures. In vain, the poor little brain refused to recall anything. The pale lady, who smiled at him with the tears running down her cheeks, brought back no remembrance of his bright and better days— she only distressed him.

"Your mother, darling—I am your mother; of course you know me."

The wide solemn eyes turned slowly to the other side of the bed and rested on the dear familiar figure who filled the first place in his childish heart. Then they brightened with a fleeting fire.

"*This* is my mother," he said, with a naïve and simple pride, and curled his small fingers lovingly round the gentle hand that lay on his pillow.

The mother rose with flashing eyes.

"So this is why you sent for me, madam?" she said, with bitter emphasis, "to insult and wound me as your pettishness teaches you. Or, perhaps, it is a moral lesson you are reading me? *You*, a robber, to whom even God's gifts are not sacred—an interloper who steals from me the one thing I prize—the flesh of *my* flesh!"

She hissed out the words with savage vehemence, oblivious of the child's timid wondering gaze, or his parents' looks of

horror and dismay. The husband advanced sternly, determined to end the trying interview.

"Hush! you are mad—you don't know what you are saying. But the shameless ingratitude that makes you misinterpret my wife's kindness is indeed worthy of you. I must ask you to leave us at once."

His wife pushed him gently aside. She understood the pent pain and jealousy and disappointment of the bitter words that moved her very soul with a great and overwhelming pity. She approached her, holding out a suppliant hand.

"If I have wronged you, forgive me," she said, gently. "I did not know it when I taught your child to love me. I thought——" she faltered for a moment. The other waited impatiently for the ending of the kind, impulsive speech; she was pale and spent from the storm and wrestling with a giant despair. But the sneer faded from her lips, and the fierce light from her dark eyes, till they closed to hide the springing tide of remorse as the warm and womanly appeal went on.

"But since unconsciously we have loved together—*that* is a bond between us," urged the wife, with unselfish eagerness; "and if this darling be spared, in future we will——"

A burst of passionate tears interrupted her. The other ran forward, seizing her outstretched hands.

"No, no," she said, hoarsely, "I *have* no future, you foolish woman; and for your own sake, leave me out of your life. But because we have loved the same being—and because we shall never meet again—I will ask another favour"—she looked hungrily into the sweet pitying eyes—"Kiss me!"

For a moment the two women stood heart to heart in their strange embrace.

Then, with a sob, they parted.

Speke Hall. Near Liverpool.

SOME OLD ENGLISH HALLS.

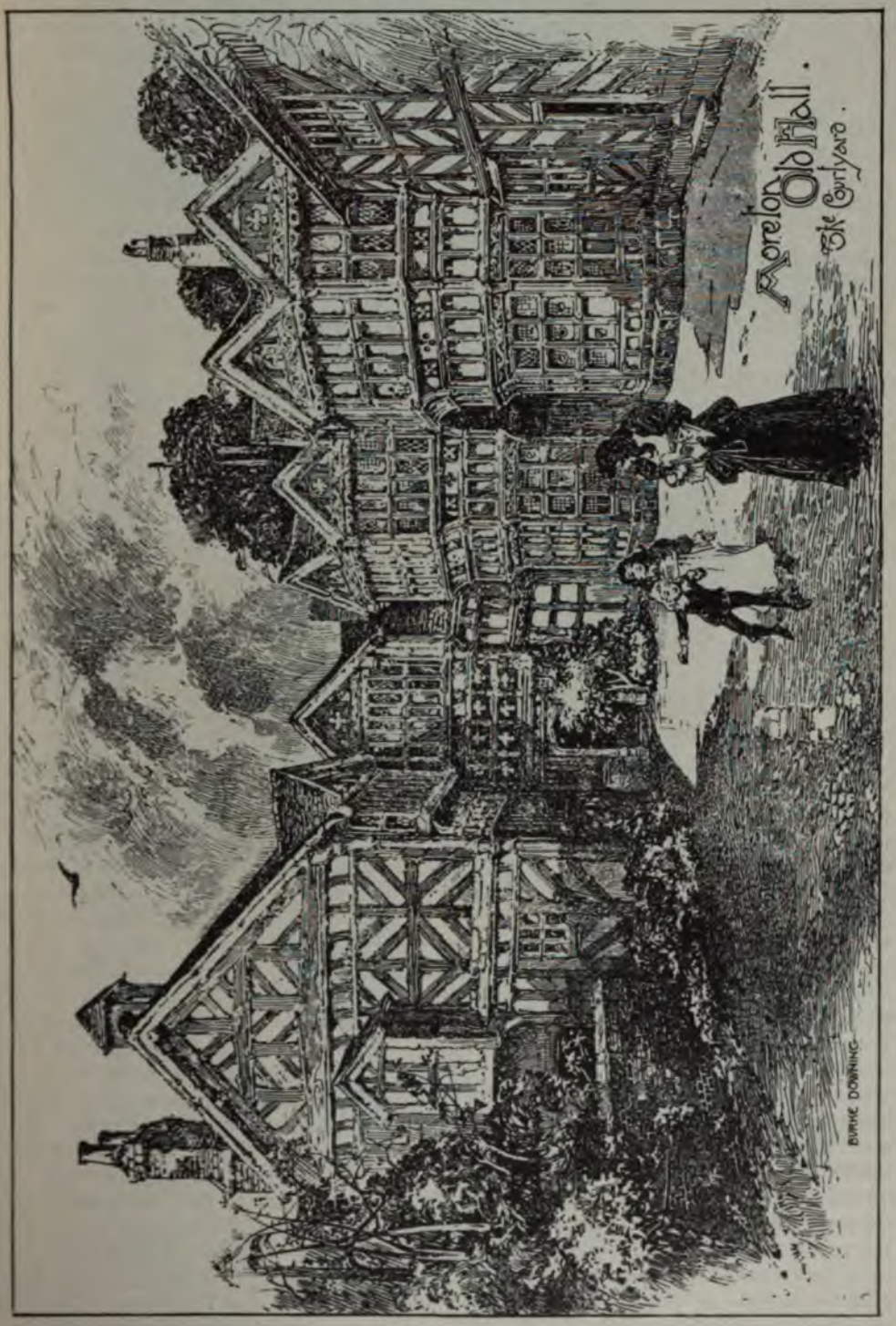
THERE are few, if any, buildings more pleasing and picturesque in style than the old half-timbered mansions which were built all over England just about the close of the long Wars of the Roses, when it was no longer necessary for safety's sake that an Englishman's house should be a castle indeed. The county of Cheshire abounds with such houses, of which Moreton Hall, standing near the Staffordshire border, is one. It is situate in the midst of beautiful scenery on a level plain at the base of a range of hills, and is still occupied, though no longer a seat of the ancient family in whose possession the property remained for many centuries—in fact, from so early

a date as the reign of Henry VIII. at least. Built in the fifteenth and early part of the sixteenth centuries, it stands almost in its original integrity, and where rebuilding has been necessary it has, unlike the case of so many of these early half-timbered buildings, been done in the same materials and style. The house is built around a quadrangular courtyard, and is surrounded by a square moat, crossed by a stone bridge on the south side leading to a gatehouse of imposing size almost detached from the remainder of the house.

The earliest portions of the building are on the east side, where the low-roofed chapel stands; but one of the most interesting and picturesque portions of the exterior is that of the dining-hall, viewed from the courtyard, with its long range of windows so numerous that one can realise that there was some foundation for the complaint made by Lord Bacon concerning the builders of Elizabethan mansion houses, that "you will have your houses so full of glass that we cannot tell where to come to be out of the sun or the cold." Excepting for this, if, indeed, any exception should rightly be made on this account, Moreton Hall is built with the nice appreciation of domestic comfort which characterises the houses of that period. The glass, too, has a sufficient excuse for its presence in the picturesque effect which is produced by the curious glazing.

In the little wing at the back of the gatehouse are two apartments entered from the house by hidden panels, but provided with an exit through a passage running under the moat—convenient places whither a political or religious refugee might remain in hiding without much chance of his retreat being discovered. There were many tenants for such places during the time of Queen Elizabeth, the Puritan Revolution, and later episodes in our history; and doubtless the secret apartments at Moreton were not without occasional occupants from one or other of the parties for the time being in conflict. There is generally an air of romance about these half-timbered mansions, and it does not fail to impress you at Moreton.

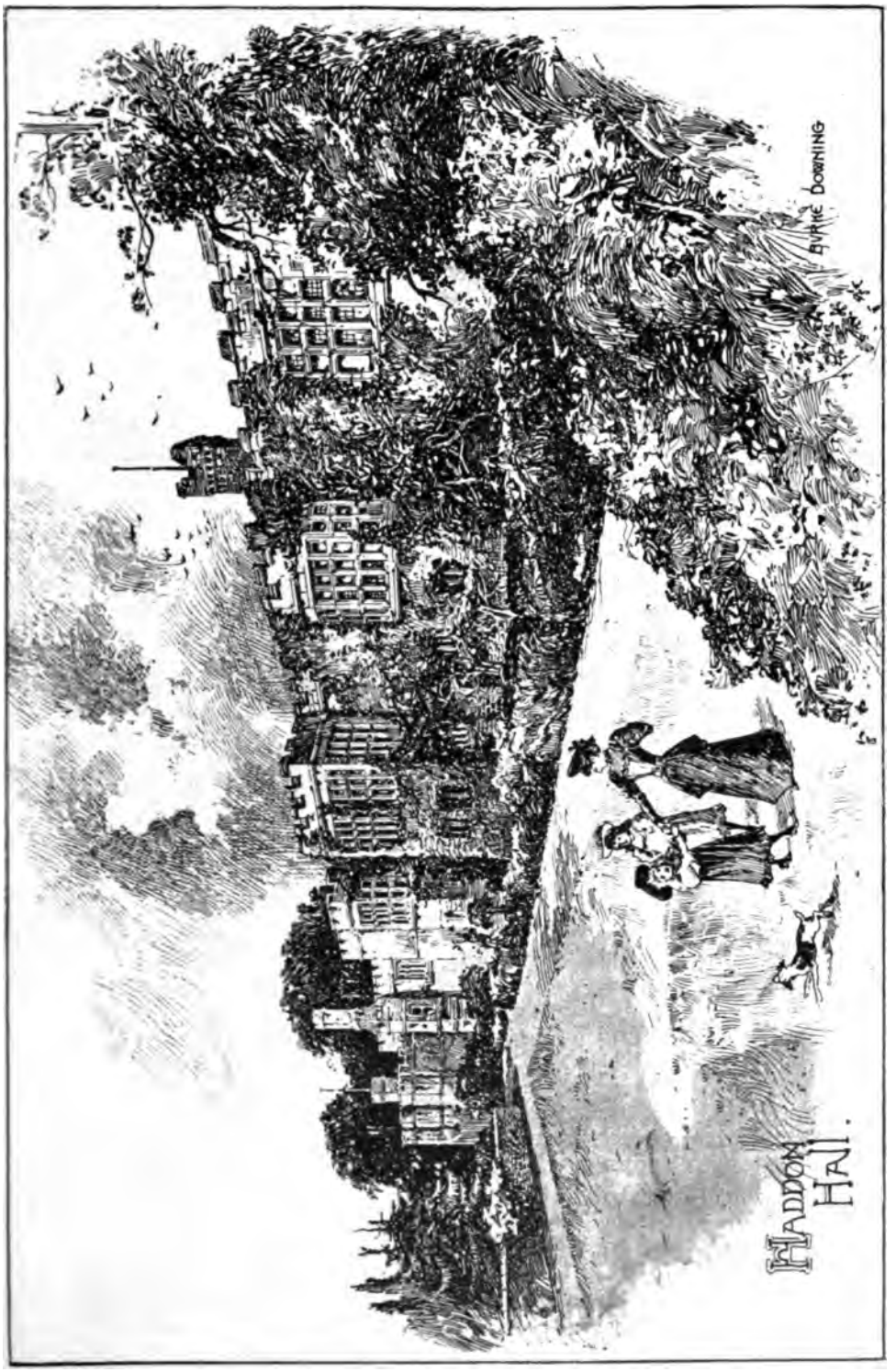
The celebrated Derbyshire mansion, Haddon Hall, now, as for some three centuries past, belongs to the Rutland family, and is among the most distinguished and most magnificent of our old mansions. Three families only have in succession held this property since the


Forelon Old Hall.
The Courtyard.
BURKE DOWNING

Conquest. At that date it formed part of the manor, or lordship, of Bakewell, given by the Conqueror to his natural son William Peverell, who, and whose son of the same name, served the Conqueror and his three next successors faithfully and valiantly at home and abroad, and were barons high in the royal favour. The son, however, was implicated in the poisoning of the Earl of Chester, a partisan of the Empress Maud, and, fearing the justice which would probably be meted out to him by Henry II., he fled the country, his estates being subsequently forfeited. Haddon itself having been held as a military fief of the lords of Bakewell by the family of Avenel, the Avenels became, by this forfeiture, immediate tenants of the Crown, and so continued to hold Haddon until the time of Richard I., when it descended to two co-heiresses, who respectively married a Vernon and a Bassett. Some considerable time afterwards the Bassett share was acquired by the Vernons, in whom the ownership continued until the 16th century, when, from the last of them, Sir George—who inscribed the proud motto, "God save the Vernon," over the entrance doorway, where it may still be seen—the estate passed, once more with a female heir, into the family of its present holders, the Rutlands. This heiress was the Dorothy Vernon whose name has been given to the steps, of which there is a sketch below. Rumour says that by these she escaped from the house to be married to her lover, Sir John Manners.

It is to the time of the Vernons, with whose cognisance of the boar's head one meets everywhere upon the walls, that the greater portion of the existing building belongs. Each successive owner made some alteration, or added some feature, beautiful or otherwise, with the result which is shown in the irregularity of the plan of the building. The chapel, as is natural, is one of the oldest and—except as to its furniture—least altered of all the portions of the structure. Its windows bear evidence of having been once fitted with richly-coloured glass, which has, however, been sadly mutilated, and the coats of arms and heraldic emblems of the lords of Haddon are now badly shattered. The banqueting-hall is of the time of the Black Prince, but the long gallery or ball-room, with its two octagonal and large square central bays, proclaim itself of the age of Elizabeth, and is, in fact, the contribution of Sir John Manners, the husband of Dorothy Vernon.

The charm of Haddon, apart from its romantic hillside situation and its



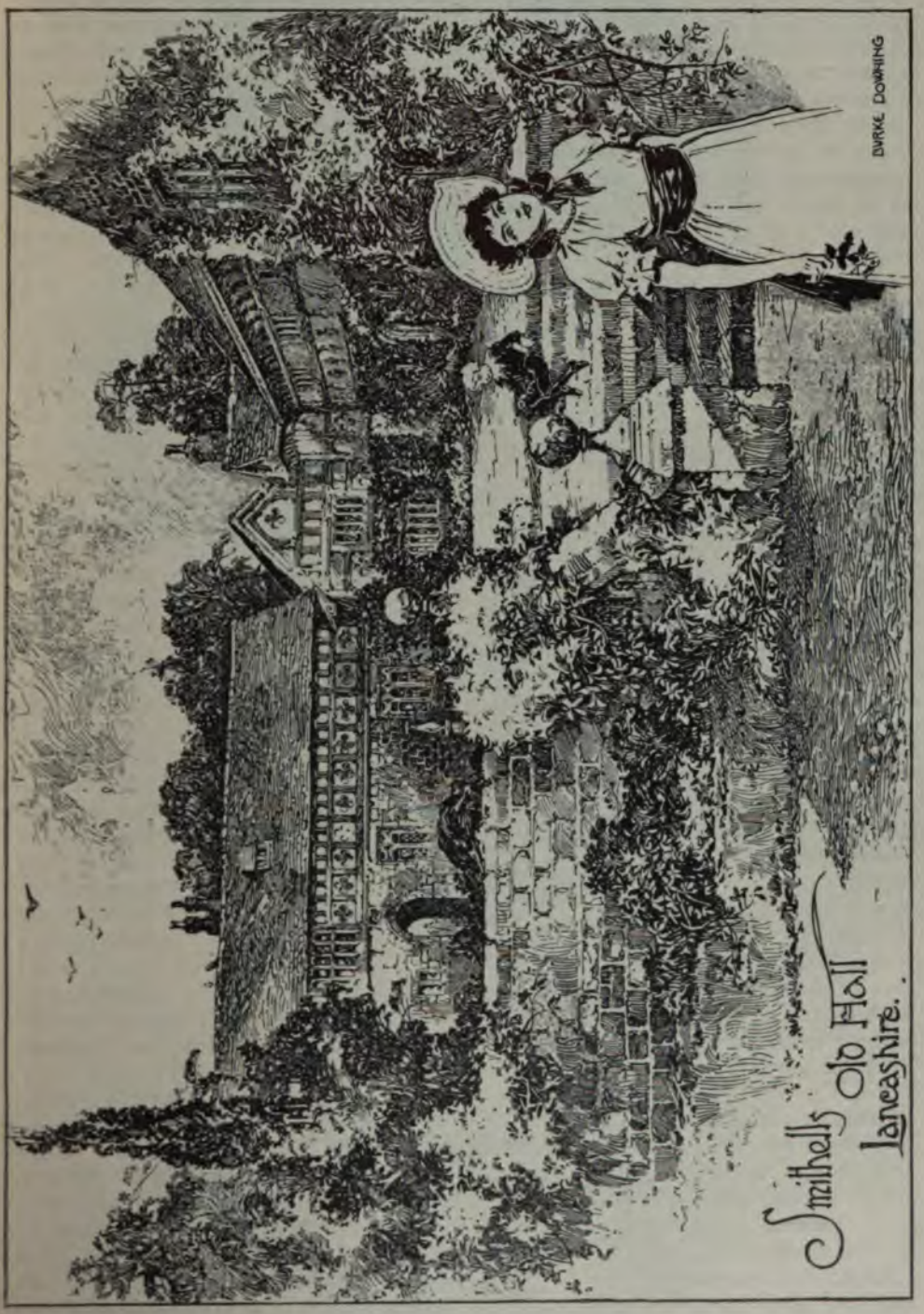
HADDON HALL.

beauties of architecture, lies in the fact of its long occupation as a peaceful residence. Its strength seems never to have been put to the test, or else, perhaps, it would not now be standing to give us an insight into the ways of former ages, and how one generation adapted the provision of its predecessors to its own new wants.

Smithells, near Bolton, in the county of Lancashire, is not the scene of any great or stirring event. Indeed, it has not the appearance of having been intended for such things. Its interest lies rather in the picture it affords of the manners and tastes of our ancestors at a time when they were emerging from mediævalism into something like modern civilisation and politeness. It is one of those old mansions to which half-timbered work, steep, sloping roofs, and far-projecting eaves give that charm which we recognise under the name of quaintness. It consists of a main building, with side wings, one of which contains the chapel opening on to a quadrangle, and boasts a fine hall of earlier style, though not of earlier date, than the rest of the house, with fine oak wainscotings in many of the rooms, after the fashion of its age, which considerably increase the interest of the place.

The older portion of it dates from the time of King Henry VIII., some parts perhaps even from that of the first Tudor sovereign. It now belongs to the Ainsworth family, but in Tudor times was held by the Bartons, with whose time the one piece of legendary lore connected with the place is concerned. In the passage leading to the chapel there is a tablet bearing the following inscription: "Footprint of the Rev. George Marsh, of Deane, Martyr, who was examined at Smithells, and burnt at Chester, in the reign of Queen Mary." This draws attention to a bloody mark, still visible on the stones, which, according to the tradition of the place, is the footprint of a Calvinist minister who, in the time of the Marian persecution, was examined at Smithells, before Mr. Barton, a Justice of the Peace of the county, and afterwards executed, as the tablet records. The story is that, coming out for his examination, after refusing, in spite of all entreaties, to conform to all that was required of him, he prayed the Almighty that the justice of his cause might be manifested, and, at the same time, stamping his foot upon the ground, the print became indelibly affixed to the stone. The story rests, no doubt, on as firm a foundation as such stories mostly do.

Turton Tower stands about four miles north of Bolton-le-Moors, in the county of Lancashire, and derives the latter half of its name from the high, embattled tower which forms the oldest portion of it. The tower is of four stories, the ground floor, once the great hall, being now the dining-room, and the storey above it containing the drawing-room, the structure having been altered and adapted for its modern and more peaceful

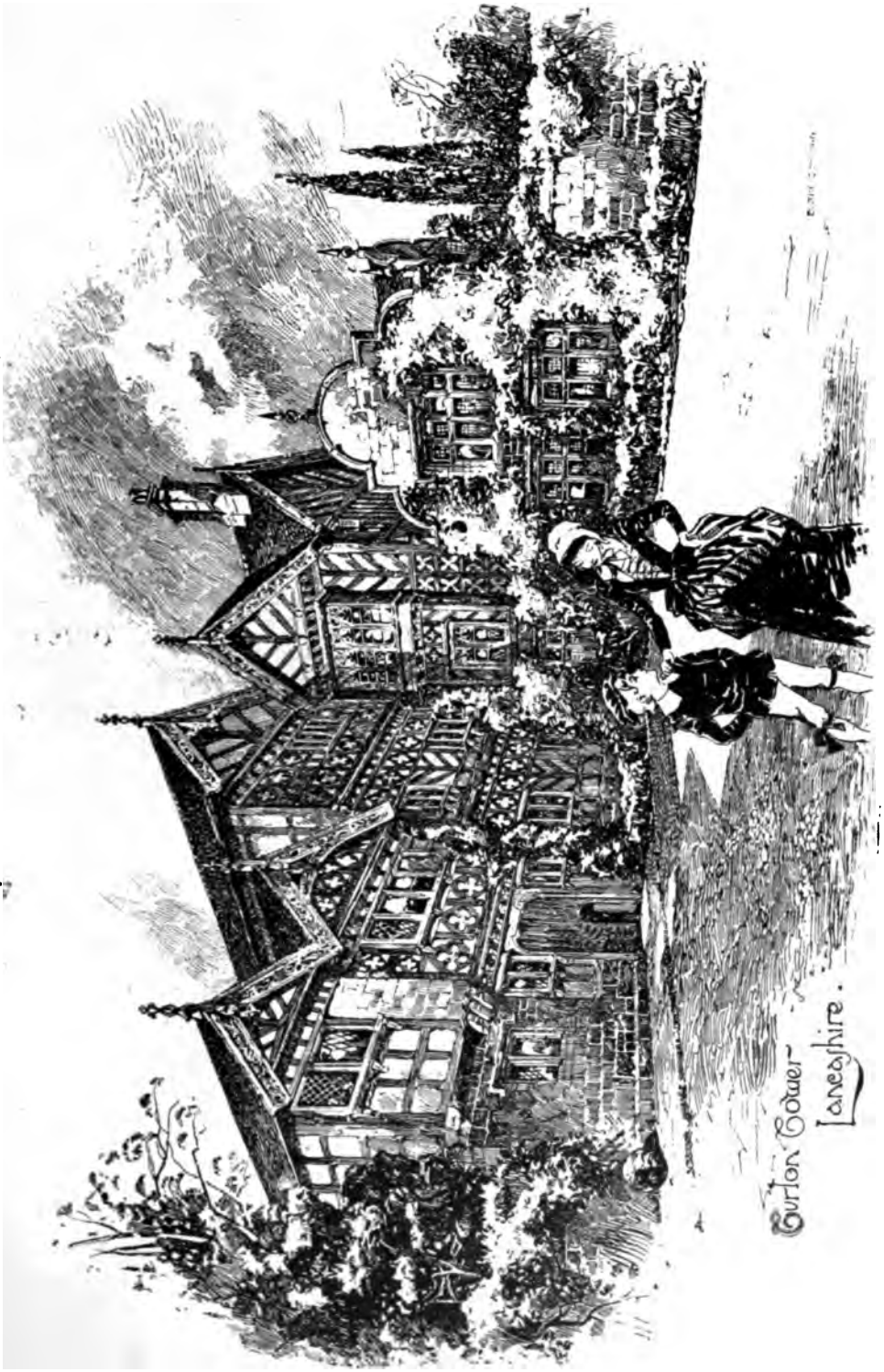


Smithells Old Hall
Lancashire.

purposes by William Orrell, who was its owner in the latter end of the sixteenth century. By him the small, narrow openings with which alone it was provided in the days when it served as a stronghold against attacks, whether with the object of revenge or plunder, and which, in the "good old days," every landlord had reason to fear from his neighbour, were enlarged, and the pleasant windows with which the tower is now lighted were inserted. The tower lies at the south-west side of the more modern portion of the building which is shown in the illustration, and which now constitutes the principal part of the mansion. Although more modern, this portion is still of very respectable antiquity, having been added in the Elizabethan or Jacobean period, from which probably the most interesting of our old houses date, and the main portion of the front is in that most interesting and picturesque style of which half-timbered work is the characteristic feature.

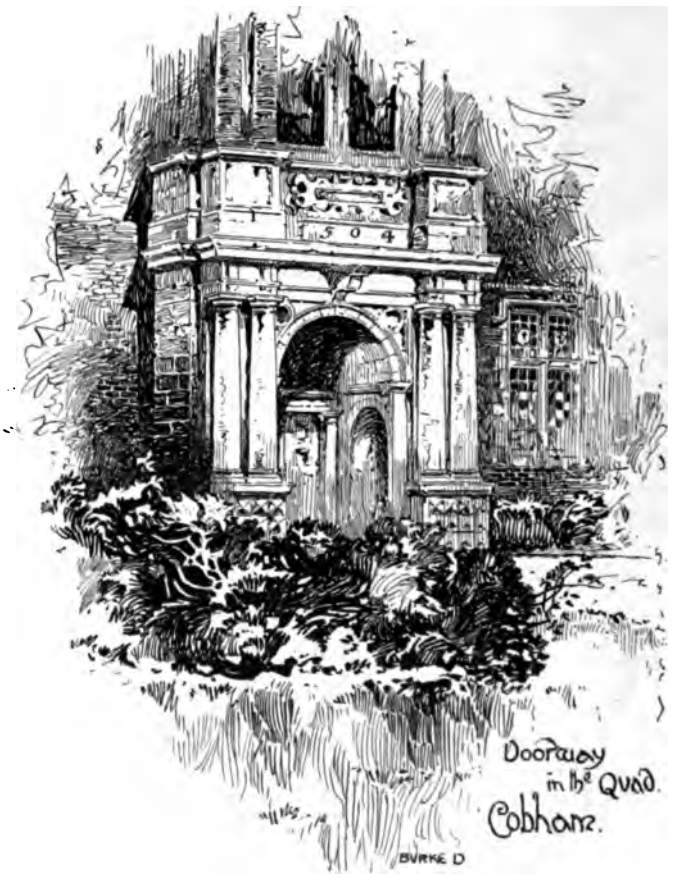
TURTON TOWER.

Cobham Hall, five miles west from Rochester, was the ancient seat and head of the barony of the illustrious and far-spreading family of Cobham, which became extinct in the time of the Commonwealth, and with whom, perhaps, the ancient nobility of Kent may be said to have expired. The estate is now the property of the Darnley family, whose predecessor acquired it in the reigns of Queen Anne and George I. Cobham Hall is built in the form of a half H, and the extremities of the wings are terminated with octagonal towers. The central part was designed by Inigo Jones in 1672; the wings, chiefly built by Brook, Lord Cobham, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, exhibit the dates 1582 and 1594, and have the later Tudor projecting mullioned windows, quaintly carved cornices, and ornamental doorways; but Jones's portion is a plain façade, with Corinthian pilasters. The southern front is eminently Elizabethan in character, and the rich tones of the red brick, contrasted with the variously-tinted foliage surrounding the house, offer the finest studies of colour. The interior is elegantly fitted up, and has a very fine collection of pictures, mostly collected by the fourth Earl of Darnley. Several belong to the Orléans collection, and others came from the Venetian collection of Vetturi: they are admirably described in "Felix Summerly's Excursions," 1843, to which he appended a full catalogue. The park is nearly seven miles in circumference and abundantly wooded; the oaks are very large and ancient, and there is a noble avenue of lime trees, in four rows, extending more than a thousand yards. Near the south-eastern extremity of the park is a mausoleum chapel, erected at the expense of £9,000. Near the stabling is shown a

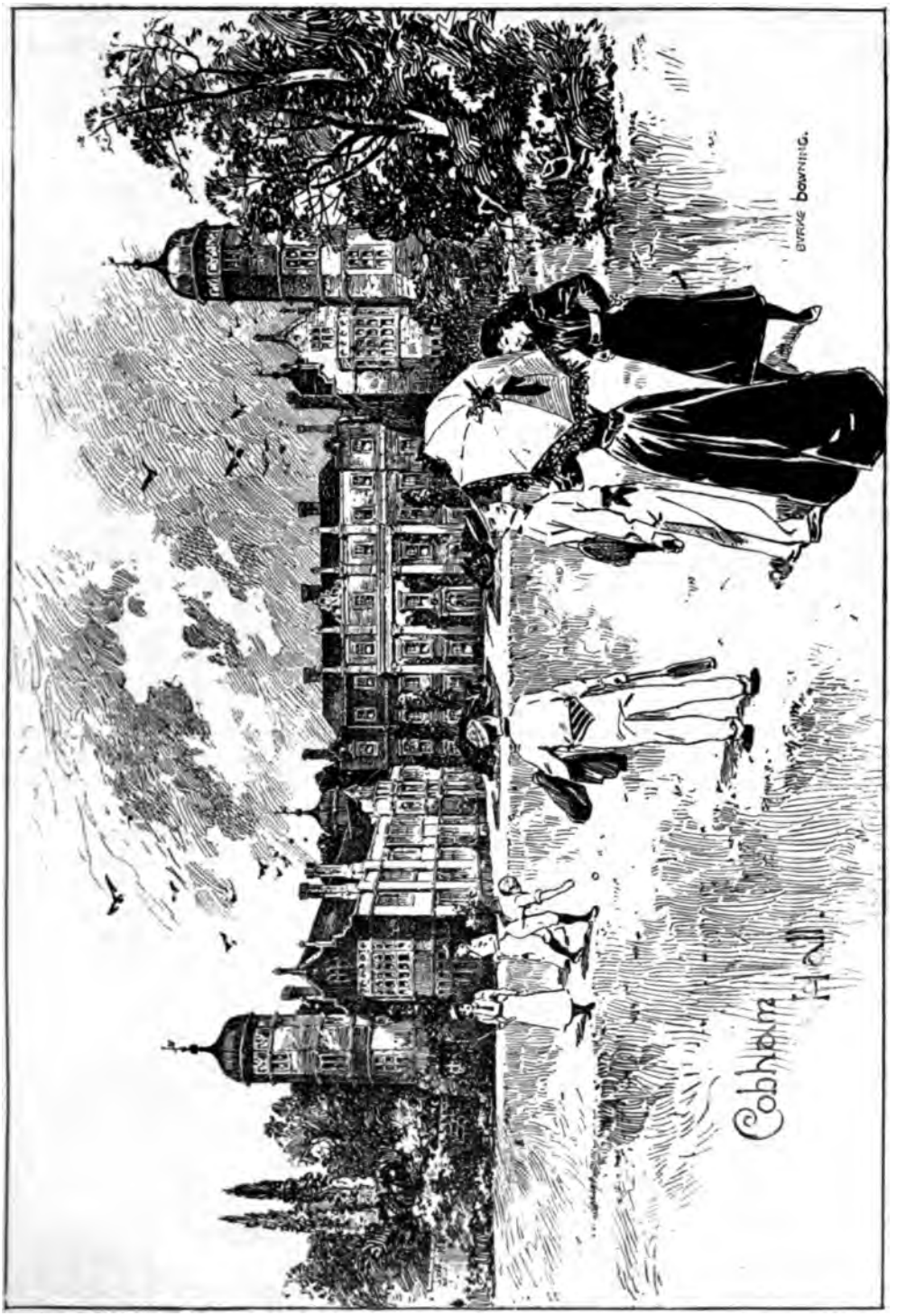

Gurlon Tower
Lancashire.

richly-painted and gilt State coach, said to be that in which Mary Queen of Scots rode after her marriage with the Earl of Darnley.

The walk from Rochester, through the woods of the park, is a very pleasant one. Visitors from London should take an early train to Gravesend, and drive thence by Shorne to Cobham. The nearest road is, however, by Thong. The house and picture gallery are open only on Fridays. Cards of admission are issued, which can be bought at Cobham, or at Rochester or Gravesend. One shilling each is charged for these cards, an arrangement which obviates all fees to the housekeeper. The money thus realised is bestowed on the dispensaries at Gravesend and Rochester. This plan is an excellent one and deserves to be generally imitated.



Cobham has entertained many Royal guests. Elizabeth lodged here for some time on one of her progresses, and Charles I. and Henrietta Maria, after their marriage at Canterbury, slept there on their way to London, the royal pair finding all the highways strewn with roses and all manner of sweet flowers. There was no sign then of the evil days in store when Colonel Sand's troops (1643) pillaged the Hall, and sent off five waggons loaded with spoil to London.


Cobham Hall.
BYRNE BOWNING.

Another Story of H.M. the King.

By WALTER NATHAN.

ADVERTISEMENT is, perhaps, the most striking characteristic of the twentieth century. When Macaulay wrote, "Advertising is to business what steam is to machinery, the great propelling power," it is probable he little foresaw its gigantic development in modern days. A witty gentleman in one of the earliest of "Tom Hood's Comic Annuals" conceived the idea of a patent pill proprietor in love with a Dean's daughter. The affection was mutual, but the Dean would not hear of the match. At last the despairing lover took an empty house opposite the cathedral, bought a magic lantern, and employed the time occupied by evening service in throwing upon the walls of the cathedral passionate appeals to the public to buy so-and-so's tonic, purifying, and gently-aperient pills. Legal measures (according to the tale) failing to stop the nuisance, the Dean capitulated, and all ended in a happy marriage. At the time this tale was written doubtless the whimsicality of the idea raised a smile on the face of the reader. In this, however, as in many more circumstances of modern life, the imagination of the fictionist was able truly to forecast the march of events. It will be within the memory of many how legal proceedings had to be taken to restrain the too enterprising advertising agent from casting magic lantern pictures of the goods he was employed to advertise on the base of Nelson's monument and the façade of the National Gallery. It is not, however, so generally known that a syndicate was formed to advertise by throwing magic lantern pictures on the walls of St. Paul's Cathedral; and although fortunately stopped in time, the matter caused some hours of anxious consideration to the ecclesiastical authorities. Every householder is painfully conscious that his letter-box is constantly filled, not only with circulars, but with samples of cocoa, tea, polish for grates and furniture, needles, hairpins, and the thousand and one articles of modern household consumption, and patience is often severely tried by the energetic devices of the advertising agent. Those in humbler ranks of life can take to themselves the consolation that, if advertisement in its infinite variety of form proves a worry to them, even the most exalted are pursued by the same annoyance.

It would be difficult to estimate the number of letters, circulars, and samples which are daily addressed to royal personages, but they can be numbered by the hundred. Their senders must be

sanguine individuals to imagine for a moment that they come under the personal notice of those to whom they are addressed, but that they do so imagine is proved by the perennial stream of circulars, patterns, and samples which flow through the Post Office to Windsor, Buckingham Palace, Sandringham, and Marlborough House. Perhaps one in a thousand may be taken notice of, and it is on this remote chance that hope is sustained. However, to use a sporting phrase, even thousand-to-one-chances occasionally "come off," and by an extremely ingenious but simple device (which for the future comfort of all crowned heads, princes, philanthropists, editors, Cabinet ministers, railway directors, cycle company and gold mining promoters and other potentates we shall carefully abstain from specifying) a letter one day found its way into the hands of our Sovereign when Prince of Wales, and was personally opened by His Royal Highness, when out tumbled the photograph of a man with an abnormally big head, bearing underneath the written designation—

"THE MAN OF IDEAS."

The Prince gazed at the photograph, and turning to a gentleman in the room, inquired :—

"Do you know anything about this?"

"Oh!" replied the gentleman, "that—the man with the big head I call him—yes, he forwards a circular letter or photo on the average once a week. He wants your Royal Highness to establish, or be patron of, a school for the cultivation of ideas. I think he sells ideas also. I am afraid I have destroyed all the circulars."

"It does not matter," replied the Prince. "If his head be his warehouse he certainly has a capacious one." Saying which, he tore the photo across, and threw it into the waste-paper basket.

More than a year subsequently H.R.H. was walking, gun in hand, conversing with Lord A. They were traversing a field in Norfolk, and were much ahead of their attendants.

"Well A.," said the Prince, "I am sorry to lose you, but no doubt the course you intend adopting is a wise one."

"It is the only one I can think of," replied Lord A. "I have not the same affection for the land which some have; still, the place has been ours these three hundred years, and it is worth a struggle to keep it. I reckon I shall save £5,000 a year, and by letting the town house get another £700. In six years there will be nearly £35,000, and by that time the extension of the town on the west may enable me to sell some land for building. It's a chance, and that's all."

"Ostracism for six years will be a severe trial to your patience," returned the Prince.

"There will be sport of almost every kind, some of which will be quite new to me. The scenery is varied and beautiful, and the people interesting and lively—somewhat too lively in parts, if what I hear is true—and if I find I desire an occasional return to the luxuries of civilisation, I can always run down to San Francisco or Victoria. Of course I would rather remain here, but as long as I do my liabilities will only increase."

Thus conversing, they had reached the exit of the field, a five-barred gate, upon which a man was sitting smoking a short briar-root pipe. A very remarkable figure he presented. A pair of long, thin legs dangled from hips of gigantic dimensions, well suited to the massy thorax, long brawny arms and monstrous head which completed the upper part of his person. He was sitting perfectly upright. Observing the two gentlemen approach, he descended, and politely opened the gate for them to pass. It was then seen how inadequate to the support of his body were his poor thin legs. He bent forward from the middle like a note of interrogation, but maintained his range of vision by cocking his head on one side and fixing a pair of large, bright brown eyes on the gentlemen as they passed.

"I have seen that face somewhere before," remarked the Prince, who, like most Royal personages, has a remarkably good memory, "but I cannot recall when. Yet so extraordinary a figure should have impressed the attendant circumstances on my mind."

"That is because your Royal High-

ness has never seen my body before," said the man, whose following footsteps had been unnoticed upon the soft turf, "and only my face in a photograph, which, together with this petition, I have had the honour of forwarding from time to time to your Royal Highness."

"Ah! Indeed," replied the Prince. "You are the person who styles himself the Man of Ideas?"

"I am, your Royal Highness," replied the man. "I wish to establish an institution for the cultivation of ideas, and as your Royal Highness is kind enough to afford the support of your patronage to new and beneficial industries, I venture to hope, if your Royal Highness will be kind enough to read this paper, that you will see fit to accord me the support of your great name in my endeavour to better fit the coming generation for the ever increasing struggle for existence."

"Really, Mr. Lightfly," remarked the Prince, glancing at the name at the foot of the paper which had been put into his hand, "you have adopted a very irregular mode of approaching me. You have, I presume, sufficient knowledge of the world to be aware that if I once gave ear to personal applications of this kind, my privacy would be gone. I cannot, therefore, consider your request. If, however, you proceed in a more regular and orthodox manner, I will at least read your paper." Saying which, the Prince returned the paper to its author and walked on.

"I meet with very extraordinary applications," said the Prince to Lord A. as they walked on, "but this one is certainly novel."

"I wonder if he could suggest an idea how to pay off my mortgages," laughed Lord A. "I should like his views on the subject."

The Prince laughed and shook his head.

The next day H.R.H. had placed before him an envelope which had been left by hand, and on which was written: "Forwarded by permission of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales." It contained the following petition, but not couched in the usual petition terms, being something of a jumble between them and a trade circular.

"To H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornwall, K.G., K.P., K.T., &c., &c.

"May it please your Royal Highness.

"The future of a nation lies in the hands of its youth. The welfare of Great Britain is the immediate concern of every Englishman, and no Englishman has shown a greater solicitude for the welfare of his country than your Royal Highness.

"The needs of improved education, both mental and physical, have long been conceded by advanced thinkers of all parties and sections, and among these your Royal Highness has ever been pre-eminent. But although vast amounts have been expended both publicly and privately, it is generally admitted the results are not commensurate to the outlay.

"I venture to suggest that the cause of this lies in the neglect of two branches of training. The power of observation and the power of inception.

"The brain assimilation of the impressions coming to it through the eyes is terribly deficient throughout every class of the community. To state that not one individual in ten can give an accurate account of the simplest series of events ten minutes after those events have occurred is much to understate the fact. With the powers of observation so faulty it cannot be marvelled that the power of deduction is even more faulty, and that of inception almost nil.

"Although Ferrier's experiments were for years held convincing of the fact that the centres of sensation and motion were of distinct locality in the brain, more recent discovery has tended to contradict this, and to declare the sensatory and motor centres are inextricably connected. Be this as it may, both Ferrier and Victor Horsley and all other workers in brain physiology have been utterly unable to discover, or even to surmise, the origin of ideas.

"Without venturing to dogmatise where such eminent scientists have failed, I think there can be little doubt that the cultivation of observation and deduction by stimulating whatever portion of the

"I have seen that face somewhere before," remarked the Prince.

brain these powers are derived from tends by the same exercise to the production of ideas.

"I have been led to this conclusion by experiment on myself and others, and have stimulated by exercise the power of producing ideas to an indefinite extent on any matter or subject, the primary data of which are submitted to me.

"That a school of training, cultivation, and enlargement of national ideas would be of service to the youth of this country I humbly submit, and if your Royal Highness will grant me the authority of your patronage, I do not doubt the establishment of such a school could be accomplished.

"In the meantime I am prepared to submit ideas on any subject whatever at a very reasonable fee.

"I. Plots for novels and stories.

"II. Schemes for development of estates suffering from agricultural depression, extrication from financial difficulties, and adjustment of incomes.

"III. Novel ideas for game preservation, advertising, the management of social and family affairs, travelling, preservative media for health, and destructive weapons and implements of war. Ideas for inventions, and improvements on existing inventions.

"I will not attempt to disguise from your Royal Highness that I am urgently in want of a regular income, as the cultivation of extreme brain activity, which my enthusiasm in the matter has carried to an excessive extent, has developed the power of cerebration at the expense of my legs, from which all the nourishment has been drawn, causing atrophy of muscles, and crippling me to an extent which prevents me from carrying on my original business of a surveyor. The cultivation of ideas, which was at first my hobby, must now stand as a means of living, and if your Royal Highness will see fit to grant my prayer, not only would the future prosperity of the coming generation be assured, but I should find a means of honestly and beneficially earning the cost of subsistence.

"And your petitioner will ever pray, &c.,

"ROBERT LIGHTFLY."

His Royal Highness having read this extraordinary production, continued looking at it for some minutes. He then rose, and walking out to the lawn, joined Lord A., who was taking a final look at a spot endeared by many agreeable associations, from which he was about to part for many years.

"I shall see you in town before you leave," said the Prince, wringing Lord A.'s hand.

"I hope so," returned A. "I shall be at least a fortnight before my preparations are complete, and I shall not go before I see you again, Sir. I shall walk to the station. Everything has been sent on, and Parker has taken the tickets. I am too late for the 11.45, so I shall go by the 1.15."

"I will walk to the road with you," replied his Royal Highness.

He walked on a few steps in silence, when the Prince, observing the paper which he still carried in his left hand, gave it to Lord A., saying, "As you pass the 'Dolphin' you might intimate to this man that it is useless waiting in this neighbourhood, for I cannot possibly do anything for him."

Lord A. looked through the paper. "I do not understand a single word of it," he said.

"No?" said the Prince. "Two points seem pretty clear. That he is hard up, and is a cripple. Give him this five-pound note, as from yourself; and you may add, also from yourself, that if he thinks less and rides a bicycle, perhaps the nourishment at present wanting in his legs may descend from the brain into its original location. Good-bye, I shall see you again before you leave England."

Lord A. went along the road. From time to time he glanced at the paper. "Development of estates—extrication from financial difficulties—adjustment of incomes," he muttered. "I wonder if he could suggest anything to me. At any rate, I'll ask him."

Turning into a respectable village inn, he asked the landlord for Mr. Lightfly, and was shown into the coffee-room, where the man with the big head was seated at a table. No one else was in

the room, and the landlord closed the door and left them alone.

"H.R.H. the Prince of Wales has directed me to return you this paper and to inform you he cannot consider the request contained therein."

"I am sorry," replied Lightfly. "I am sure the scheme would be beneficial, and with the Prince's patronage would soon have been an accomplished fact."

"I have read the paper myself," replied Lord A., "but I cannot say I perfectly understand it, except that you suffer from weakness of the legs, which you attribute to the excessive brain exertion."

"Yes," replied Lightfly; "there is only a certain amount of nourishment capable of being taken up, and if one part of the body be unduly exercised some other part must suffer. In my case my brain has drawn the extra nourishment required from my legs."

"Perhaps if you were to think less, and ride a bicycle, the nourishment would be restored to its proper place."

"H.R.H. the Prince of Wales has directed me to return you this paper."

"Perhaps so," replied Lightfly, "but in order to obtain food I must earn money, and I can't earn it riding a bicycle. Better to have one part devoid of nourishment than the whole system."

"Very true," replied Lord A., "and if this five-pound note will be useful, it is quite at your service, and, indeed, I should like a talk with you, and you may consider it your fee."

"Thank you, my lord," returned Lightfly. "I trust I may be of some service to you."

"In the first place," said Lord A., "what do you mean by cultivating ideas? I always thought they were of spontaneous growth and could not be forced."

"Oh yes," replied Lightfly, "you can force them like grapes, and I know of no naturally-grown grape which equals in flavour the hot-house muscat. So some stimulated ideas are better than natural ones."

"I should like an experience," said Lord A. "How can I generate an idea?"

"Sit perfectly still, regard some

uninteresting object, such as your thumb-nail, intently. Try to empty your mind of all thought, and the first impression which passes through it will be an idea. Now try. When I say 'Well, tell me your thought,' that will be an idea. Well?" said Lightfly, after a minute or two's interval.

"I thought I should like something to drink," said Lord A.

"The body—always the body," muttered Lightfly, "no spirituality."

"I don't mind spirits if you have soda-water," said Lord A., who had indistinctly caught the murmur.

Lightfly rose with an effort and rang the bell. The landlord brought brandy and soda. "Help yourself, my lord," said Lightfly. Lord A. took a long draught and said "Don't you take any?" "No," returned the other, "I find stimulants dull the impression of ideas." "Ah, indeed!" said A. "Perhaps so; at any rate I never had an idea of any use to me. But to business. I have just twenty minutes to spare before my train starts, and my position is a perplexing one. Do you think you could advise me in that time?" "Doubtless I could," replied Lightfly, "but it will depend greatly how long your statement takes. I must have full data. But in any event, since H.R.H. will not countenance my efforts, I shall return to London, and I may as well travel by your train as any other;" and he rang the bell and ordered a fly to convey him to the station.

"Very well," replied A.; "the facts are these: "My estate in B—— brings in £7,000 a year, and is mortgaged for £115,000 at 4½ per cent., which makes the interest £5,175, so my net income is £1,825, I have also my town house which I occupy, but which I reckon would let for £700 a year. That is unencumbered. Those are my total assets. With regard to liabilities, the £115,000 of course excepted, there are a few thousand, but exactly how much I don't know. The worst of it is, my expenses are about £6,000, although I have cut 'em down as far as possible, and every year I am running £4,000 to £5,000 further in debt, and they won't lend another penny on the land, and I'm deuced unlucky in all my specs. If," continued Lord A. after a moment's pause, "you can get me out of this fix without my leaving England I shall consider you a man of genius and recompense you in proportion to your abilities."

"Is your mortgagee a company or individual?"

"An individual."

"Then the old-fashioned plan of marrying his daughter might be resorted to."

"It might—if he had a daughter, which he hasn't, and if I were not already married—which I am."

"Oh! that's nothing."

"Isn't it though," returned Lord A. with warmth. "I think it is, and if you were responsible for Lady A.'s bills, so would you. Perhaps, however, you're not married yourself?"

"No, no, my lord, you mistake my meaning. I referred to the plan, which was only a passing suggestion. Old, indeed, but useful and effective at times. Now your town house. Where is it?"

"In —— Square."

"What frontage?"

"I don't know. Double house, entrance in middle, rooms each side. Pretty good frontage, I should say. It's the corner of —— Street."

"Corner of —— Street!" cried Lightfly. "Any garden?"

"Yes," returned A., "a good one for a London house."

"Freehold and unencumbered?"

"Yes."

"Then, my lord, give me the management of your property in —— Square for one year, and *carte blanche* to act as I think fit, and at the end of that time you shall see the end of your encumbrances plainly, even if you are not absolutely free, as I hope and believe you will be."

"What is your plan?"

"Nay, my lord, I am trying to gain a living by my ideas. I cannot give them away."

"Nor do I wish you to do so. To confide my town house to the absolute control of a perfect stranger, without knowing either his antecedents or what he is going to do with the place, is not to be thought of. If you will not confide

your plans, at any rate I must have some details and references respecting yourself, and I will then consider the matter. In the meantime, if you intend travelling by the train I am going by, I will talk with you on the journey."

"Your requests are reasonable, my lord," returned Lightfly, "and I can give you references as to honesty which I think will satisfy you."

"Now, if we are going by the 1.15 we had better be starting. I see the landlord has the trap at the door."

Lightfly, after discharging his bill, mounted the trap, and Lord A. seated himself by his side.

"I'll see your references during the week," said Lord A.

It may interest the reader to learn how (the references given by Mr. Lightfly being highly satisfactory) that gentleman fulfilled his promise of getting Lord A. out of his financial difficulties.

He made a plan of the house and garden in —— Square, and going to various builders who were in a position to enter into large contracts without outside financial aid, succeeded in agreeing for the carrying out of his plan at a cost of £78,000. The plan was to pull down the existing mansion, and on its site erect two buildings, leaving between them a sufficient space to form an entrance court running the length of the garden. The frontage on —— Street was sufficient for the erection of nine mansions, and the court from —— Square, which Lightfly designed, gave frontage for another seven mansions. This totalled sixteen mansions in all, each carrying eight flats, which let on an average of £230 a flat. At the end of two years the account stood as follows :—

Dr.	£	*Cr.*	£
To rents (128 flats, averaging £230 per annum) -	29,440	By interest, £78,000 at 5 per cent. -	3,900
		,, taxes, lighting, repairs, maintenance, door-keepers, etc. - -	3,200
		balance -	22,340
	£29,440		£29,440

To balance, net rental, £22,340.

On this magnificent income, secured on substantial and attractive residences, constantly let, Lord A. was enabled to borrow £122,000 in addition to the £78,000 already advanced for building. This sum freed his estate in B——shire, and entirely emancipated him from those liabilities which had weighed so heavily on him for years, before fortune threw in his way the Man with Ideas.

"Lord A. looked through the paper."

A CALM BEFORE THE STORM.

From a Drawing by F. W. Burton.

THE COMING OPERA SEASON.

By GEORGE CECIL.

TOWARDS the close of the Mapleson *régime* musical people shook their heads, and declared that opera in London was doomed to die. The losses which the late Colonel Mapleson had incurred were quoted; capitalists fought shy of the increasing charges levied by artists of repute, and the humorous journals of the period declared that young and good-looking lady choristers were as extinct as the Dodo, and that opera could not be carried on without a chorus. Such, then, was the depressing state of affairs in the early eighties.

At this period the energetic Augustus Harris loomed large in the theatrical world. He ran pantomimes and similar entertainments; he was a first-rate judge of stage scenery; hard work had no terrors for him. He was popular with the public, and he had learnt the art of making use of other people. Determined to give opera a fair chance, the future "Druriolanus" evolved a scheme whereby the best talent was to be engaged and new dresses to be provided for a chorus which was composed of comely lasses and men with fresh, tuneful voices. He secured Signor Bevignani's services as conductor, and he acquired the right to give a number of works whose drawing powers were beyond all doubt. Having made these arrangements, the astute Harris turned to the ladies and gentlemen, who, in America, would be dubbed "the smart set," and tearfully assured them (with one hand upon his heart and the other in his pocket) that he could not place his entire fortune at their disposal, ready though he was to risk a portion of it. A few days later the leading people in society (including those who had been promoted from the commercial masses) subscribed for most of the boxes and many of the stalls. Within the next three or four summers the annual Covent Garden season had become the musical event of the year, and crowded houses gladdened the shareholders' hearts. Magnificent, too, were some of the casts. Imagine "Les Huguenots" with Jean de Reszké, brother Edouard as the bluff Marçel, Maurel as de Nevers, Albani as Valentine, Melba—who in those days could give a good account of herself in the most florid music—as Marguérite, and Plançon as Saint Bris. Harris's successor, Maurice Grau, also "presented" many an

SIGNOR CARUSO.

opera under equally brilliant conditions, and with results that were highly beneficial to the operatic treasury. His reign, however, was a comparatively short one, and upon his retiring, the present syndicate took upon their shoulders the burden which Grau was frankly glad to lay down.

M. JOURNET AS ESCAMILLO.

The coming season, which will be in full swing by the beginning of May, has all the elements of popularity. For though the powers-that-be have not pledged themselves to set aside the works of Mozart in favour of the home-made article, they have appointed Mr. P. Pitt (one of the Covent Garden accompanists) "Musical Director." Nor are the claims of our singers forgotten. Gertrude the Nurse, Anina, Inez, and Martha are (it is said) to be offered to various winsome London lasses, while similar positions may be allotted to our "Ballad Concert" baritones and tenors. Caruso, of course, will sing Radamés, Il Ducca, Rodolfo, and, perhaps, Cavaradossi—unless a substitute can be found. The Opera is run on commercial principles, and it is recognised that Caruso is the winning card in the pack. Nowadays the announcement that Madame Melba is to sing Juliette has little effect upon the attendance; directly Caruso is "billed," the box office is besieged by a crowd of the distinguished artists' admirers. Should our Royal Academy of Music, or some similar institution, produce a second Caruso who is content to sing for a fee which will enable the

MADAME MELBA.

syndicate to exploit him to their advantage, he soon would find himself in Caruso's shoes. Judged by the available British talent, the good Caruso is unlikely to be supplanted in this manner. Chief amongst the other artists who are engaged is Signor Sammarco, who, in his native Italy, is known as "the Caruso amongst baritones." The roundness of his voice, combined with its sympathetic quality, must have made many of his student listeners jealous, and the care with which he studies his *rôles* cannot be too highly commended. Welcome, too, is the news that M. Journet will return —to sing Leporello, Méfiste, and the other parts in which his particularly fine voice is heard to such advantage. The syndicate also is to be congratulated on having secured the services of Mlle. Destinn, who probably will be heard as Donna Anna, Nedda, and, possibly, as Floria Tosca. If she appears in Puccini's dramatic (and lurid) work, her success, both as singer and actress, should be a foregone conclusion. Mme. Melba also is engaged; Signor Scotti, the elegant and debonair *charmeur*, pays his eighth return visit to a stage which he adorns; and if "Otello" is revived, Signor Franceschini (who understands the art of declaiming without losing control of tone or tune) probably will be invited to sing the title-*rôle*. There is a talk of giving "La Gioconda," with as many stars as can be induced to take part in the representation and it is not impossible that Madame Calvé's Carmen will rejoice the hearts of her admirers, many of whom prefer her Carmen to all others.

SIGNOR SAMMARCO AS SCARPIA.

It is customary at this time of the year for music-critics to badger the management with suggestions—many of which almost amount to a peremptory demand. The lyric version of "The Idiot Boy; or, Dumb but Innocent," is seriously compared with "Faust"; influential members of the syndicate are begged to give a Balfe cycle, and quaint cranks implore the directors to have every opera sung in English. Happily, the management turns a deaf ear to foolish requests and cajoleries, and the usual stock *repertoire* is drawn upon, a few novelties and revivals being added, while "impossible" engagements are not even contemplated. At the same time, the public is apt to grumble if it does not get the best for its money — the ardent amateur considers that the cast should be good in every respect. A performance of "Un Ballo in Maschera" certainly is incomplete without a competent Ulrica, and though Mercutio may succeed in defending an unvocal Stephano from a quarrelsome Gregorio, his trusty Toledo will not shield the page from the attacks of the critic's pen. Stephano, Frasquita, Mercedes, and Siebel (how well Fritzi Scheff used to sing it!) can be made most attractive when entrusted to capable singers, and the difference between Signora Giaconia's Maddalena and that of a lady from the Fatherland who attempted it last summer clearly points a moral. The manner in which Musetta

has been cast furnishes another instance. The character is one requiring an intelligent and experienced artist, while the music—especially that of the "Valse"—calls for a full, *amoureuse* voice. When Mlle. de Lussan has sung the *rôle*, the second act has greatly benefited thereby; it, therefore, seems advisable to again allot it to an artist of Mlle. de Lussan's calibre.

The early part of the season should gladden the "Wagnerite" element, for a number of evenings are to be devoted to performances of that astounding collection of works known as "The Ring." "Die Gotterdammerüng," "Die Walküre," "Das Rheingold," and "Siegfried" figure in the programme for the first month—two representations of each having been arranged. "Die Meistersinger" also is included in the Wagner cycle, owing, probably, to the fact that its drawing powers again were proved during the recent German season in London. Should Mr. Bispham be available for the *rôle* of Beckmesser, it is to be hoped that he will be heard in the part. There are several other artists who appear to advantage in this character, but it is doubtful if any one of them can approach "David Beckmesser Bispham," as they used to dub him in the free and independent United States, of which he is so shining a light. He has, in his time, gained many successes—both in England and in America—but his Beckmesser will be remembered for all time as one of the finest impersonations ever achieved by a Covent Garden baritone—or by mortal man. In this connection it may interest the inquiring reader to learn that "Die Meistersinger" has won a certain measure of favour in Italy—of all places! At one time Signor Scotti used to sing the *rôle* of Hans Sachs in various Italian opera houses, a feat which Signor Sammarco also has performed. As "Les Maitres Chanteurs," the work also is popular at the Opéra, Paris—where not so many years ago "Lohengrin" and "Tannhäuser" at first met with a most frigid reception. "Lohengrin" was received with booing and brickbats and "Tannhäuser" failed to please the captious critics of the day; indeed, one of the fraternity only found praise for the dogs which were led on at the close of the first act. In the present year of enlightenment "Lohengrin" charms *tout* Paris, and every *fort ténor* is glad of the opportunity to sing the truly arduous part of Tannhäuser. Thus does time work wonders! Should either of these operas be given during the coming season, we may hear M. Journet as Heinrich der Vogler and the Landgraf. It will be remembered that he has sung them before—and with considerable success.

MLLE. DESTINN AS SANTUZZA.

The summer season will be followed (a couple of months later) by one of Italian opera, and the Carl Rosa Company will give performances at Covent Garden from the middle of December next.

THE two sisters, Miss Kathleen and Miss Letitia Montgomery, who collaborate under the pen-name of "K. L. Montgomery," sprang into fame by the well-deserved success of their novel, "The Cardinal's Pawn." They were born, but not bred, in Ireland, descendants of the Montgomerys, of Co. Kildare. Among their forbears on the mother's side of the house were Oliver Goldsmith and Charles Phillips, author of the "Life of Curran," and friend and colleague of the famous Irish orator in the agitated days of "Young Ireland." The Montgomery sisters owed their first literary encouragement to Charlotte M. Yonge, but until the success of their first novel, referred to above, they did not recognise that their line would be likely to take the direction of historical fiction. Nevertheless, it is evident that the highways and byways of history possess an intense interest for them. In painting epochs, in delineating individual and class traits, in portraying historical environment and social and domestic conditions of a distant and unfamiliar past, they aim at essential truth. This fidelity is even more apparent in their latest romance, "The Ark of the Curse," than in "The Cardinal's Pawn." The story is closely linked with that unhappy and proscribed race known as the Cagots, who dwelt on the borderland of France and Spain, were held in abhorrence, and in those superstitious times, the sixteenth century, were supposed to be under a curse, their contact pollution. They were compelled to herd together in their own villages or in designated quarters of towns, and, though they possessed certain ill-defined legal rights, all men, in the rude and somewhat lawless freedom of the age when might was the chief basis of right, were their open enemies and oppressors.

The story opens with the capture of the De Lavedan stronghold by a younger scion of the family, and the death of the head of the house, who leaves behind him a beautiful widow scarcely more than a child in years. Her he intrusts before his death to a faithful attendant under the strongest injunctions that, until the birth of her expected child, she shall take refuge among the despised Cagots, where alone her husband thinks she will be safe from the pursuit of his victorious brother. Her masterful lord has little consideration for his wife in making this arrangement, but his one hope is to baulk the younger brother's ambition by securing his widow's safety till the succession of the elder branch is assured by the birth of an heir. Thenceforward we follow with tireless interest the fortunes of the young and beautiful woman, in her sojourn among the strange and despised race, in her wanderings for safety among the inhospitable Pyrenean mountains, in the toils in which she becomes involved by the machinations of those who are determined on her destruction, in her efforts to escape the sinister pursuit of the licentious and unscrupulous "bird-fowler," until she finds rest at last in the only arms that in all France seem to offer her safety and peace. Whose arms they are we leave the reader to discover.

An historical novel, if it is to obtain more than an ephemeral popularity, must possess something more than a romantic story. It must bear internal evidence of

truth, and of an earnest effort to realise the truth; not so much absolute truth in the use of historic events as fidelity to the habits, customs, speech, and even the thought of the times and the people amidst which its action passes. It is very evident that the authors of "The Ark of the Curse" have made a careful study of the period they have chosen, of its social conditions, its political and religious movements, or they could not convey to the reader, unfamiliar with the epoch, so strong a conviction of the accuracy of the scenes they delineate. These evidences appear on almost every page—in describing the ways of the Cagots; in the loose speech of the love-fowler, Valdecarzana, filled with metaphors from the art of the bird-fowler; in the scenes of the road and the market-place; in the uncouth superstitions and rude manners of noble and peasant alike. The pictures are very vivid and convincing. As an example, we quote part of a description of a bull-fight, on which Sorel de Lavedan stumbles in her flight:—

"The roar tore up once more across the scarped hillside and drew Sorel's eyes to a meadow just below, where a bull ring, with a hedge of spectators at respectful distance, scored the turf. A magnificent black bull, head down, sods flying under hoofs, was scouring down the course towards a green-clad figure deploying a scarlet cloth. As the great head lunged, the man avoided; poised on a leaping-pole, he floated over the creature's back, striking a dart with a weighted handle into it as he went. The bull, bewildered and stung, wheeled; the lithe leap was taken once more; the animal charged back to the other end of the plain, while its adversary kissed fingers in recognition of vehement shouts around—'*Viva Valdecarzana! Viva l'Oiseleur d'Amour!*'

"The bull, peppered by a shower of darts from the men posted at the other end, was bearing thunderously down again, but the Love-fowler had altered his methods. He ran backwards, tripping as though treading a measure in the Louvre, flirting the scarlet now to left, now to right, but always in the sight of the creature almost, not quite, upon him, so well did the trained feet of the man keep their distance. Round and up the course once more, then a flash of red, the threatening horns and eyes muffled in the folds cast by an expert wrist, the green-glad figure astride in a jaunty attitude on the neck of the blindfolded animal. And the shouts went up once more."

It is always interesting to know how an author works, and especially is the *modus scribendi* of collaborators a matter of curious inquiry by readers. In this case we are told that the Misses Montgomery write with one mind, "one perhaps fulfilling the office of stoker, while the other acts as the man at the wheel." That is to say, we presume, that one keeps the craft on her course, while the other supplies the fuel; and, presumably also, these occupations are alternated. "The Ark of the Curse" has been exceedingly well received by the critical world, and deservedly so. It is a work of power, of absorbing interest, of very skilful characterisation. The authors are now engaged on a Jacobin romance, of which Simon Lord Lovat forms the central figure.

In Mr. Alfred Wilson Barrett's novels the plot's the thing, but we shall not rob the reader of "The House Over the Way" of one tittle of his breathless ardour in pursuit of the mystery so deftly woven in the early chapters, and so tragically disclosed in the later. We shall do no more than hint how near the hero comes to losing his heroine, and how the reader, unless he be especially acute, is like to miss the real clue to the solution until it stands revealed to him. That, of course, is the art of the writer of sensational fiction, an art in which Mr. Wilson Barrett possesses no little skill. "The House Over the Way" is the latest of his books. It is written in the first person, by no less an actor than the hero himself, in the form of a narrative composed contemporaneously with the events narrated, a familiar device of course which, while it is manifestly artificial, enforces the reader's absorption in the story by compelling him to follow its development with some reflection of the passionate interest of one of the persons most deeply concerned in

it. This is Arthur Blackwood, who falls deeply in love with Elsie Gray, the ward of a wealthy London merchant, who takes a house "over the way" from that in which our hero lives. At first the course of love runs with enchanting ease, but no experienced novel reader will be misled thereby into anticipating a primrose path all the way. Soon his worst forebodings are justified, for Arthur is first forbidden the house where his lady-love lives; then her guardian informs him that an insuperable bar to a marriage with his ward has arisen, and, when the distracted lover appeals to the lady, she confirms all that her guardian has said—she loves him dearly still, but she can never wed him, but why she cannot must for ever remain a profound secret. Naturally no self-respecting lover would calmly accept so mysterious a dismissal as that, and we who read over his shoulder become as keen as he to get to the bottom of it. We prowl about the house; we bribe the servants; we gradually learn many distressing things. We learn that Elsie is ill, and that her illness has some singular symptoms. We learn that there is a new housekeeper, and that her name is Mrs. Cathcart. In the midst of our tribulation we take into our confidence Joseph Legrand, a French doctor in the neighbouring town, eccentric and clever, with a "quick eager brain," who careers over the country on a motor quadricycle, which he has named "Teuf-Teuf;" and when, in Legrand's surgery, we discover a startling likeness between the new housekeeper and a woman who was convicted years ago of murdering her own husband by poison, it is plain to the dullest that our poor Elsie is in the meshes of some dastardly plot that it becomes our bounden duty to unravel in the most expeditious manner.

MR. ALFRED WILSON BARRETT.
Author of "The House Over the Way."

So far and no farther may we venture to go in summarising the story Mr. Wilson Barrett has invented with much ingenuity. For the rest, the book itself must be sought. Vivid and subtle characterisation must not be looked for; the French doctor Legrand is the most original and carefully-drawn portrait in the group of characters. Nor is it a psychological novel, or a novel of adventure, or a study of a strange and unfamiliar environment, but a romance of melodramatic intensity, and that is the essential quality of all Mr. Wilson Barrett's work.

The author is a son of the late Wilson Barrett, the distinguished actor and playwright. He was educated at Brighton and at Edinburgh University, and studied medicine. He has travelled extensively, and has lived in many parts of the world, Paris, Italy and New Zealand; and has had opportunities therefore of studying life in many countries, and under very varied conditions. He married Miss Hamilton, a niece of Sir Frederick Hamilton, Bart., and has for some time now been a resident of Warwickshire. Besides his latest work, his principal novels have been "A Soldier's Love" and "The Silver Pin."

Three such novels as "John Chilcote, M.P.," "The Circle" and "The Gambler," each a novel of distinction, may dispose some captious reader to protest that to

class Mrs. Katherine Cecil Thurston among "The Newer Novelists" is to belittle her position; but the phrase is literally true. The place she has gained is so assured that it is difficult to realise how brief the time since she stepped up among the elect. The fact that she has had one of her stories dramatised helps to strengthen the impression that her work has been before the public for a longer period than it has.

"John Chilcote, M.P." was written around an utterly improbable, not to say impossible, idea, which, however, lent itself to intensely dramatic situations that provided the thrills in which the indefatigable novel-reader delights. Transferred to the stage, the unreality of the idea became glaringly obvious, but in the novel the art of the story-teller created an atmosphere of verity. This skilful manipulation of a daringly original conception, commanded the interested attention, not only of him who reads solely as a kind of mental dissipation, but also of the more cultured and exacting mind, and secured for the author an extremely wide and diversified circle of readers. "The Gambler" makes no such bizarre, though cogent, appeal to the imagination, as is the exchange of personalities in "John Chilcote," but there is no lack of dramatic force in its pages. Its action lies along the familiar highways; its men and women are only abnormal in that they are strongly individual. Nothing that is inherently improbable occurs to rouse our protest and distrust. It is a study of temperament, of the force of heredity in character; it is a story of innate innocence, beguiled by that inherited taint into ways that lead to death, or disgrace that is worse than death—of the awakening and the saving grace of confession.

With a sure instinct Mrs. Thurston lays the opening scenes in Ireland, in the home of an Irish gentleman of high spirit and sensitive pride, a born gambler, whose besetting weakness has brought him to the verge of ruin, by name Dennis Asshlin. He has two daugters, Clodagh and Nance, the former old enough to realise the terribly destructive influence of her father's besetting vice. To them comes for a self-invited visit an old school friend of Dennis's, an Englishman, James Milbanke, a man of placid nature, wealthy, and a bachelor, who for occupation pursues antiquarian studies with gentle and dignified enthusiasm, until it has become the "temperate and well-ordered passion of his life." On his way to the house, which stands remote and near the sea, on the west coast of Ireland, he gets a hint of the state of affairs in his host's household from the old servant, Burke, who is driving him. He asks if Asshlin has changed in the years that have passed.

"Is it changed?" answers Burke; "sure if the Almighty doesn't change a man in thirty year, it stands to rasen that the devil must."

Stronger contrast than the two friends present could hardly be found, the one high-strung, nervous, bored to death by an isolation so repugnant to his natural craving for human society; the other calm, rational, contemplative, unemotional. Clodagh has her father's spirit, is wholly unsophisticated, an unspoiled child of nature, but reflective and alert to the shadow that hangs over the fortunes of the house. Blind to the real state of the case, Milbanke, to whom play for high stakes is repugnant, nevertheless accedes to his host's eager proposal that they spend the evening at cards. Milbanke wins, and on his way to bed in the early morning meets Clodagh waiting for him in the passage. She passionately beseeches him not to humour her father's love of play, and discloses to him their financial straits due to his love of gambling—"When he's wild he's mad for cards," she tells him, speaking of her father; "O you don't know what it's like! It's like being a drunkard, only different, and worse. When he's like that, he'd play with anyone—for anything."

Milbanke, astonished and shocked, promises not to play again, and when at breakfast he finds under his plate a cheque for his winnings of the night before, brings Asshlin to a white heat of rage by proposing to burn it. "It's the cursed pride of a cursed country," exclaims his host; "The less we have to be proud of, the more damned proud we

are: we have a sense of humour for everything in creation except ourselves." When later on Milbanke in his distress protests to Clodagh that her father's anger prevented his good intention, she asks him, "Don't English people pay when they lose?" Perplexed by what seems to him this change of front, he stammers, "Why yes — of course — only——"

"Only what?"

"Nothing. It was only that I thought you wanted——"

"I wanted you not to encourage him; I never wanted you to think he isn't a gentleman." And later she says to him, "I don't suppose you can be expected to understand." Their points of view were at opposite poles. But Milbanke refuses to play again, and the two men quarrel irreconcilably.

Three years later, when Asshlin is dying, Clodagh sends for Milbanke. Her father is tormenting himself with self-reproaches for his treatment of Milbanke when his guest. The latter responds at once; the quarrel is healed, and when Asshlin dies his friend devotes himself to retrieving the family fortunes. He asks Clodagh to become his wife, and she, though their temperaments are wide asunder, consents because she conceives it to be for her a debt of honour.

MRS. KATHERINE CECIL THURSTON.
Author of "The Gambler."

We have dwelt on all this at such length because it is the key to the story. Milbanke takes his wife to Italy, where he becomes immersed in archæological research, leaving her without companionship or society. Later they go to Venice in the season, and there for the first time in her life Clodagh is thrown headlong into a social swirl, without guidance except her own innate sense of right. From a frank, fearless child, she had grown into the self-contained, unfathomable girl who had become Milbanke's wife, but now she developed a new individuality in the cosmopolitan atmosphere of the fashionable Venetian hotel. "For the first time she was conscious of being a woman —privileged to receive the homage and the consideration of men. It was a wonderful, a thrilling discovery."

The social set into which she is thrown is fast, gambles recklessly, makes love as lightly, goes the pace. With no restraining hand Clodagh follows innocently. Then come two more years of buried life in her villa at Florence, when

her husband's death sets her free, and almost her first thought is—"I *will* live, I *will* enjoy." We shall go no further into the story—the story of her reckless gambling, her compromising but innocent relations with the licentious and wily Lord Derehurst, and how nearly they wreck her happiness and her life. Clodagh is a delightful portrait, firmly, fearlessly, consistently drawn. Lord Derehurst is equally vivid. Sir Walter Gore, the Sir Galahad of the tale, is rather shadowy; it demands of the reader an effort of the imagination not to set him down as a prig, as a younger edition of Milbanke.

Mr. George Morley, author of "A Bunch o' Blue Ribbons," is a Warwickshire man, and writes as one so saturated with the rural charm and rustic life of his native county that expression becomes a necessity. The winding highways and bosky lanes, the fertile fields and mellow woodlands, the farm and the cottage, the speech of the people—their habits, their daily lives, their superstitions, their very thoughts he seems to have assimilated with so much sympathy that his pages become living pictures, his men and women vivid personalities.

MR. GEORGE MORLEY.
Author of "A Bunch o' Blue Ribbons."

Mr. Morley was induced to make Warwickshire the setting for his fictional work through the advice of Sir Walter Besant. Soon after the appearance of Mr. Morley's first novel, "In Rustic Livery," which was published by Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co., Sir Walter wrote to him—"I should like to see your powers devoted to the simple stories of the villages around you. You have a charming setting in Warwickshire." This decided Mr. Morley, and "Sweet Audrey," his next romance, was a direct result of the older novelist's counsel. So, too, in his latest story, "A Bunch o' Blue Ribbons," the action is wholly confined to a district of which the town of Leamington is the pivot, and the characters are all taken from a little hamlet to which the author gives the name of Snowford. For a space the reader lives among these simple-hearted folk, shares their labours and their rustic pleasures, while one of the real tragedies of life is being gradually evolved before him in this homely setting—a tragedy of pure love and its counterfeit, of sin and its penalty, of mistakes and their consequences, until finally comes the triumph of constancy and its reward. He will not read far before he becomes conscious that he is genuinely concerned lest the lovely and capricious Rina makes an unwise choice; that Kit, the manly young shepherd, should win his heart's desire. He will speedily begin to distrust that handsome, engaging young farmer's son, Wilfred, and vow that he deserves watching. He will come to love Aunt Joyce, the plump and ever joyous maiden of uncertain age, to sorrow for the tribulations of "Crazy Jane," and to join the gossips in the "Red Lion" with a keen appreciation of

Lydia's ale and worldly wisdom. He will go to the "fairing" at Warwick with Rina and Kit, and look on enviously while the stalwart shepherd performs "the delicate operation of tying a bunch of blue ribbons, which he had bought at a stall, to the red tresses of the girl," and then share the perils of their homeward journey on that momentous evening. He will take part, with rustic enthusiasm, in the quaint old Easter custom of "lifting," "a form of endearment between the sexes once extensively practised and until lately in force in some of the sequestered villages and hamlets in Warwickshire," whereat the swain who first catches the fleeing maid may "lift" and kiss her. Alas, this Easter "lifting" at Snowford was a disastrous one for Kit, who loses his lassie and gets in exchange only a bunch of blue ribbons. "'Tis a poor thing to take in chop," mutters Crazy Jane, "for a waxen beauty like Rina is. The love of the laddie hev made him just daft. An' he'll raggle to cry over them silken ribbons o' nights and days, an' kiss 'em as if they were the very lips an' cheeks o' the lassie herself, while his poor mother may sigh for a blench on his beautiful brown eyes an' never get one. Hey! this love's a heart-achin' moil for a son's lone mother." It is many a long day before Kit's love and constancy come to be rewarded with anything more satisfying than the token of blue ribbons, and meanwhile the peace of the tiny hamlet is disturbed by passions as deep and cruel and relentless as those which mar the happiness of more sophisticated folk.

In the letter from Sir Walter Besant already quoted mention is made of Mr. Morley's command of the local dialect. "You have," wrote the famous novelist, "the Warwickshire dialect, which is very useful. Many people like a dialect story. You aim at a poetical idyll. You have a great deal of power." These are just observations. "A Bunch o' Blue Ribbons" is idyllic in treatment, faithful in its rendition of rustic emotion and speech. The dialect is not obscure, and therefore no stumbling block to the rapid reader, but it creates an atmosphere invaluable in producing a vivid sense of reality. Another critic has written, with equally sound judgment:—"There is no man in England to-day who knows Shakespeare's greenwood as Mr. George Morley does, or who has written about it so well. He is one of those authors who are writing their hearts into their books." In his intimate knowledge of rural England, and his ability to weave a tale of strong dramatic power around the lives of the peasant class, Mr. Morley may be compared with Thomas Hardy. He is more idyllic than Hardy; his characters move in a more normal plane, and we do not have to go so deep into the mystery of heredity and great underlying spiritual forces to account for them; but both authors have the love of place, the sensitiveness to environment, a knowledge of the intricate bond between the earth—the soil, the seasons, storm, wind and sunshine—and those who draw their breath on its open bosom at all times and in all seasons.

Mr. Morley's sympathies seem even to go so far as to make him a sharer in the superstitions of his characters. The prophecies of Jane Woodgrass, whose misfortunes had unsettled her reason, and who had among her rustic neighbours the character of "a wise woman," always come true. This does not seem a concious art on the novelist's part, so much as a sympathetic identification of himself with the rustic souls among whom he bids us live for a time. It is as though he had come to see with their eyes and think with their thoughts. We shall look with keen anticipation for his next novel, on which he is now engaged. It is to bear the curious title of "The Waxen Woman," and though mainly the history of a man, will, from what we know of Mr. Morley's skill in the portrayal of woman, contain without doubt as vivid a picture of the woman as of the man.

"I CONSIDER it absolutely necessary that Mollie should go to school," said a newly-married wife of about five-and-thirty to her husband, a good-humoured country squire, as they sat together after dinner in the large oak-panelled dining-room at Coombe Ferrers one chill evening in autumn. "Miss Dixon really can do nothing with her, and her conduct is most unbecoming and disgraceful."

"Nay, nay! Mathilda," said the Squire hastily, "that's going a bit too far. Mollie is a bit of a tom-boy, I know, but your language is rather too strong; and 'disgraceful' is not a word to use towards a daughter of mine."

"It is for your own sake I speak," the smooth, artificial voice went on. "Mollie is nearly fifteen now; rather too old, I should think, for riding bare-back on the wildest colt in the paddock, or climbing every fence or tree that comes in her way."

"Well, get a governess who'll manage her better than Miss Dixon," re'orted the Squire, testily. "That will content everybody, I suppose."

"It will not content me, Richard," replied his wife, with an obstinate ring in her voice, which the Squire had learned to know and dread. "In a couple of years, I suppose, you will want Mollie to come out, and nothing but school will ever teach her how to behave—school and the society of well-conducted girls of her own age."

The Squire moved uneasily in his chair—unwilling to commit himself by a hasty answer—and his wife, gathering up the tail of her gown, rose, to his infinite delight, to leave the room. With all due courtesy he held the door open for her exit, flinging himself down afterwards in his chair, like a man tired of contest and glad to be alone.

A few weeks before our story opens Mr., or Squire Bulstrode—as he was usually called—had been travelling in Switzerland, where he met and proposed to the widow of an army surgeon, with one little child, a girl of four years old.

How and why Mr. Bulstrode had ever succumbed to the fascinations of Mrs. Plowden no one knew, not even the Squire himself.

But it was currently reported that the lady had contrived to entangle him in one or two damaging situations, and so played on his honest, kindly nature, that he believed himself in honour bound to

As happy a pair as ever scamped through fields or meadow.

make her his wife. Certainly it was a very crestfallen Squire who returned to Coombe Ferrers after the wedding tour—during which he had plenty of opportunities for becoming acquainted with the disposition of his bride—and when "Miss Mollie," as the house-keeper after wards said, "rushed out," as she always did after any unusual absence, to hug and kiss her father, the poor Squire seemed almost afraid to notice her, whilst his wife's contempt and amazement at Mollie's wild welcome were a sight to behold.

From the first moment, then, Mrs. Bulstrode set herself to get rid of Mollie by fair means or foul, and though anyone might have imagined that the girl's love for the little four-year-old sister so suddenly foisted on her might have won any mother's heart, the very reverse appeared the case.

An unlucky escapade of Mollie's about this time brought the matter to a crisis. She coaxed her tiny sister into the fields, and there Paddy, her favourite pony, came neighing playfully up for the apples or bread with which she was wont to regale him. The temptation to canter round the paddock was irresistible.

"Dot shall have a ride!" she cried triumphantly, and somehow or other she scrambled on the pony's back and got Dot safely up before her, and off they went, as happy a pair as ever scampered through field or meadow.

Now, unfortunately, Mrs. Bulstrode, returning from the village, and impelled by a malicious fate to take a short cut across the fields, came upon the astounding spectacle of Dot—*her* Dot—careering madly along the smooth greensward with Mollie holding her fast, and steering by means of Paddy's mane.

Her wild shriek of mingled terror and rage scared the colt, and, for the first time in his life, he swerved and shied, throwing Mollie and her sister suddenly to the ground. Mollie, on her feet in an instant, caught up the frightened child and made straight to Mrs. Bulstrode, whose screams now rang out shrill and clear.

"You've killed her, you wicked, abominable girl!" she shrieked, "and you shall answer for it with your life!"

"She isn't killed," retorted Mollie indignantly, "and if you hadn't frightened the pony he wouldn't have shied!"

"You're all right, darling," addressing Dot lovingly. "Mollie will carry you better than Paddy—*she* won't let you fall!"

But, drawn by Mrs. Bulstrode's shrieks, several servants came running from the house, and Dot, snatched from Mollie's arms, cried loudly and pitifully, for her ankle was sprained, and she could not stand.

This settled the question of Mollie's school.

Dragged by Mrs. Bulstrode into her father's study, where the Squire, interrupted in his work, looked up in helpless amaze at the sight of his child, cowed and unresisting in her stepmother's clutches, a painful and violent scene took place, ending in the Squire's total defeat, who promised, for peace sake, but with a very ill grace, that Mollie should be sent to school forthwith.

Not a kind word could he speak—not a consoling caress could he give to the culprit, who, pale and silent, listened to her doom.

"You shall be shut up in an attic next to the maid's to-day," said Mrs. Bulstrode's pitiless voice, "and to-morrow, I"—(oh, the cruel emphasis on that poor little pronoun)—"*I* will take you to a school where you'll have no chance of running wild again. Now go with Miller," ringing the bell violently as she spoke, "and don't let me see your wicked face again!"

The night was yet young when the Squire, asleep in his study, was roused by a stifling smoke, which had mingled in his dreams and nearly choked him.

"Fire!" he shouted, springing to his feet, and rushing to the door, where heavy volumes of smoke met and almost drove him back as he seized the dinner bell and rang it loudly, fighting his way through the stifling vapour as he rang; and, mounting the stairs three at a time, choking and nearly blinded, he gained his wife's chamber, where the selfish woman, suddenly awakened and terrified out of her senses, clung frantically to

his arm, hampering and almost maddening him, whilst frightened servants, wild with fear, rushed hither and thither, heedless of all but their own safety.

"Mollie—where is my child?" shouted the Squire, as he roughly unclasped his wife's hands and lifted her bodily down the burning staircase; and one of the maids, less scared than the rest, cried out that she had unlocked Miss Mollie's door and saw the child running across the lobby to the nurseries.

Thus many precious moments were lost, for the Squire, rushing up in search of Mollie, never knew that Dot had been removed to her mother's dressing-room, the entrance to which was now blocked by smoke and flame.

The engines had been sent for, and men were working gallantly, hand to hand, with pails of water, which actually seemed to feed, instead of quench, the flames, when the Squire, blackened by smoke, and his hair singed in the fierce and terrible heat, burst, ghastly and wild, upon the shivering group gathered together like sheep on the lawn.

"Woman!" he shouted, actually shaking his wife in the extremity of his passion, "what have you done with Mollie? Where is she, and where is your own wretched child?"

A wild shriek burst from Mrs. Bulstrode's lips; she had forgotten Dot altogether. Her jewels were clutched in her frantic hands; she had thrust a purse of gold into the pocket of her gown, but Dot, Oh God! where was her child?

At this moment a small white shape appeared at the window of the doomed rooms with something held tightly to its breast, the fire lighting up the piteous sight, and volumes of smoke eddying around like thunder clouds. A yell went up from the waiting crowd, gathering fresh force and swelling louder every moment.

"It's Miss Mollie and the babe!" shouted a hundred voices.

"It's Miss Mollie and the babe!" shouted a hundred voices, and ladders were dragged to the burning pile; the men fought with each other who should be first to mount, but the Squire flung them all back, and would suffer noone but himself to ascend.

"Mollie!" he shouted hoarsely, "I'm coming, my darling, and we'll live or die together."

A dozen hands were outstretched to help that terrible descent. The ladder had caught fire, and every step the man took on the treacherous wood threatened to hurl him downwards.

Blackened and blind, and half dead, he was caught at last by friendly hands and laid on the drenched turf.

The Squire's coat was wrapped round the two small, still forms, and when they opened it Dot still lay in the little arms of her despised sister, arms so badly scorched in the fierce heat that they must bear the disfiguring scars while life lasted. But Dot was unharmed, only half-stifled with the hot air and smoke through which she had been borne to safety. And it was not the least part of the mother's punishment to witness as long as she lived the passionate love of her daughter for the once hated Mollie.

THE FIRST UMBRELLA.

BEFORE THE BULLFIGHT.

From a painting by Henri Zo.

THE

English Illustrated Magazine.

MAY, 1907.

DANCES OF THE EAST.

By THOMAS HAYES.

EVERY nation has its theatre. Every nation has its dancers. In remote times the craving which exists in all human creatures to see and to create the beautiful found its expression through religion. In those days all the world and his many wives were religious. And this was partly so, I believe, because in religious observances they found the only possible vent for their innate love of the beautiful. And for this same reason the baby drama and the baby dance were cradled in the primitive sanctuaries of those times, rocked in the holy bosom of religion.

But times have changed. Galileo said the truest thing that ever has been said: Let us doubt all else, if we must; but of this we may be certain—the world does move.

And so the theatres and the dance have become public property, and ceased to be adjuncts of religion as completely as the modern church ceased to be akin to the temples of old. To-day, the theatre and the palace of the dance are the common property of all who seek the truth and love to see it beautifully portrayed. Dancing, moreover, has become completely metamorphosed. In no other country with which I am familiar has dancing become so extremely unecclesiastical as in Burmah. The dances of the Burmese posture-girls suggest a great many things. But they certainly do not suggest penance.

Dancing and singing form a part of every Burmese theatrical performance, and the posture-girls who take part in them form the large, lithe, swaying *corps de ballet*. But they also perform alone in the bungalows of Europeans and of rich Burmese. One dances and sings, while the other touches softly her quaint primitive instrument. The music—although it breaks almost every law of Western music—is strangely sweet and true—as sweet as the girl-musician is undeniably

pretty. The dancing is unlike any dancing that is ever seen outside of Burmah and Siam. It is the slowest dancing in the world. The dancer wears a long, soft drapery, which is never lifted to her ankles. Agility and apparent bonelessness are her characteristics. To the slow, sad music she sings a slow, sad song. She sinks upon the ground. She coils herself up like a caterpillar, and like a caterpillar she unwinds herself with a slow, shivering motion. Slowly she grows again perpendicular. Her feet just leave the ground, and slip back to it with just as much thud as thickly-petalled flowers might make that fell to earth because they were over-heavy with dew. Her head—so carefully dressed! so fragrant with its weight of frangipanni blooms!—sinks to her belt, and slowly approaches the back of her waist, with twists so snake-like that we should be more revolted than surprised were not the dimpled, smiling face so seductively lovely that, in spite of its inhuman position, we think of sirens and not of snakes.

And yet the snakiest things I ever saw were the arms of a Burmese posture-girl when she was dancing. As the sad music grew sadder, her shoulders began to wriggle, and from shoulders to finger-tips the strange wriggle slowly crept. And my flesh crept, too. Then the music grew softly blithe. The dancer's arms hung motionless at her side, and I saw that they were warm and soft—dimpled, but shapely.

A BURMESE POAY.

I thought the Burmese dances the most suggestive I had ever seen. Yet, they are strictly decent. The most *blasé Zat Poay*-going Burmese man would be unaffectedly shocked at a French ballet. The Parisian dancer invites and repels; the dancing-girl of Mandalay dances within a waist-high, foot-deep purdah of skirt; and her flower-tinted face is very tempting.

SINGHALESE DEVIL DANCERS.

There is many a womanly art in which the women of Asia are more expert than the women of Europe; many a rose-hidden woman's weapon which they wield more wisely, more effectively, than we.

The architecture of Burmah is strangely suggestive of the architecture of Nineveh and Babylon. And the dancing girls of Burmah aways suggested to me the girls who used to swing and sway before Solomon and other mighty potentates.

When King Theebaw ruled at Mandalay, Eastern dancing probably reached the acme of physical suppleness and of artistic suggestiveness. Of those slow, drowsy dances that do so little but say so much, we (who see the dancing girls of the new Burmah) see but the shadow. What those dances really were no man now can half picture, unless he be the King of Siam, or one of that monarch's courtiers. In Siam, just such girls still twist and twine about each other, about themselves, and smile into each other's eyes, for the King's pleasure.

A NAUTCH GIRL.

The Hindu nautch-girls are consecrated to the service of the Hindu gods, the enriching of the Hindu temples.

It is as absurd and unfair to look upon the nautch girls of the East through the medium of a European-trained conscience as it would be for a globe-trotting wearer of smoked spectacles to affirm that the Himalayan snows were black, and the sunshine of Cashmere grimy.

It behoves us to consider the Hindu nautch-girl very candidly, very calmly, and absolutely without prejudice, if we would be in any real way intelligent about the very vital part she has played and is playing in Hindustani art, in Hindustani literature, in Hindustani refinement, and in Hindustani's history. Like the geisha of Japan and Korea, the flower-girl of China, and the posture-girl of Burmah and Siam, the Indian nautch-girl is accomplished and educated above the wives and maidens of her race, is fair of person, soft of speech, and pleasing in manner. Unlike those frail artists of the Far East (they are indeed artists!), her office is an office of religion. She is the handmaiden of Brahma and of Siva, the priestess of Vishnu, and, above all, of Krishna, the best-natured of the Hindu gods, the Apollo of the Hindu Olympus.

What precisely is the Indian nautch-girl? What is her influence on Indian life to-day? These questions are pregnant; the answers are full of interest. The whole subject merits close and dignified thought. I have indicated it, and I will leave it—as a writer of chit-chat should—and content myself with a few bare statements about the dancing-girls, and some slight description of nautches I have seen.

The nautch-girl takes her place in

most religious processions, has her part in almost all the temple ceremonials. She sings and dances at the houses of the rich, and is gradually slipping into the female *rôles* of the Hindu plays—*rôles* which were formerly always assumed by boys. Her earnings are, as a rule, poured into the coffers of the temple to whose service she belongs. She calls herself a *devadasa* (servant of the god), and is so considered. Her personal life seems less inconsistent, when we remember that very many of the Hindu gods are feared, but neither loved nor respected.

Often an entire nautch is performed at the palace of some rajah. I saw one in the Punjaub that cost our host over a thousand pounds, and the jewels of the principal nautch-girl were easily worth more than another thousand. What her delicate dress of silk, so gossamer that "seven folds would not veil a modest face," had cost, I could not guess, but it must have out-valued many a silver coin, and certainly its elaborate, pearl-sown embroideries of threads of gold represented many months of careful labour of skilful, patient brown fingers. It was the first nautch I saw, and probably the most typical, for, besides our little party, there were no other Europeans present. We sat in native fashion squat upon the silk dhurries that lay upon the marble floor. We formed three-fourths of a circle, the centre of which the dancers faced. Behind them stood their attendant musicians. The nautch-girls sang and pantomimed, and, as they danced, their garments breathed perfume from every crêpe and silken fold, and the room grew sweet and heavy with the smell of musk and sandalwood, of waxen mogree flowers and champak fumes. Above them, and veiled by screens of bamboo splints, and half-masked by silken curtains, sat the purdah ladies of the house, their satin mats spread behind the openings of an upper alcove, which led to the zenana rooms.

INDIAN NAUTCH-GIRLS.

We saw several of the famous "character dances" that night. Bewildering song followed bewildering song; breathing picture melted into breathing picture—beguiling gesture of soft chinked, perfumed brown arms; gentle questioning of soft brown eyes; coaxing smile of crimson, gentle, curling

lip; slow swaying of slight, lithe body; float of light, spangled skirts, and, with all, the never-ceasing, never-hurried rise and fall of the slow, crooning, amorous Hindu music! They danced bits of Indian story; they pictured India's wild flowers; they personified the breathing creatures of her jungles. They laughed and sobbed and loved and fled, and all with slow dance motion, with languid lift of eye or droop of lid, and with never a sound save the gossamer *frou-frou* of their lace-like garments, and the pretty jingling of their bell-hung feet. Ah! those dances of the East as I remember them! And, oh! shades of Siva the destroyer! as I have seen them burlesqued in Europe.

The nautch-girls are always treated with courtesy and consideration. Sweetmeats and perfumed cups and silver trays of betel leaves are brought to them when they rest. When they pause or reach the climax of dance or song, their employer and his guests cry "Shabash! Shabash!"—"Well done! Well done!"—and if at the house of a family whose ladies are not purdahed, the hostess herself wreathes their arms and throats with chains of sweet-smelling flowers.

A love of sport and pleasure constitutes a leading characteristic of the Fijian population. They have several kinds of pastimes, and are passionately fond of dancing. The *meke-meke*, or Fijian national dance, is decidedly picturesque.

DANCING DERVISHES AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

The music, or song, regulating the movements of the dancers is monotonous, consisting of endless repetitions of two or three notes, and is produced by a native orchestra the members of which hit long sticks with shorter ones, strike the ground with pieces of bamboo, clap their hands, and join in a kind of not unmusical chant. The movements of the dance are sometimes slow and heavy, at others the reverse; but they invariably consist of a kind of alternate stepping and jumping, with many inflections of the body and gesticulations of the hands.

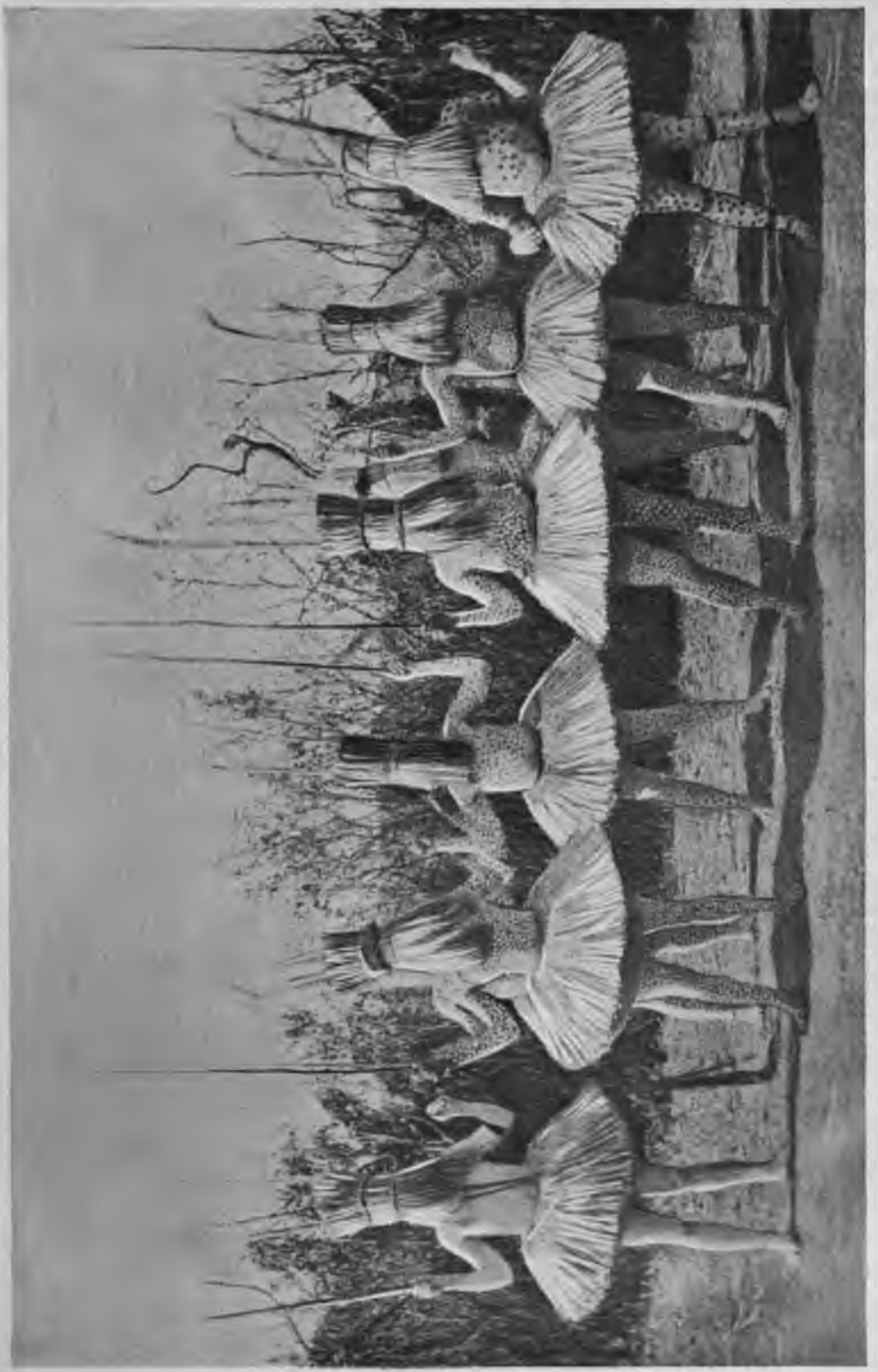
AN IMPROMPTU DANCE.

From a painting by F. Deyrolle.

AUSTRALIAN NATIVES DANCING.

An eye-witness, describing one of these dances, tells me it was one of "the quaintest, wildest dances conceivable, with much pantomime and most graceful action. All the actions and postures that one sees in a good ballet are found here, with much pretty grouping with fans, spears or clubs. Many of the figures are very intricate, and the rapidity of movement and flexibility of the whole body are something marvellous. It seems as if every muscle was in action, and all the postures are graceful. The dance gets wilder and more excited as it

FIJIAN MEKE-MEKE DANCE.



AN "ABAKWETA" DANCE.

goes on, generally ending with an unearthly yell, in which all the spectators join."

Arms waving, felt cap swaying, head rotating, light skirts whirling—here with the slow dreamy movement of a Western waltz; there with the fierce speed of an express train gone wrong. Thus the Dancing Dervishes of Stamboul. There is something comic in the idea, and you go to witness the ceremony in a spirit of mild superiority.

WITHIN THE HAREM. DANCING BEFORE THE BRIDE.

From a painting by Mrs. H. Yates Jackson, by permission of the artist.

An hour has passed, but you have not yet thought of withdrawal. You are leaning over the balustrade of the gallery devoted to the use of strangers, and are watching with rapt attention the mystic evolutions going on below. You no longer ask why the Dervish dances. Rather do you wonder why all the world does not take the vows of Moslem monks and come here and dance with the rest. Dancing! What a ridiculous term to use. What could be less like a dance than that mystic, rhythmic undulating movement, melody made tangible; the gentle rise and fall of the arms; the languid droop of the head upon the breast; the eyes gazing upward with an ecstatic and dreamy expression; the whole form expressive of impassioned rapture, and giving a sense of aloofness which one tries in vain to describe in words.

On and on they go, each revolving on his own axis, circling gradually round the hall, and never approaching his neighbour more nearly than at the point of departure. The bared and silent feet seem to remain stationary on the floor, which is polished till it is shining and slippery as glass. On and on, in time to the slow monotonous hum of the music, while the spectator and not the dancer grows dizzy, and wonders how much longer the moment will be deferred when the endurance of even a Dervish must come to an end.

The movement has a curious effect on those who watch it for a length of time. The spectator loses the sense of his own identity, his arms quiver, his body sways, his feet become restless in sympathy with those in the hall below. He is conscious of a ridiculous impulse to cast himself

down and join in the dance with the rest. An interruption occurs at last, and the charm is broken. One Dervish feels that he can bear no more. He pauses: he sways; he drops on his knees; he sinks to the ground. Then an attendant deftly makes his way through the maze and covers the prostrate form with a coloured mantle, a brilliant contrast to the snowy garments over which it is thrown. The Iman, tall, stately, and well stricken in years, comes near, and in his turn bends down and murmurs some text of consolation and encouragement from the Koran in the ear of the exhausted *meleweite*. This scene is repeated till the glossy floor is covered with gigantic snow-balls, a long cloak of gorgeous hue being thrown over each in turn. Eventually all rise, pace slowly once more round the room, and leave it, the Iman at their head.

Our illustration of the famous Abakweta dance was taken at Umtata, in the east of Cape Colony. On arriving at manhood, the native lads are taken from their families and spend a year in a transition state at Abakwetas, during which time even their mothers must not look upon them. When this is over, they are grown men and warriors. During the Abakweta year they are called upon once a fortnight to give a dance in public. For this ceremony they rub their bodies with white clay, often leaving dark marks in imitation of the skins of leopards. The straw cap is worn to conceal their features from their relatives. The straw skirt is about ten yards long, and weighs fifty or sixty pounds, so that it may be easily imagined that the poor loins of the dancers are terribly scratched and chafed at the end of the ceremony. The dance lasts from sunrise to sunset, and on the occasion on which the photographer of our picture was present, it was witnessed by about two hundred natives.

Mrs. H. Yates Jackson, the painter of the picture "Within the Harem," reproduced on the opposite page, has kindly sent the following description of the incident:—

"Starting from Shepheard's Hotel at eight in the evening, under the care of our dragoman, after a rapid drive of about twenty minutes we arrived at our destination. The whole street in which the house was situated was gaily decorated with flags. We at last succeeded in getting through the assembled crowds, and, entering a large gateway, found ourselves in a covered courtyard, where were about two hundred men seated in rows before a platform, upon which native musicians sat and discoursed sweet music (?) on a variety of strange and weird instruments.

AN ALGERIAN DANCER.

"We were hurried through to a flight of stone stairs leading to the regions of the harem. In a large and lofty room, lounging on couches and divans, were numerous women clad in gay but tawdry finery. Then a soft voice asked in French, 'Would we like to see the bride?' Hastily following her, we found ourselves in a small room where sat a girl of about twenty—a face of palest olive colour and hair dyed a rich red gold. She wore a robe of white and gold, and was at that moment having the finishing touches put to her eyes, which were thickly painted with kohl. This completed, she rose and we followed her to a salon where there was a throne, upon which she seated herself. A large and

gaudy silk handkerchief was spread at her feet, into which the guests threw silver and gold. Then appeared upon the scene a striking figure—a dancing girl—arrayed in a gauzy garment of pale green and gold, with many chains and beads which clinked musically to the rhythm of her movements, commencing by gently swaying her body and taking tiny gliding steps to the accompaniment of tom-toms, one stringed fiddles, and other instruments, she gradually increased in speed, and with flashing eyes and her magnificent hair flowing about her, the gauze draperies whirling, she swayed and danced in a perfect maze of movement, and then gradually subsided.

Regarding dancing, in its primitive sense, as the outward expression of emotion, whether of joy or sorrow, love or hate, to the Western mind a Japanese dance is the antithesis of that with which we are familiar.

Not only in expression of feeling, but in mode of action, is a Japanese dance the opposite of ours. Dancing has been termed the "poetry of motion"; as performed in the Land of the Chrysanthemum it might more fittingly be called the "poetry of gesture."

Japanese dancing is essentially one of posing, of swaying motion of the upper part of the body, of sinuous movements of the arms and hands, and of dexterous fan-play. To one wholly ignorant of the language of Nippon the exquisite dumb show and the pantomimic skill convey to the enthralled beholder the *motif* of the dance.

All Japanese dances depict some story, which is sung in low cadence by the musicians who accompany the dance, or it may be by the dancers themselves.

The orchestra arranged in a semi-circle facing the audience, the dancers, consisting generally of two, take up their positions with their backs presented to the spectators, and the dance commences.

Fantastic, though with most artistic blending of colour, are the robes the maidens wear, the chief feature of which is the *obi*, or sash.

Almost all the dances pourtray some love story, the performers posturing and gliding here and there on the stage with delicate grace, effecting tableau after tableau, until the music gradually dies away and the dance is ended, the performers completing the dance with their backs to the onlookers, as in the commencement. The dance is over as a breath, but it is a breath of ineffable sweetness.

Our illustration is a reproduction of a photograph especially taken of the *Miyako-Odori*, at Kioto, the old capital, a city which boasts the fairest dancers in Japan.

MIYAKO ODORI, OR CHERRY BLOSSOM DANCE.

A PRUDENT MARRIAGE.

By F. C. PHILIPS.

From Sir James Coynless, Bellwether Castle, Loamshire, to the Dowager Lady Hookham, 17A, Palmeira Square, Brighton.

October 20, 1896.

MY DEAR LADY HOOKHAM,—I dare say you will be surprised at hearing from me, but when I tell you I am writing in the greatest perplexity, and upon the most delicate matter, you will, I am sure, understand my object in addressing you, and excuse the trouble I am giving you. You will see by the address that we are at present still staying with the Bellwethers. Under ordinary circumstances our visit should now terminate; but Evelina has been the life and soul of the party, and Lady Bellwether has fallen quite in love with her. And, on my side, Lord Bellwether, who is not so young as he was, and is very fond of a good opponent at chess and a good listener to his interminable early Victorian stories—Lord Bellwether declares that I am the only man in the house worth associating with.

That means, for me, free quarters till further notice; and for Evelina the chance of securing one of the two most eligible *partis* I have yet succeeded in finding for her. But, alas! my dear lady, there is an adder in the path. What was the use the other day, when we went in a party to Carlingford Abbey, of my putting the wretched girl into the phaeton with young Lord Bullion because I was nervous, and "preferred Evelina's place in the landau with dear Lady Bellwether"? What was the use, when Juteley, the rich cotton broker, came for a walk with my misguided daughter and myself, of my "having a warning of my old complaint," after a hundred yards or so, and leaving them to finish a two hours' stroll alone?

Alas! my dear lady, none.

For there has been staying in the house a certain George Lynch, who, I believe, is by trade a barrister, who I am certain is falling in love with Evelina, and who, I fear, is inducing her to reciprocate his folly. He certainly is not repulsive in appearance, nor is he dressed otherwise than as a gentleman. And he possesses some sort of superficial talent in the scribbling of rhymes and the tinkling of the pianoforte.

But I feel sure he considers himself lucky if he makes £300 a year. This is bad enough, but the worst has to come: —Lady Bellwether favours and assists the fellow in his audacious design!

Prompt flight is, of course, the only way out of it. But here is the dilemma: I am very comfortable here, and I don't want to fly. I want to *stay on*.

Can you—*will* you, dear Augusta, help me in this delicate matter? Could you —*would* you invite Evelina to stay with you at Brighton, *at once*, for a time? If such a thing *could* be arranged, you would be the most beneficent "*dea ex machinâ*" ever heard of.

Think of it, and write *as quickly as possible* to your distracted

JAMES.

I looked at your portrait last night! Thirty years ago! "*Hei mihi præteritos!*"

From George Lynch, 3, Pump Court, Middle Temple, to Miss Coynless, 17A, Palmeira Square, Brighton.

November 9, 1896.

MY OWN DARLING LINA,—Little did I think when I was introduced to you by

Lady Bellwether that, scarcely more than a fortnight after, we two should be sitting under the beeches, in the glorious autumn sun, plighting our troth to each other! You need not enjoin caution upon me, my sweet.

And now to the main point in this scrawl. I am working very hard—going to make a fortune—for you. But I shall lose courage unless I see my sweetheart now and then—say once a fortnight.

It is now more than a fortnight since you left the Castle so suddenly. Will you slip out next Thursday morning, and meet me at the station, by the train which arrives from Victoria at eleven o'clock ?

We can have a couple of hours on the downs all to *ourselves;* and then I might meet you and the dragon in the afternoon *by accident* in the King's Road. Say "Yes," and comfort the heart of

Yours ever and only,

GEORGE.

From Miss Coynless, Brighton, to George Lynch, London.

January 20, 1897.

MY DEAREST GEORGE,—I write these few lines in *great distress of mind*, to tell you that you must *discontinue your visits to Brighton*. I have long felt sure, from her manner, that some *spy* has been reporting our meetings to the dragon ; and it has been painful enough to put up with the hints and innuendoes which have been heaped upon me in consequence. But after having been caught together in the waiting-room, as we were the other day, my life has been simply *unendurable*. Well, then, be a good boy; wait till we come up to town. In greatest haste, your unhappy

LINA.

P.S.—Don't answer this ; *I feel sure* she suspects something, and she is quite capable of opening my letters.

P.P.S.—*Of course* I know Lord Rattelpayte. Isn't he one of Lady Hookham's oldest friends ? What of that ?

Miss Coynless, Brighton, to George Lynch, London.

February 10, 1897.

DEAR GEORGE,— I was very much surprised at meeting you yesterday morning on the pier, after my *despairing entreaty* to you not to come down here again. Apparently you care little whether I am *bullied to death* by those upon whom I depend for a home, as long as you can indulge what you call "love," and what seems much more like a *selfish* desire to *have your own way*.

But I was more than surprised at the letter which I have just received from you. What! just because you find me listening to the band with Lord Rattelpayte, I am to be treated with eight pages of preaching and warning and recrimination !

I am quite aware that Lord R. is eccentric. And what if he is ? What if he does wear his hair in ringlets ? What if he did go "hop, skip, and jump" down the pier the other day ? What if he *did* perform strange antics at the Levée last season ?

That does not justify your most *cruel* accusation of insanity ! Everybody knows *who he is*. And an Earl can indulge in many freaks that would *seem quite odd* in the case of a nobody.

As for your *unjust suspicion* about *infidelity*, I can only say that there is nothing whatever between Lord R. and myself but the most *ordinary* friendship. If you are so suspicious and so frightfully *jealous* now, what will you be when you are *married ?*

I hope you are very, very sorry for ever having written such a letter.

Yours sincerely,

LINA.

From Sir James Coynless, Bart., 11 Rue de la Montagne, Brussels, to the Earl of Rattelpayte, 112, Belgrave Square.

March 30, 1897.

MY DEAR LORD RATTELPAYTE,—The only objection I had to the brilliant offer you have made to my beloved daughter was, in a word, the very brilliancy of it.

It would be obviously unfitting that my dear child should contract an alliance so splendid that it would (owing to his straitened circumstances) either entirely separate her from her doting father, or reduce him to dependence upon the intermittent (and perhaps grudging) generosity of a son-in-law.

But the idea, which you say has occurred to your solicitors, of securing

We two, sitting under the beeches, plighting our troth.

a suitable annuity to the grandfather of the future Earl of Rattelpayte, in addition to the very handsome settlement you propose to make upon your bride, has put my scruples to flight. As long as honour is safe, you know, my dear lord! I have, therefore, no hesitation in giving my hearty consent to your proposal, and in praying Heaven to bless the union in which conjugal love will be blended with filial consideration and respect.

I will duly inform you of my arrival in town, and meanwhile am, my dear lord,

Yours most truly,
JAMES COYNLESS.

Extract from the "Times" of June 9, 1896.

MARRIAGES.—On the 8th inst., at St. George's, Hanover Square, by the Lord Bishop of Rumtifoo, assisted by the Rev. A. Lowmass, the Right Hon. the Earl of Rattelpayte, to Evelina, only daughter of Sir James Coynless, Bart., of Blankton Lodge, Bucks.

From the "Barrister's Budget" of April 1, 1906.

We hear that among the next batch of K.C.'s the Lord Chancellor has included the name of Mr. George Lynch, of the Middle Temple and the Western Circuit.

We understand, further, that in a few days Mr. Lynch will lead to the altar the Hon. Miss Blanche Codex, daughter of the Lord Chief Justice of England. On both occasions Mr. Lynch may feel sure of the hearty congratulations of his many friends in both branches of the profession.

From the Countess of Rattelpayte, Grimley Towers, Cumberland, to George Lynch, Esq., K.C., Athenæum Club, Pall Mall, S.W.

April 9, 1906.

I learn by the *Times*, which has just arrived, that you have been made K.C., and that you were married yesterday to the daughter of the Lord Chief Justice.

Day for day, ten years ago, I married the Earl. Day for day, ten years ago, you wrote me a letter of congratulation, which made me weep, hardened wretch that I was, so heart-broken, so forgiving, so manly a spirit did it breathe.

Now those ten years have past. You have "conquered the world, notwithstanding the bleeding heart within." You are successful, and deserve to be happy; and now I write, with a bleeding heart, to offer you my sincerest congratulations. Will you accept them? Yes, I think you will if you read on.

For the last seven years I have lived in seclusion, out in the wilds of Cumberland. My husband is a raving maniac, guarded day and night by two warders. My hair —the hair you used to fondle—is already grey—almost white. And my boy, my pretty boy, the only hope of my life, the only consolation I had—during the past year has shown signs and symptoms, growing worse every day. Oh George! the taint is in his blood! Are you not revenged? May God bless and prosper you, George, now and always! And, whether or not you have the same mad love for your wife as once your had for me, may she be a helpmeet for you; may you be very happy together; and may you have sweet children to double your happiness and lighten your cares.

Pity me and pray for me.

LINA.

THE LOST LAND OF KING ARTHUR.

By J. CUMING WALTERS.

II.—OF LYONNESSE AND CAMELIARD.

"In olde dayes of the King Artour,
Of which that Bretons speken gret honour,
All was this lond fulfilled of faerie." *Chaucer.*

"I betook me among those lofty fables and romances which recount in solemn cantos the deeds of knighthood founded by our victorious kings, and from hence had in renown over all Christendom . . . . Even these books proved to me so many incitements to the love and steadfast observation of virtue."—*Milton.*

"Time upon my waste committed hath such theft.
That it of Arthur here scarce memory hath left." *Drayton.*

NO matter how far the chroniclers of old departed from fact in the details of their narratives, they grouped the incidents around a central figure, a magnificent ancient hero; and, more than that, they specified the actual locality in which that hero had won his renown. But just as they magnified the hero out of all proportion, so they extended the area of his realm beyond all possibility: hence the difficulties that meet us in the search for truth.

Of the Celts, Ralph Waldo Emerson has perhaps left us, in brief, the best record. He sums up the greatness and the importance of the race by saying that of their beginning there is no memory, and that their end is likely to be still more remote in the future; that they had endurance and productiveness and culture and a sublime creed; that they had a hidden and precarious genius; and that they "made the best popular literature of the Middle Ages in the songs of Merlin and the tender and delicious anthology of Arthur." This race was not likely to take a narrow view of its possessions, or to assign a small territory to its greatest monarch. Its claim may be preposterous, but that comes of the consciousness of superior strength and of daring imagination. Britain was not large enough for the Celts; they required not a country but a continent. And when their songs were sung, their stories told, and their great Arthur's name celebrated throughout the west, they boldly affirmed that the west was his, and that he had subdued and ruled the whole civilised world. Arthur's England became in their eyes the perfect realm, the ideal place; and the survival of this idea may be discovered in the works of the poets, old and new.

"Foemen feet to dust have trod
The blue-robed messengers of God,"

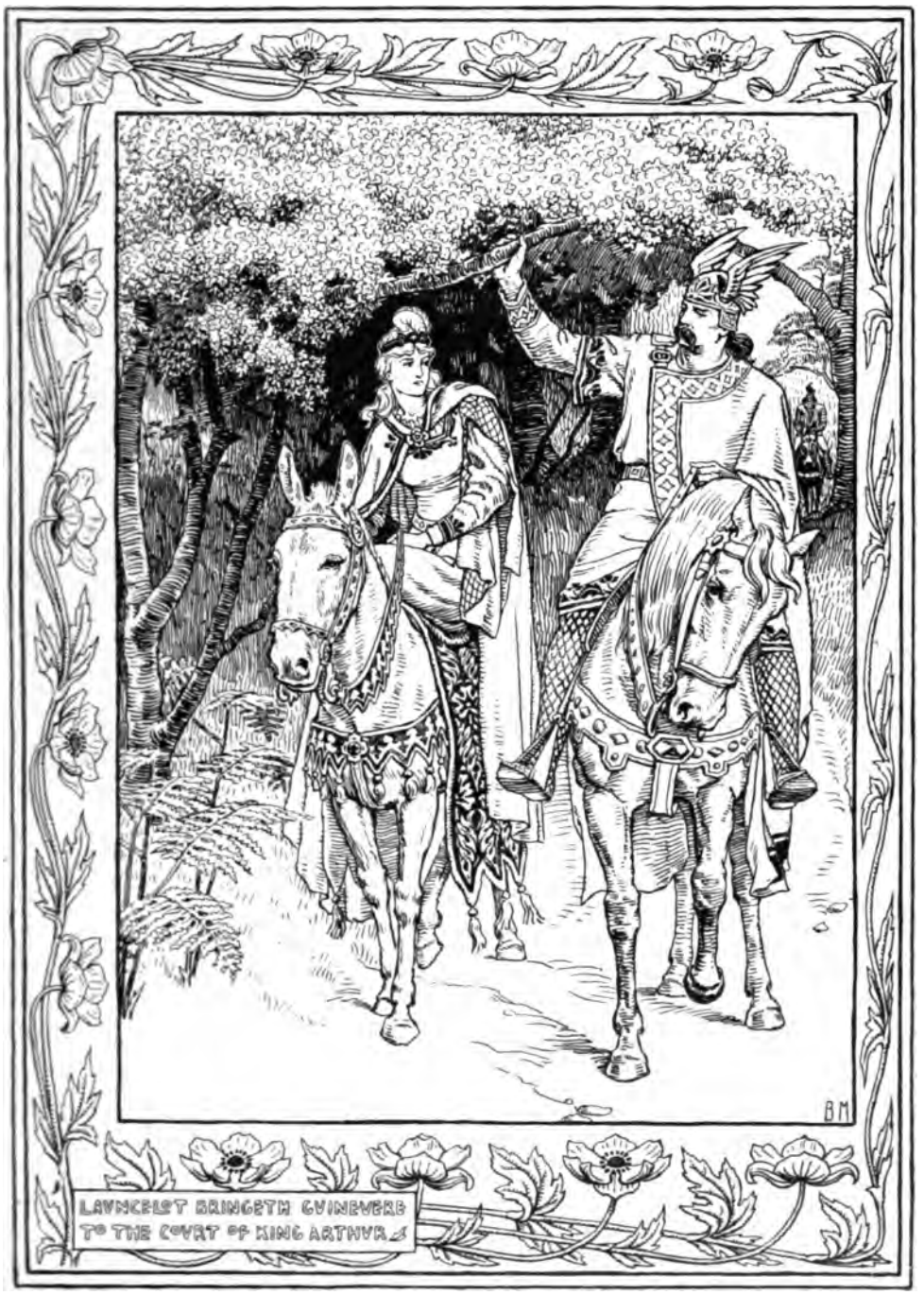
was Llywarch Hèn's allusion to the slaughter of bards, evincing his belief in their sacred character. Song was to the Cymry at once education, a vent for

national feeling, and a memorial of great events. The bard ranked beside the artisan as one of the pillars of social life. He had only one theme, his country's hope, misfortune, and destiny; and as M. Thierry has aptly said, the nation, poetical in its turn, extended the bounds of fiction by ascribing fantastic meaning to the words. "The wishes of the bards were received as promises, their expectations as prophecies; even their silence was made expressive. If they sang not of Arthur's death, it was a proof that Arthur yet lived; if the harper undesignedly sounded some melancholy air, the minds of his hearers spontaneously linked with the vague melody the name of a spot, rendered mournfully famous by the loss of a battle with the foreign conqueror. This life of hopes and recollections gave charms, in the eyes of the latter Cambrians, to their country of rocks and morasses." How much we really owe, then, to historic fact, and how much to bardic song, the accounting of Camelot and Avalon, Tintagel and Almesbury, as the famous and redoubtable spots of Arthurian accomplishments and occupation, would be difficult to decide. Literary genius from the first centres in the minstrel, who is both composer and singer, who stimulates to action and records events, who is himself "doer" and "seer."

But for the rich and sustained Celtic influence our literature would be poor indeed, would be less romantic, less poetic, and lacking in the vitality of human passions, human hopes and aspirations, human suffering and despair. For the dominant note in Celtic literature—and this particularly applies to the Arthurian legend which, despite its boasts, is a story of failure—is an indefinable melancholy, an exquisite regret; the poetry may be, as Mathew Arnold said, drenched in the dew of natural magic, and the romances may be threaded with radiant lights, but there always remains the underlying sombreness of texture or the overhanging cloud-darkening of the scene. Joyous music concludes in a minor key or is broken by a sudden note of pathos. The Celtic bards sang of war, but though the heroes always went forth bravely to battle it has been recorded that they "always fell." Victories are less frequently celebrated than defeats are mourned. The glory of the Celt was vast and transcendent, but from minstrel-times it was a fading glory. Work as the history-weavers might with the golden shuttles of romance their tears mingled with the gleaming strands, and the tissue as it left the loom was a medley of broken lights and shadows. Nevertheless, the pictures they have left us of chivalrous times remain unsurpassed for the grandeur of their conception: they remain the model and despair of all ages.

The description of Arthurian England, the "Logris" of the chroniclers, comports with the suggestions of romance, but ill accords with the facts.* Even if we grant the Round Table and the Quest of the Grail, the fact remains that the times were barbarous and that the men of the sixth century had only reached the outer borders of civilisation. The exploits of the knights themselves are indicative of a prevailing state of lawlessness verging perilously upon absolute savagery. Appalling rites were practised in the castle strongholds, and the life neither of man nor woman was deemed precious. The romancers themselves do not disguise

* It is interesting and somewhat amusing to note the lament of Charles Waterton, author of "Wanderings in South America," who thought England as a field for knightly adventure had degenerated. "England has long ceased to be the land for adventures," said he. "Indeed, when good King Arthur reappears to claim his crown he will find things strangely altered here. . . . It is certain that when he reigned here all was harmony and joy. The browsing herds passed from vale to vale, the swains sang from the bluebell-teeming groves, and nymphs, with eglantine and roses in their neatly braided hair, went hand in hand to the flowery meads to weave garlands for their lambkins. If by chance some rude uncivil fellow dared to molest them, or attempted to throw thorns in their path, there was sure to be a knight errant not far off ready to rush forward in their defence. But alas, in these degenerate days it is not so. Shall a harmless cottage-maid wander out of the highway to pluck a primrose or two in the neighbouring field, the haughty owner sternly bids her retire; and if a pitying swain hasten to escort her back, he is perhaps seized by the gaunt house-dog ere he reach her."



LAUNCELOT BRINGETH GUINEVERE TO THE COURT OF KING ARTHUR.

that the purpose and the methods of the knights were little superior to the purpose and methods of those whom they warred against; and the common practice of the knights to "reward themselves" in their own ways for victories achieved disposes at once of the contention that their motives were unselfish, or that their chivalry was pure and disinterested. The England of King Arthur was therefore by no means like to be the ideal land of peace, beauty, and content which poets have imagined. Neither can we concede the whole claim to Arthur's undisputed possession of the entire kingdom. The freedom with which the chroniclers spoke of the king's unmolested journey north, south, east, and west, only proves that they made an unwarrantable use of names. Among the places loosely mentioned or referred to at random in the romance, or perchance confused in the writers' minds with places within a small area, we must count all those beyond the Severn and Trent, unless we adopt the alternative theory and accept the north as Arthur's realm. To these we add all the large proportion of places, more or less fantastically named, which seem to have had no existence out of the chroniclers' brain. Where shall we look for Carbonek, for the land of Petersaint, for Joyous Isle, for Waste Lands, for Lonazep, for Goothe, for Case, for the Castles of Grail, La Beale Regard, Pluero, Jagent, and Magouns? to say nothing of a host of others. And are we to be deluded by the familiarity with which Jerusalem, Tuscany, Egypt, Turkey, and Hungary are spoken of into believing that these distant places were really visited by Arthur and his knights? Even if we were to grant all the localities mentioned in Malory's work we should be confronted by a new difficulty in the "Mabinogion," where quite a fresh series of towns and countries is mentioned in addition to many of the old ones. But while in the "Mabinogion" the west of Europe is almost exclusively dealt with, the English, French, and German historians would be content with nothing less than the best part of the hemisphere. No petty view, however, must be taken of the Arthur-land of romance. If Caerleon was his capital, we must believe that he was not unknown north of the Humber, and that he had a castle in old Carlisle. Calydon and Brittany, Ireland and Wales, acknowledged his power and felt his sway. The Roman himself met Arthur face to face; knights carried his fame to Constantinople—so the early historians asseverate, and so they doubtless sincerely believed.

But the more cautious student will confine his attention to a group of but half-a-dozen places in South Wales, Devonshire, and Cornwall, and will doubt the truth of tradition even when it mingles with the nomenclature of the romance. Of Lyonnesse whelmed beneath the waves we have no knowledge; it is a lost and perhaps a fabulous region. Cameliard, whose boundaries are fairly well known, is strewed with doubtful relics, and preserves a multitude of strange stories. These are all that remain to us when we have traversed King Arthur's land. Lyonnesse is reported to have been a region of extreme fertility, uniting the Scilly Isles with Western Cornwall. The hardy Silures were the inhabitants of this tract, and were remarkable for their industry and piety. No fewer than one hundred and forty churches testified to the latter quality, and the rocks called Seven Stones mark the place of their largest city. Tradition is untrustworthy as to the great cataclysm, but the Saxon chronicle declared that Lyonnesse was destroyed by a "high tide" on November 11, 1099. The assumption is that where the sea now sweeps with tremendous force, between Land's End and the Scillies, once lay a fair region, another Atlantis, which formed no unimportant part of King Arthur's realm. The etymology of the name Scilly is more or less doubtful. The word has been identified with Silura, or Siluria, the land of the Silures—that is, South Wales. Malory's Surluse, or Surluce, reminiscent of the French Sorlingues, if it be not Scilly must remain unidentified. The first mention of it is in the history of La Cote Male Taile, where, it is said, that Sir Lancelot and the damsel Maledisant (afterwards known as Bienpensant) "rode forth a great while

until they came to the border of the county of Surluse, and there they found a fair village with a strong bridge like a fortress." A later reference shows that it was in and about Cornwall that the knights were at this time staying and seeking adventures with the king; and the "riding forth a great while to the border of the country of Surluse" would fit in with the idea that Cornwall and Scilly were not then divided by the sea, but formed part of the kingdom of Lyonnesse. Sir Tristram, who is essentially a Lyonnesse knight, was sought in the country of Surluse when he had vanished during the period of King Mark's treachery; and there seems no doubt that, though an accessible part of the kingdom, it was a considerable distance away, and perhaps somewhat out of the beaten track. Sir Galahalt, "the haut prince," was its ruler, and he was resorted to by the knights; but we are distinctly told that "the which country was within the lands of King Arthur," for which reason Sir Galahalt could not even arrange a joust without obtaining his sovereign's consent. Again, Sir Galahalt was known as Sir Galahalt "of the Long Isles," which admits of a fair deduction, and seems not without its significance in this argument.

The "guarded Mount," dedicated to St. Michael, overlooks the long Atlantic waves, the waste of waters, and "towards Namancos and Bayona's hold," and this Ultima Thule is thronged with traditions of Arthur and his lost territory. Grim, cavernous Pengwaed, or Land's End, with its granite rocks; the Lizard, and Penzance, the last town in England, are all stored with these old memories; and the waves flooding the bays tell of that younger time over which hangs perpetual shadow. This is the Lyonnesse of Tennyson's imagining, the

> "Land of old, upheaven from the abyss
> By fire, to sink into the abyss again,"

where long mountains dip down to the sea-line, where the coast spreads out into shifting treacherous sand, and where amid the dreary plains the Silures fought their battles for life and freedom.* At Vellan, Arthur slaughtered so many Danes that the mill next day was worked with blood. Land's End still shows its "Field of Slaughter," and by the coast Arthur and Mordred met during the last conflict. Lyonnesse may have included Armorica also, still rich with its incomparable traditions and its unsurpassed folk-songs. For once the people of Brittany, Cornwall and Wales, speaking practically the same tongue, lavished all their poetic wealth upon the Arthurian cycle of legendary history, claimed the knights in common, and still claim each to possess the more famous shrines. Merlin's forest thus becomes a part of Lyonnesse; Joyous Gard (as we shall presently see) can still be found in Brittany, instead of Northumberland; and Avalon, instead of being a pilgrim's resort in Somerset, is an island off the Breton coast, seen dimly from the wild moorland country, strewn with dolmens, and reaching down to a shore of silvery sands. Between the orange coloured rocks "the sea rushes up in deep blue and brilliant green waves of indescribable transparency. On a bright summer day the whole scene is one of unspeakable radiance. Delightful little walks wind round the western headland, where more groups of rock appear, as weird and fantastic as the first."† And across the stretch of azure sea lies the dim islet which Breton legend affirms is King Arthur's resting place. When we consider the French sources of the history compiled by Geoffrey, Wace, and Map, the reasonableness of believing that Avalon was at first located in Brittany becomes at once apparent, and the wonder is that in this and many other cases the transference of the scenes to England should have been so complete or that English equivalents should have been so readily accepted.

The more obscure names of places would doubtless be identified if the

* By some Lyonnesse is identified with Léonnois in Brittany, but as Mr. Aldis Wright has pointed out, the continuous references in the romance to "riding" from Lyonnesse to other parts of Cornwall shows that Lyonnesse and Cornwall were on the same land.

† A. J. C. Hare's "North-Western France."

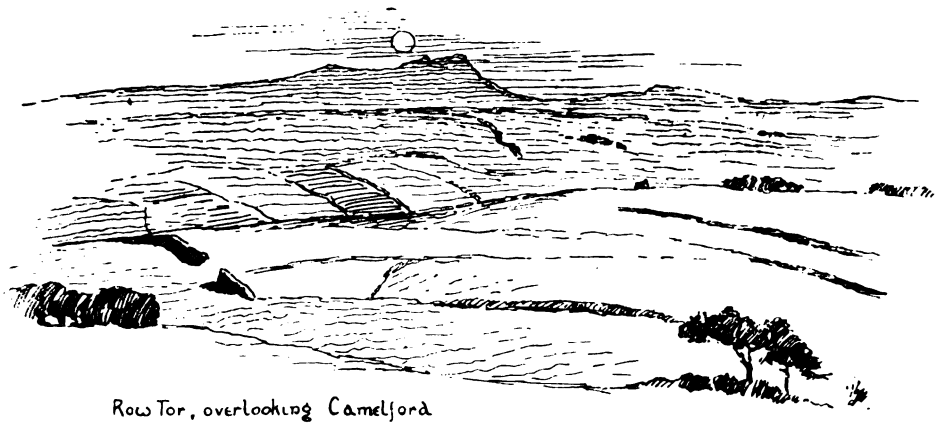
search were more assiduous in Brittany than in Britain, and if the original Breton nomenclature were used as a basis. Tristram, Iseult and Lancelot at least are French, and the prevailing tone of the romances in which they figure is French; we must look to Brittany for some part of the scenery.* At various times it has been stated that Sir Lancelot's Joyous Gard was none other than Alnwick, or else Bamborough Castle, in Northumberland, a structure which dates from the year 554, and may have been the site of an earlier stronghold.† But why Sir Lancelot, a Breton Knight of Arthur's Court, whose exploits are confined to Lyonnesse, the southern portion of King Arthur's territory, should have had his castle located in the north cannot be determined, unless we so far revise our opinions as to credit (as some have done) the existence of a Scotch knight of that name. Instead of looking to Northumberland for Sir Lancelot's stronghold, and endeavouring to identify Bamborough with his residence, why not turn straightway to France, his native land, and accept the facts there to be found and requiring no explanation? The chronicle of Malory itself says that Joyous Gard was "over sea." Beyond the forest of Landerneau may still be seen the traditional site of the Chateau de la Joyeuse-Garde, with an ancient gateway and a Gothic vault of the twelfth century remaining. Here at least we find the name; the Breton regards the spot as that which Lancelot, the Breton knight, claimed as his own; and the scene is in that Amorica from which the original traditions sprang, or, at least, where they took earliest root.* In addition to Joyous Gard, Brittany boasts of its Tristan Island in the Bay of Douarnenez, named after the "Tristan des Léonais" who was the rival of King Mark. King Mark, too ("Marc'h," in the original, signifying horse, and so named on account of his ears), has his own locality, for according to Breton legend he was not ruler of Cornwall but of Plomarc'h, which place lies a little to the east of Douarnenez and contains the ruins of his "palace." But Renan justly inquired, if Armorica saw the birth of the Arthurian cycle, how was it that we failed to find there any traces of the nativity?

Cameliard is a tract in some respects not so hard to define or locate as Lyonnesse. The town of Brecknock, three miles from which is Arthur's Hill, seems to have marked one of its borders, and its capital was a now undiscoverable city, Carohaise. Ritson believes that Arthur's kingdom could not have been considerable, and he is disposed to grant him the lordship only over Devon and Cornwall, with perhaps some territory in South Wales, the land called Gore or Gower. Be that as it may, his name, by a series of links, extends from Cornwall to Northumberland, from the Scillies to London, and from London to Carlisle. The British tribe, the Silures, to which Arthur belonged occupied the region now divided into the counties of Hereford, Monmouth and Glamorgan. Brecknock and Radnor may have been added, and it is certain that Arthur had supreme dominion over Cornwall and part of Somerset and Devon. Any "kings" of these places, such as Erbin, father of Geraint, must have been tributary to him. Tacitus has left us an account of the valour, the determination, and the warrior qualities of the Silures, who had Iberian blood in their veins.

* "Il est donc constant que la chevalerie prit naissance en Bretagne," says Emile Souvestre, "et y brilla de tout son éclat; que les premiers poémes chevaleresques furent écrits en langue celtique. Les monuments, les traditions, *les noms*, les indications des plus anciens auteurs s'accordent pour faire de la Bretagne la patrie de tout ce monde chevaleresque et féerique dont, plus tard, le Tasse et l'Arioste tirèrent tant de parti."

† Bamborough Castle, says Professor Burrows, was the centre of the Kingdom of Bryneck or Bernicia. "In founding it the Angles encountered a determined opposition at the hands of a British chief named Arthur. Whether he is the same as the Arthur of South-western Britain, or whether the exploits of one have been transferred by legend to the other, is still under dispute."

* According to Villemarqué the name of Lancelot is a translation of that of the Welsh hero Maël, who exhibits the fullest analogy with the Lancelot of the French romances.



Rocs Tor, overlooking Camelford

It was after the Roman and Saxon invasions that they removed their seat of Government from London to Siluria, Caradoc, or Caractacus, Arthur having his court at Dunraven and at Caerleon. The Britons were a Christian race, for that religion had been introduced among the Latinised Brythonic tribes before the end of the second century. This race prevailed over the Goidels and Ivernians in the territory, and on the recall of the Roman legions one of the Brythons succeeded the Dux Britanniarum and thus became the head of the Cymry (or Cambroges "fellow-countrymen"). Saxon Cerdic and his son Cymric for twenty years found it impossible to break through the forest districts west of the Avon, which formed the outwork of the British forces; and we may almost take it for granted that at one time the whole of the west country was in Arthur's power, a line from Liddesdale in the north to the southern extremity of Lyonnesse, taking in Cumberland, Wales (and perhaps Staffordshire and Shropshire), Devon and Cornwall, roughly marking the boundary. But his reported excursions north of the Trent and to the east counties would also lead to the inference that for some time the tribe overran the major part of the country. Hence we can account for the large number of scattered memorials of the monarch found in all parts of the land, though superstition may have attached his name to many places where he was absolutely unknown. Arthur's Seats, or Quoits, abound. They are to be found both in North and South Wales, and the name seems to have been given to any rock or commanding situation which in the popular fancy was fit to bear it. In Anglesey, in the wooded grounds of Llwyliarth, a seat of the Lloyd family, a rocking stone, the famous Maen Chwf, is called Arthur's Quoit. Cefn Bryn ridge in Glamorganshire, an imposing elevation, is crowned with a cromlech, together with numerous cairns and tumuli. The cromlech, known as Arthur's Stone, is a mass of millstone grit fourteen feet long and seven feet two inches deep, and rests upon a number of upright supporters each five feet high. In the Welsh Triads this cromlech, which is near the turnpike road from Reynoldstone to Swansea, is alluded to as "the big stone of Sketty," and it ranks as one of the wonders of Wales Another such stone is to be found in Moccas parish, Herefordshire, the cromlech in this case being eighteen feet long, nine feet broad, and twelve feet thick, and supported originally by eleven upright pillars. Brecknockshire has several imposing memorials of Arthur. Five miles south of Brecon rise the twin peaks of the mountain range, and they are designated Arthur's Chair. A massive British cromlech adjoining the park of Mocras Court is called Arthur's Table. On the edge of Gossmoor there is a large stone upon which are impressed marks resembling four horse-shoes. Tradition asserts that these marks were made by the horse King Arthur rode when he resided at

Castle Denis and hunted on the moors. Between Mold and Denbigh is Moel Arthur, an ancient British fort, defended by two ditches of great depth. At Rhuthyn (Ruthin) in the vicinity King Arthur is said to have beheaded his enemy Huail (Howel), to whom Gildas refers. The record might be extended indefinitely, though no valid argument can be based upon any of the facts. The indiscriminate use of Arthur's name often shows an extravagance of imagination and a reckless disregard of what is appropriate. Between Mold and Ruthin, for instance, is Maen Arthur, a stone which popular fancy has adjudged to bear the exact impression of the hoof of the King's steed. In such way does the whole subject become ridiculous. There is something like substantial reason for believing that the British hero was connected with Monmouth, Cardiff, and even with Dover, and either the Arthur of the Silures or another British chief seems to have reached Carlisle—that is, if the chronicles did not confuse Cardoile with Carduel. The Cumbrian Arthur figures in two ancient ballads, "The Marriage of Gawaine," and "The Boy and the Mantle," while Scott's poem of Arthur and his Court at Carlisle is, of course, too well known to need more than a reference. In the time of Baeda Carlisle was known as Lugubalia, which name by corruption became Luel. The British prefix Caer, a stone fort, made the name Caer-Luel, and as such it was long known. It gradually degenerated into Carliol, and finally became Carlisle. That the ancient city should have become confused with Cærleon is natural and explicable. Yet Arthur's connection with a portion of the north is as much to be regarded as historic as his connection with the south. Where Wigan now stands he fought a famous battle. Pendragon Castle in Westmoreland claims him as its founder; and passing by easy stages we find ourselves confronted with a Northumbrian Arthur. From this point the transition to Scotland itself is extremely easy, the lowland part of that country being claimed as the veritable Cameliard.

According to no mean authority, we must leave England entirely and search in the North alone for the sites, not only of King Arthur's battles, but for all the places connected with his exploits and his residence. Badon is then found in Linlithgowshire at Bowden Hill, and the great battle of Arderyd is located at Arthuret in Liddlesdale. The Scotch Merlin and the Scotch Lancelot are the King's companions, and a Scotch Gildas is the historian. The resting place of Avalon is then found in the caverns of the Eildon Hills, and the voice to rouse him from his charmed sleep will echo through them and "peal proud Arthur's march from fairyland." As a curious fact it may be mentioned that nearly all the heroes of the "Four Ancient Books of Wales" are traced to Scotland, and admittedly in the Arthurian legend the British King was connected with as northern a place as the Orkneys by the marriage of his sister to the king of those islands. Of King Arthur, the Scotch ballad rudely tells that when he ruled that land he "ruled it like a swine." The story of the King was the diversion of James V., who may have known that Drummelziar on the Tweed could boast of a Holy Thorn like Glastonbury, that there was an Arthur's Oven on the Carron near Falkirk, and that Guinevere's sepulchre was at Meigle in Strathmore. Edinburgh, or Agnet, is positively represented as the site where the Castle of Maidens stood, and the lion-shaped Arthur's Hill is supposed to confirm the tradition that here the king abode and made his name.* His tomb is pointed out in Perthshire, and all the machinery of the romances is claimed as of Scotch origin and invention. The names of localities are traced, and by transporting Arthur boldly to the Lowlands we account more easily for his rapid incursions into Northumberland and of the country north of the Trent, if we cannot for his equally rapid journeys to Dover and Almesbury and Winchester.

Are not the interchangeability of names

* "Arthur's seat" may be but an adaptation of the Gaelic Ard-na-said, or "the height of the arrows."

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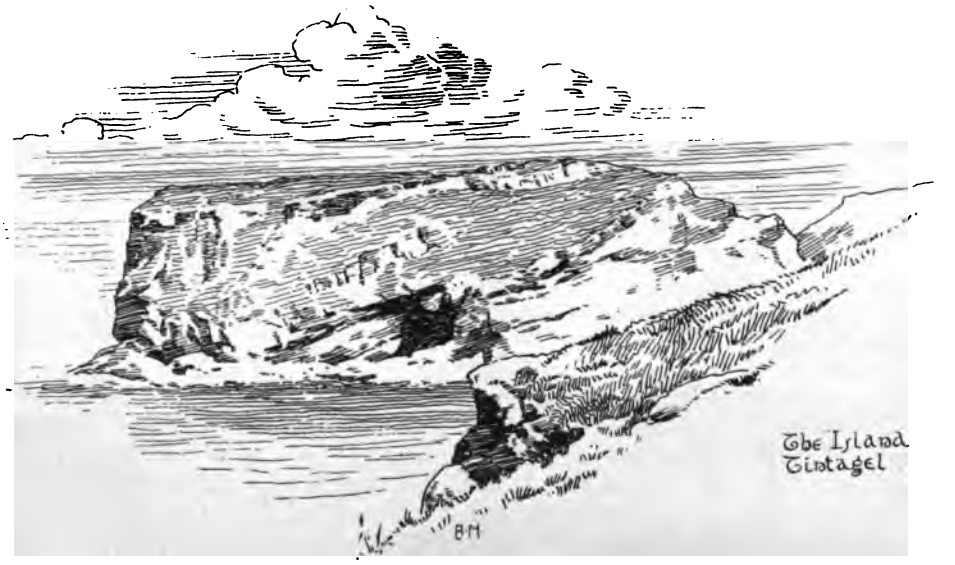
and the duplication of persons and places susceptible of a very simple explanation? Caerleon, or Carduel, was confused with Carlisle, each in itself a fitting and likely place for Arthurian exploits; the historians were grievously misled as to Winchester and the part it occupied in the romances; and we know now that various contradictions simply arose from the confusion in the minds of the chroniclers, who never seemed to have been quite certain whether Caledonia and Calydon were not one and the same, whether Camelot was inland or by the sea, whether Joyous Gard was a few days' or a few months' journey from Cornwall, whether Camelot was in England or in Wales, whether Arthur's "owne castell" at Tintagel could be reached by "riding all night" from London, or whether Lyonnesse was Cornwall or Brittany. A hundred topographical complexities meet us wherever we look, and the sole conclusion of the matter is that Geoffrey and his successors inextricably mixed Scotch, Welsh, and Armoric details both in regard to the stories and the localities. The historians made no effort to be consistent in their allusions, to reconcile contradictory statements, or to account for abrupt changes of scene from the South-west to the North. While they endeavoured to concentrate Arthur's kingdom in South Wales and Cornwall they made occasional sweeps to Berwick and Edinburgh, and annihilated the distance between Dover and Carlisle. To add to the confusion there were names, especially in the Lowlands of Scotland and in the West of England, of the same derivation, and, as Mr. Glennie has demonstrated, it is as easy to discover a Caledonian Caerleon, Avalon, or Camelot as it is to discover any of them in the district once called Cameliard. The unravelling of the skein, which became more and more entangled as new hands developed the romances, is now almost an impossibility. Arthur's own name was changed, and it has been affirmed that he is still confused with Arthrius of Gwent, and with others of like name who were distinct persons. The conclusion of the whole matter must be that names in the romances are a source of error and confusion; that different significances were attached to them by the chroniclers themselves, and that if the truth is ever established totally new meanings may be expected.

Let me here give one instance of possible confusion of names, and broach a somewhat bold theory. The name Camelford, the scene of the last battle, is by some said to be derived from the Anglo-Saxon *gafol*, meaning "tribute," the spot so called marking the ford where of old time tribute was paid. The name Guildford is also declared to have a similar signification, and, in fact, to be but a variation of Camelford. If this be so, a curious point arises. Guildford is mentioned towards the close of the Arthurian history. Sir Lancelot and the King having parted company, it is recorded that Arthur "departed towards Winchester with his fellowship. And so by the way the king lodged in a towne called Astolat, which is now in English called Gilford." Upon this Mr. Aldis Wright observes: "Guildford in Surrey is no doubt the place alluded to; but I am not aware that the name of Astolat or Astolot (Caxton) is given to it in any authentic history." It may be argued that King Arthur would be more likely to pass through Guildford, Surrey, than through Camelford, Cornwall. But his starting point is not certain, and it must be specially noted that the Winchester to which he was making his way was not Winchester in Hampshire but "Camelot, that is, Winchester" (Book XVIII., c. 9.). The unauthorised and even absurd interpolation that Camelot was Winchester at once changes the whole argument. Disregarding this misleading explanation we find that Arthur was on his way to Camelot from one of his Courts, and if Camelot was in Somersetshire it is most likely that Camelford would be one of the intermediate stages. But the importance of the whole contention is this: Astolat, as frequently mentioned in connection with the "faire maide" Elaine and Sir Lancelot's worthiest love episode, is undiscoverable. The name is unknown outside romance; and though we are assured that it is "now in English called Gilford," no authority

can be found for the assertion. Besides, Guildford in Surrey was rather beyond the borders of the British Kingdom, even granting occasional excursions to Middlesex and Kent. But if Guildford were synonymous with Camelford, as the derivation permits us to believe, then Astolat was none other than Camelford, and at once there are light and order where formerly prevailed obscurity and confusion. Another point worth mention is that, although tradition marks Camelford as the actual scene of important events in the Arthurian history, and although from its situation, its proximity to Tintagel, and its steep hill suitable to be crowned by a baron's castle such as Sir Bernard of Astolat possessed, we may safely surmise that it was well known to the ever-journeying knights, yet the actual name of Camelford is never mentioned in the chronicles. Being of Anglo-Saxon origin, this omission would easily be accounted for in the earliest records, while if Astolat was the traditional name it is at once clear how it could equally be applied to Camelford and to Guildford. We must of course remember that where the chroniclers themselves sought to elucidate they too often confused; the finger-posts they set up have started many upon weary and fruitless journeys, and the guidance offered with such confidence turns out most commonly to be the most random of guesses. If, however, we may place the slightest credence in the "Astolat, which is now in English called Gilford," as much can be said for "Gilford" being "Gafelford" or Camelford, as for its being "Gyldeford" or Guildford. The stretch of low-lying level fields on either side of the Camel, the sharp-peaked hills in the distance, the dark meres among the hills, and the angry sea lashing against the rocks visible a mile or two away, all accord with the typical scenery of King Arthur's realm, and make us not unwilling to believe that famous Astolat was here to be found.

When all is told, when all the searching is ended, it is found that some half-dozen places only stand out pre-eminent from the host of localities in the West in each of which only a single seed seems to have germinated; and these half-dozen places, like the last citadels of the hero, resist every effort and assault of the invader to dislodge the traditions of Arthur. I have not attempted to write a history of these places, but only to say something of their aspect to-day and of the chief events and ancient traditions linked with their names. Now and again I have mentioned facts of later date for the purpose of showing that these famous spots have continued to be the centres of activity and connected

with great characters; but in the main I have confined myself to the legends of Arthur and to the episodes of chivalry. To have attempted more would have entailed not only a far more comprehensive work, but the treatment of the subject in a more scientific spirit than is here displayed. The object has been to deal rather with the romantic side than with the technical, for which the deep scholarship of a Rhys or a Müller alone can be the qualification. It is necessary to premise also that of the most conspicuous Arthurian localities nothing but the bare tradition can be recorded. That tradition lives and is cherished, but its origin is undiscoverable. The sap lingers in the branches, but the roots are detached and lost. The legend is spread everywhere, but there are no facts. The visitor to the Arthurian scenes finds nothing but eponymous names and superstitions—indeed, the evidence present leads him to other conclusions than those he seeks. He looks for a British encampment, and he finds a *post*-Roman; he looks for a relic of Arthur, and he finds one of Antoninus. What is persistently ascribed to the British hero or associated with his times is either intangible or is irreconcileable with existing facts. Castles he is said to have habited were built centuries after his death, and there can only remain the free speculation that they mark the site of a former structure of which no trace remains and of which no record was made. Spots which are called King Arthur's grave, or his seat, or his hunting ground, or his camp, neither he nor his band, it often happens, could ever have been near. We look for persons, and we find a crowd of phantoms; we eagerly watch for demonstrations, and we find myth and fable; we hope to see the clear page of history, and we find a page that is undecipherable or blotted with shadows. Records are effaced, song and story delude, the track to truth is almost closed. Everything crumbles into dust at the touch, like Guinevere's golden hair, and nothing is now left but the pure romance. And some of us may be content and almost glad to have it so.



mark of respect, that his room and a servant were awaiting him; that the dinner would be served at eight, but that Count Orloffchischatzi would be glad to see Mr. Gordon in the library when he was dressed, if Mr. Gordon should not be too tired. He conducted Keith up a truly palatial staircase to an exceedingly handsome room, where an English fire and an English valet awaited him.

The fire was welcome enough, but Keith could have dispensed with the man, because he—Keith, not the man—having been born of poor, also honest, parents, had learned the useful art of dressing himself. However, on this occasion he was rather glad of the man's assistance, and having warmed, washed, and been helped into his dress clothes, he graciously permitted himself to be conducted to the library.

A small, but exquisitely made gentleman, with closely-cut white hair, but black eye-brows and moustache, came forward with a bow to meet him. This was the Count; we will omit, whenever possible, his surname, for the sake of time. He tried more or less effectually to conceal a look of surprise as Gordon entered, and said in English and with only a slight accent:

"Mr. Gordon?"

Gordon pleaded guilty to the soft impeachment; the Count begged him to be seated, and continued: "You have had a long journey, Mr. Gordon, and I fear must be tired; but I ventured to ask you to give me a few minutes, because I thought that perhaps you would like to have a little chat."

This was very nice, and Gordon made a suitable response.

"I should like to say, first," said the Count, "that the Princess and I are extremely gratified at having secured the services of so learned and accomplished a gentleman as yourself. Indeed," he paused and smiled, "I must confess that I had expected to see an older man."

Gordon had never before felt his youth a disadvantage, and he very nearly found himself murmuring an excuse. The Count waved his hand.

"Youth is not always allied with indiscretion, Mr. Gordon, or with a lack of patience; and, to be quite candid with you, you will, as the secretary of Princess Olga, need both qualities. The Princess is the essence of good nature—but she is somewhat erratic and wilful. She has been used to having her own way; no difficult matter, when one considers that she is the head of a race which has been accustomed to rule for some centuries over some thousands of inferiors. She has never been out of Russia and has, therefore, not had the great advantage of becoming acquainted with the democratic theories and customs which pertain to civilised Europe. I trust I shall not prejudice you against the—er—situation—position—which you have honoured us by accepting; but I think it as well to warn you that your path will not always be strewn with roses. I do not think you will be overworked." He smiled. "To tell the truth, I have not the least notion why the Princess requires a secretary or what she will find for one to do. But she thinks she needs one, and——!" The shrug of his elegant shoulders was a graphic conclusion to the sentence.

Gordon was about to say that he would do his best, when a servant opened the door and a young girl came into the room. She walked quickly, with a lithe and free gait, and going straight up to the Count spoke to him in Russian. Gordon rose and looked at her. She was very beautiful and of a type with which he was unacquainted. She had a dazzling complexion, brightened by magnificent hair of the colour of Spanish mahogany; her brows were a shade darker, and the eyes beneath them were of a blue which was capable of becoming violet; her mouth was by no means small, but there was no cause to regret the fact, because it permitted a view of even teeth of pearly whiteness.

Gordon wondered who she was, but glanced towards the door in anticipation of the entrance of the Princess. He thought he knew what she was like. A tall imperial woman, rather stout, with the Russian black hair, and the dark, flashing Russian eyes. Perhaps this vision of loveliness was the Princess's

daughter? As he put the question to himself, the Count came forward.

"Let me introduce you, Mr. Gordon, to my niece, Princess Olga."

Gordon felt himself an idiot for starting; but he could not help a slight sign of surprise. He masked it by addressing her in French.

"Oh, speak English, please!" she said. "I speak it very well—or do I not?"

Gordon assured her that she spoke it very well.

"What do you think of our country?" she asked, in a low but singularly clear voice.

The Count interposed. "My dearest Olga! Remember that Mr. Gordon can have seen but very little of it, and that, considering he has travelled through the snow in what must have seemed to him intolerable discomfort, he can have had very little opportunity of forming an opinion."

The Princess shrugged her white shoulders; it was evident to Gordon that she didn't like being interrupted.

"I think its vastness has impressed me more than anything else, Princess," he said. "I seem to have been sliding through vast wastes, and I have been chiefly occupied in wondering how the various drivers found their way."

"Ah, yes," she said. "It must have seemed a barbaric land to you, after England, which is so small that no one can lose his way there, is it not?"

Gordon was about to correct her misconception when the butler announced dinner. Gordon was not sure that he was expected to dine with his exalted employers, but the Count gave the Princess his arm and murmured:

"We will show you the way, Mr. Gordon."

The dining-room was as English as the hall. The elaborate dinner was of the same character; the servants, of whom there were many, waited in English fashion. They were very English at the palace; and Gordon afterwards learnt that the Princess was supposed to have some English blood in her veins. Her grandmother had been a maid of honour at the Court of St. Petersburg, and the then Czar——. But I may want to travel in Russia some time or other, and had better leave Imperial scandals alone.

It was by no means a silent meal, and the Princess did a great deal of the talking. She was very curious about England and the English, and she asked Gordon as many questions as would furnish a new "Child's Guide to Knowledge." He answered them as best he could, and she appeared to be more or less satisfied. After dinner they adjourned to a smoking room, decorated and furnished in strictly Oriental fashion, with the exception of an Erard grand at which the Princess presently seated herself and played and sang. It was evident to Gordon that Princess Olga and shyness had not yet been introduced. She played well and she sang very sweetly, and while doing so she placed her cigarette to burn holes on the beautiful rosewood of the piano.

The Count and Gordon had a little conversation during the playing, and then the Count murmuring that Mr. Gordon concealed his fatigue with admirable art, thereby gave him permission to retire. Gordon bowed to the exquisite figure at the piano, received something between a nod and a bow in response, and went up to his room to ponder over his introduction to the Palace Orloff-chischatzi, and to wonder what on earth the Princess Olga wanted with a secretary.

After he had gone, the Princess, with her cigarette in the corner of her mouth, remarked to her uncle.

"You said he was an old man."

"His testimonials recounted such a vast amount of erudition that I came to the not unreasonable conclusion that he was at least middle-aged."

"He must be very clever to be so learned," said the Princess. "Are all English gentlemen so handsome? He is a gentleman, I suppose?" she asked, with the indifference, the candour, and the *sang froid* of a child.

"I know little of his antecedents," said the Count. "He has the manners and bearing of a gentleman, and at any rate we must treat him as one. Some of these Scotchmen have good blood in their veins and carry themselves proudly,

though they may be poor; theirs is a poor country."

The Princess thought for a moment, with her head on one side and the cigarette going slowly.

"If you do not like him, my dear Olga, he can go," said the Count. He spoke with Russian suavity, the suavity which is born of power and the purse. "It would be only a matter of giving Mr. Gordon a cheque for, say, six months' salary, and his travelling expenses."

Princess Olga gave a little shrug. "We will see," she said, like a princess.

Gordon slept very well, and the next morning rose early and wandered about the place.

The grounds were vast, and no doubt in summer were very beautiful, but just now they were covered with snow. There was an immense establishment, and Gordon met servants in every direction he took; many of them were English, especially those attached to the stables.

He learnt that a couple of riding horses and a sledge had been placed at his disposal.

It was evident that he was in clover, and that he had the snuggest thing in secretaryships that had ever been heard of.

His breakfast was served in his own room, and, after a cigarette or two, he went down to the library, thinking that if the Princess needed him it was the place to which she would send. There was a large quantity of books, and a great many of them were English; indeed, nearly all our standard works were present in rich and costly bindings. Gordon walked round the shelves, then sat down to write a letter home, and he was in the middle of it when the Princess entered. In her plain morning dress she looked more girlish than she had done in her evening attire, but neither more nor less beautiful. Gordon rose, of course, but she signed to him to return to his seat, and, clearing a space on the table, seated herself on it.

"I'm afraid I've interrupted you, Mr. Gordon," she said. "You were writing a letter? Please finish it; I'm in no hurry; I've nothing to do."

"It will wait," he said in his Scotch fashion. "I was only writing home to say that I'd arrived safely."

"Where is your home?" she asked.

"At a place of which I imagine you have never heard; Luib, in Scotland."

She tried to pronounce it, and shrugged her shoulders over the failure; took out a gold cigarette case, lit a cigarette, and offered him one. Gordon accepted it with the gravity of a Scotchman, and they smoked in silence for a moment or two, during which she looked at him absently through half-closed eyes, through her lashes, so to speak.

"You are writing to ——?"

"To my mother," he said.

"She is—how do you say?—Noble?"

Gordon raised his eyes and looked at her steadily.

"She is what you would call a peasant, I think, Princess," he said. "My father—he is dead—was a stonemason: and a good one."

She was not at all embarrassed.

"Then how is it you are a gentleman?" she asked; and the tone of the question robbed it of all offence. Again, to his credit, Gordon did not blush or flinch.

"My father was a gentleman. But I think I know what you mean," he said. "I got a scholarship at school, went to a university, did fairly well there, and—that's all."

"I think I understand," she said. "Have you any brothers or sisters?"

"Yes; one brother. He is a stonemason, like my father. Do you wish me to do anything for you, Princess?"

She looked at her cigarette indolently.

"What would you like to do?"

Gordon strangled a smile at its birth.

"Anything you wish," he replied.

She looked round the room as if in search of an idea. "What does a secretary generally do?"

"Anything he is told," said Gordon, with half-unconscious irony. "He generally writes letters for his employer, manages his accounts, looks up any information he may require, and similar work."

"I'm glad you're going to write my letters," she said, "because they are a nuisance. I hate letter-writing. As to

accounts, the steward does those. And I don't want any information; I've just managed to get rid of my last governess. Why do you smile?"

"Well, I was thinking I should have rather an easy time of it, Princess," he said.

"I'm not so sure," she said, with a gleam of her white, even teeth. "But oh, I remember; you know a great deal about English books?"

"A little," he assented.

"Yes, of course. I want you to tell me what to read." She looked round the shelves. "I don't say that I'll read it."

Gordon got up and went to the books. "Do you like history, Princess?" he asked. It struck him that to select a course of reading for a wilful young Russian Princess was rather a large order. She shrugged her shoulders and stifled a yawn with her long and shapely hand, upon which glittered diamonds which Gordon considered too large for so young a girl.

"I don't think I do. I like poetry."

"Well, there's plenty of it here," said Gordon. He took down a Tennyson and a Scott, and one or two of the minor poets, and laid them on the table suggestively.

She glanced at the volumes languidly.

"Read me something," she said. "But perhaps that isn't proper work for you?"

"Oh, yes, Princess," he said. He took up the top volume, which happened to be Tennyson, and read from the page that opened to his hand; it chanced to be "Maud."

She slid from the table and coiled herself up in a big chair and listened and smoked, with her half-closed eyes fixed thoughtfully upon him. Gordon got interested in the poem and very nearly forgot all about his exalted auditor. When he came to the end of one of the numbers, she said:

"I like that. I have read it, but it did not seem so good as now." She rose and came to the table and turned over the other volumes.

"I will make out a list of what I think you ought to read," he said. "You have a number of books here."

"Ah, yes, thanks; I do not read much. I get tired. I shall ask you to read to me. There is nothing more I want you to do this morning." Gordon bowed.

She stood quite near him and looking at him, as if she were studying him.

"What will you do?" she asked, with the candour to which he had already become accustomed.

"I don't know. I may go for a ride or a drive. By the way, Princess, it is not usual, in England at any rate, for a secretary to be supplied with riding horses and a carriage for his own special use."

"No? It does not matter. You will drive? Then you shall drive with me. Will you be ready in half an hour."

It was a command, nothing less; and at the appointed time Gordon was waiting in the hall.

She came down in magnificent furs. The pair of horses were of English breed, and good at that. The Princess drove, and drove well. Once the off horse shied and she cut it twice; a Russian cut, and that is a sharp one. They talked, and, as before, she asked innumerable questions.

And she treated him—notwithstanding the stone-masonry in his family—as an equal.

They sat close, very close together, and once or twice as she turned to him, her eyes rested on his with so intense an interest in their violet depths that Gordon was a little bewildered. There was something in her gorgeous loveliness which took his breath away.

As the days went on Gordon began to feel as if he were obtaining his salary under false pretences.

The Princess Olga had about as much use for a secretary as she had for a steam crane.

He made out the list of books, he occasionally wrote a reply to an invitation—always a refusal—and now and again read to her. It was an extremely soft thing. And yet he was almost always with her. He rode and drove and skated and shot—she was a splendid shot—with her. He also sang with her in the evenings, for she discovered that he had a voice, and sent to St. Petersburg for suitable duets.

The Count and he also got on very well together; and it did not seem to occur to any of the three that there was anything peculiar or calling for consideration in the extremely amicable and close companionship of the Princess and the secretary.

You see, the Princess had told her uncle about the stonemasons, and that settled any doubt or apprehension as to the wisdom of so close an intimacy. In Russia, Princesses do not flirt with the sons of stonemasons, however handsome and gentlemanly they may be.

But before many days had passed Gordon learnt that the Count had not maligned his niece. The Princess was wilful and imperious, and possessed of a temper which rose as quickly as a tropical storm and—like a tropical storm—swept all before it, including herself.

Gordon caught the upraised arm.

There are no serfs in Russia; but on vast estates like the Orloffchischatzi, the moujiks—pardon! the peasants—are little better; they regard their masters and mistresses as rather more divine than human, as beings whose will is law, and a law which demands instant and unquestioning obedience. The Orloffchischatzi peasants simply worshipped the Princess. There was not one of them who would not have cheerfully died for her if his death, painful or otherwise, would have benefited her. She treated them well—very much as an imperious beauty treats her foster brothers and sisters—but sometimes she lost her temper, and then——.

For instance, one morning a young girl entered the library when Gordon was reading to the Princess. They were seated in an alcove near a huge fire, and the girl did not see them. She was singing, in Russian peasant fashion, and the Princess looked round and frowned, and, in a voice pitched low that it might not disturb Gordon, told the girl to be gone; but the maid did not hear her, and in the course of her dusting approached the alcove. As she did so, she caught sight of Gordon, started, and let a valuable vase slip from her hands.

The Princess sprang to her feet, caught the girl by the arm, and—we will blush together, reader—slapped her face. She was about to repeat the blow, but Gordon,

with all his soul in revolt, caught the round upraised arm and held it in a grip of steel. The Princess gazed at him with haughty amazement for a moment or two, then the flush of passion slowly left her face, and her glorious eyes as slowly drooped.

"Go, Sofia!" she said to the whimpering girl; then, raising her eyes, she said in a still lower voice, "Will you release my arm, if you please, Mr. Gordon? You are—hurting me."

Gordon came to himself — he was almost unconscious that he had got hold of her—realised that he was pressing a thick gold bracelet into the white arm, and relaxed his grip.

"I beg your pardon, Princess," he said coldly, and with a tightening of the lips. "I forgot myself. Perhaps it is the custom in Russia to stand and look on unmoved at a cowardly attack on a woman."

"Cowardly!" The word sprang from her lips, and her eyes flashed.

"Yes," he said as coldly as before. "It is cowardly to strike anyone who cannot return the blow."

Her hand wandered to the aching place on which the bracelet had been driven home.

"Do you not correct your servants in Scotland?" she asked, with surprise.

"Yes; but with the tongue—that stabs badly sometimes, I admit. No, we don't strike them—not even when they break a costly vase."

"The vase!" she echoed, with scornful surprise. "What does that matter—that thing! It was because she interrupted you."

"I see," he said grimly. "Then it is I who will have to apologise to Sofia."

"Indeed you will not!" she flashed. "I will not have it! You will understand!"

"Even at the risk of your striking me, Princess, I am afraid I shall have to tell the girl I am sorry," he said.

She laughed curiously. "I strike you!"

"Why not?" he retorted coldly. "I am no better than Sofia, and I could not strike back, you know."

The colour came and went in her face, her bosom rose and fell with excitement. "Ah, I see!" she said. "You will forgive me?"

The voice was so sweet, so gentle, that Gordon felt like a brute of the field.

"I've nothing to forgive, Princess," he said, "Sofia is the injured person."

"Ah, yes!" she said. "Listen!" Sofia was singing away in the hall!

He met the girl on the stairs that same evening and stopped to speak to her; but before he could open his mouth she made an obeisance, whipped a bracelet—the bracelet—from her bosom and held it up to him.

"The Princess gave it me! Ah, is she not a white angel, sare?"

From that day the Princess began to regard Gordon still more intently, though more covertly; and more than once checked a burst of passion—at any rate, in his presence.

At the end of the week a number of guests arrived. They were all aristocratic and exalted individuals, and they treated Gordon with the greatest courtesy. But one of them was less courteous, and therefore more friendly. He was a young lieutenant in the Imperial Guard, and he "took a fancy" to the young Scotchman. He liked to smoke a cigarette in Gordon's room when the rest of the house had gone to bed. One night he spoke of the Princess.

"She is the loveliest woman we've got," he said with the *sang froid* of the Russian.

"At Moscow last year she created a sensation and broke all our hearts. For a mere girl, she is the worst flirt I have met. A born coquette, my dear Gordon. I pity Prince Serge."

"Who is Prince Serge, and why do you pity him?" asked Gordon from behind the old briar which he loved with a love beyond that of a brother.

"Prince Serge Michailovitch Poblinsky Cknerksy——"

"Spare me! I am not so strong as I look."

The young fellow laughed. "Serge is the Princess Olga's future husband. He is a *persona grata* at Court. He has been chosen for her by the Czar."

"That is extremely kind of the Czar. Does he choose husbands for all your

young ladies? If so, he must have his hands full."

"Oh, no; but the Princess is a kind of ward of the Court, and her hand is at the disposal of the Czar."

"And what is the Prince with the jaw-splitting names like? Beg pardon, Count!"

The young fellow shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, well, he is not very young, and he is somewhat of an invalid; but he is a great man."

"In avoirdupois?"

"In what! Ah, yes, I understand! No, he is very small; but he stands high in the estimation of the Czar."

"I see. And what says the Princess?" asked Gordon.

The Count shrugged his shoulders.

"I daresay she is satisfied. She will not care so long as he allows her to flirt. While he permits her to indulge in her favourite pastime of breaking hearts, all things will go smoothly. If he refuses, then——"

"Yes; the Prince of many names deserves your sympathy; may it benefit him!" remarked Gordon devoutly.

The next night he sang a duet with the Princess, in an interval of her flirtations. The distinguished company listened and murmured a courtly approval, and Gordon rose from the piano, and a few minutes after left the room and went to the library to get an English novel which should soothe him to slumber. Wild horses will not drag from me the title of that book. While he was selecting it—it was not a difficult task—the door opened and the Princess came in.

She was looking particularly lovely that night in her war paint; though war paint is scarcely the word, for she was dressed with that simplicity which my married sister, who knows something about dress, tells me is the result of the highest sartorial art. She shut the door and threw herself into a chair beside him and yawned. Yawned as—well, as widely as any 'Arriet could have done; and yet the act did not seem vulgar to Gordon.

"Ah, I am so tired!" she said. "Are there so many stupid people in England, Mr. Gordon?"

"Carlyle said that we were mostly fools, you will remember, Princess," said Gordon.

She was silent for a moment, then she said, with startling irrelevance, "How stiffly you say 'Princess.' You make of it an ugly word which I have grown not to like. Say 'Olga,' if you please. I wish to know how it would sound."

"Princess Olga," he said, trying to speak in a matter-of-fact and secretarial fashion; but his tone only sounded grumpy.

She laughed.

"Ah, without the 'Princess,' please!" she insisted.

He looked at her, and for a moment her eyes fell before his grave ones. Then she raised hers and looked at him with a strange mixture of pride and entreaty. It is a mixture which should be avoided by all sensible men, especially when it is offered by the hands of so exquisite a being as the Princess Olga.

"What are you looking for?" she asked. She rose and came to him as he stood at the bookcase; came so closely that the scent of the orchid which she wore in the bosom of her dress stole towards him, and made him hold his breath.

"I wish they would all go!" she said, but not meaning the books, at which she looked absently. "I wish they would go and leave us alone. We have had no drives lately; I have seen so little of you."

"Your Highness has only to send for me ——" began Gordon, with that grim coldness at which your Scotchman can give most other men fifty up and win easily.

"Your Highness!" she pouted. "That is worse than 'Princess'! Have I offended you, Mr. Gordon?"

Gordon was silent for a moment. Perhaps it may be said with tolerable safety that it was only at that moment that he knew how madly he loved her. He had thrust the thing from him for days past; had pushed it away as a man pushes from him the haunting fear of some pending calamity.

He laughed rather huskily.

"How should you have offended me, Princess?" he said, with an affectation of indifference. "You are kindness itself."

"Ah, well, I am glad," she said. "But is it not that you have—what do you say?—avoided me lately?"

"Your Highness has been occupied with your friends——"

She cut him short with a gesture.

"You make excuse," she said; "but, ah! well, I am glad you are not offended. I am so glad, that I will give you this flower as a token."

She took the orchid from her bosom and held it out to him.

Gordon got white about the nostrils, and his mouth set hard as he went towards her.

"Thank you, Princess," he said. He took the flower and laid it on the table.

She stared at him for a moment with blank surprise, then the colour rose slowly to her face until it grew into crimson.

"We take not a flower in that way in Russia!" she said, under her breath.

Gordon could not find a word. He stared down at the flower, and must have frowned with Celtic sternness, for she stole up close to him and laid her hand upon his arm.

"You are angry with me—is it not so? And why?"

The Scotch are supposed to be unemotional. It is not true. Gordon's heart beat furiously; there was the noise of many seas in his ears. He remembered the young lieutenant's words, "The worst flirt in Russia!"

"Your Highness is pleased to amuse yourself," he said; "permit me to retire."

He left the room—and the orchid lying on the table.

He glanced at her as he reached the door. She was standing where he had left her, and her face was as white as snow.

Over his beloved briar he faced the situation and arrived at the only possible conclusion. He would have to go. He had boasted that his father was a gentleman; he, himself, he trusted was a gentleman. To a gentleman who has fallen in love with his employer—a young girl, and a princess—there is only one course open. With a face almost as white as the Princess's, he wrote out his resignation.

But it would take a month to put it into effect. He tore it up and invented an excuse.

And armed with this, he went down to the library the next morning.

He had not been in the room five minutes before the Princess entered. She had a letter in her hand, and she did not look at him—or so it seemed to him—as she glided to the table.

"Good morning, Mr. Gordon," she said. "Please answer that." She placed the letter before him. It was in French, and from Prince Serge, and it was a formal proposal of marriage. Gordon read it, and his face during the performance was like unto one carved out of granite. He drew a sheet of notepaper before him, and it instantly became red and yellow and all the colours of the rainbow to his sight. And he raised his eyes to hers waitingly.

She stood on the other side of the table, with downcast eyes.

"Well?" he said curtly, and forgetting the "Princess."

"Say! What would you say if you were I? If I say 'Yes,' then I marry the Czar's closest friend. If I so 'No,' I lose my estates and become an exile. What shall I do?"

"Say 'Yes,'" he replied, trying to speak in an indifferent, casual way.

"Say so, then," she said, rather haughtily. Gordon paused for a moment, then he sketched out an acceptance. The words danced under his eyes like so many devils; the sound of many seas again surged in his ears. He finished and handed her what he had written.

"It is only a draft; of course, you will send it in your own handwriting, Princess."

She took it, read it swiftly, then tore the paper across and across and flung the pieces from her and went towards the door.

Gordon dropped the pen and rose.

"Princess," he said, "I find that I have to return to England on—on important business, and—at once. I must apologise for the suddenness of my

departure, though I cannot but feel that my services are so small——"

She stood, looking over her shoulder at him, with her violet eyes like stars.

"Will you go to-day?"

"To-night, if you will permit me," he said.

The Count was full of Russian expressions of regret. Would not Mr. Gordon return?

But Mr. Gordon feared that he would not be able to do so. He would write.

Having received a cheque for his salary, Gordon went up to his room and

"Princess! My God!" he exclaimed.

She stood, a lovely statue, for a moment, then she inclined her head. "It is permitted. I will give the orders for your departure."

Gordon sank into the chair after she had left, and ate his heart out for half an hour or so; then he sought the Count, and told him of the necessity which called him—Gordon—home.

packed. The sledge would be waiting for him at six o'clock. The servants, from the *chef* downwards, liked him, and the *chef* sent him up an elaborate little dinner as a send-off. But Gordon was ungrateful, and could not eat. He was awfully and horribly in love, and his appetite could not be roused even by the dishes of an artist who wore diamonds,

kept a brougham of his own, and dined every night in evening dress.

At six o'clock he went down to the hall, and found the ever-courteous and courtly Count waiting to bid him farewell.

"We shall miss you, Mr. Gordon!" was one of the kind things he said, as he shook hands.

Gordon was guilty of a glance up the broad stairs; but there was no sign of the Princess.

No doubt he had offended her beyond pardon. He sighed as he entered the sledge. He was clad in furs, and in addition to the fur which served as a carriage wrap, there was a huge bundle of seal and bear skin, which nearly filled the sledge. But he was accustomed to a mass of furs and wraps, and cast only a casual eye at it. The drive was a long one, and after a mile or two through the snow-laden air Gordon fell asleep. Surely the perspicacious reader does not want to be told that he thought and dreamt of Princess Olga?

He woke from one of these dreams as they neared the station with an emphatically unpronounceable name, and, as he did so, he fancied the heap of furs opposite him stirred. But he scarcely looked at it. They reached the station, and he was preparing to alight when a hand stole out from the soft bundle and touched him.

He started, but was too amazed to utter a word. From the indistinguishable heap rose the fur-clad, but still graceful, figure of the Princess.

"Princess! My God!" he exclaimed. She smiled at him, but gravely.

"What—what!" he stammered; "you must go back!"

"I will—if you send me," she said; "but—isn't it too late?"

They mature at an early age in Russia.

She held out her hand to him and stole nearer. Being merely a man, he did not push her away. But something like a groan burst from him as he pressed her to him.

"But—but—Princess!"

"Olga," she murmured.

"What will they say? The Count—the Czar!"

"I am a Princess no longer. The estates will go to my uncle. Do not be afraid; I am quite, quite poor now!"

"You must go back!" he said hoarsely; but, even as he said it, he knew that it was too late.

She looked at him.

"As you will!" she said. Then, as he caught her to him again, she murmured rather inaudibly, for it is difficult to speak with your mouth against a mass of fur:

"There was no other way. I could not lose you."

I do not know why the estates were not confiscated and handed over to the uncle. Perhaps the present Czar was well informed of the old scandal at which I have hinted; and—but it is not for me to analyse the motives of the Czar.

Anyway, Gordon is the present owner of the Orloffchischatzi property as well as the loveliest woman in Europe.

But, all the same, I don't recommend every young Scotchman to turn private secretary to a Russian Princess.

A BIRD SANCTUARY IN LONDON.

By ELEANOR TREASE.

Illustrated from photographs by members of the Brent Valley Branch of the Selborne Society.

ANEMONES STAR THE SUNLIT SPACES AMID THE TANGLED GROWTH.

ONE of London's most engrossing charms is that it is an epitome of the whole world—the cosmos in little. Whatever one may be in search of or whatever one may wish to have definite information about, he can find it, if he will, in London. It is the permanent depository or the temporary clearing-house of all things that interest humanity or ever have had interest for man or woman. If it lack the original it boasts a copy; if it cannot produce a tangible answer to every want, it can a brain that will supply it. The one condition requisite to the discovery in London of any mortal thing that a mortal being may be in search of is simply that he should know where to look for it.

But I make bold to say that one of the very last things one would expect to find in London is a Bird Sanctuary—a quiet, peaceful wood, thickly carpeted in their seasons with anemones and bluebells, a place of cool shadows, of overarching foliage, of thick undergrowth and wide sunlit spaces, where birds come nesting undisturbed by fowler or by egg-hunter, and where the air seems always tremulous with their dainty piping and their bursts of liquid song. In the heart of this little unspoiled wood London, with its six millions of struggling lives, its endless streets, its noise and dirt and smoke and civil desolation, seems long leagues away.

About the beginning of this century some members of the Brent Valley Branch of the Selborne Society who are interested in birds conceived the idea that a wood still remaining in their district might be protected during the breeding season and made to serve as a Bird Sanctuary. Towards the end of 1902, the scheme began to assume definite shape and on October 31st of that year, a sub-committee, consisting of Mr. Robert H. Read, M. B. O. U., Mr. H. W. Ravenshaw, and Mr. Wilfred Mark Webb, Hon. Secretary to the Selborne Society, was appointed to go into the question of acquiring sufficient rights in the woodland to enable them to protect it. A bargain was accordingly made with the farmer on whose property it lies, that the hedges surrounding the wood should be made up and a keeper appointed to look after it. In addition members of the committee paid occasional visits to the spot; interest grew as the feasibility of the project became more evident, and in 1905 it was felt that more energetic steps should be taken in the work. Whereupon the committee decided to appoint its own keeper responsible to them alone, while the members and their friends personally undertook

the work of keeping the hedges in repair and of exercising a more constant supervision over the wood. Some members of the committee visited it at least once a week during the whole of 1906 and others nearly as often, but the labour entailed was a labour of love and undertaken gladly.

Not only is it necessary to prevent trespassers from disturbing the nests and stealing the eggs, but also to make sure that the hedges shall not be broken down and the birds disquieted at the beginning of the nesting season by persons coming to gather the wild flowers that grow in great luxuriance within the enclosure.

A RIPPLING SEA OF BLUEBELLS.

Last year the protection afforded in these respects was very much more thorough and satisfactory. It has, of course, been necessary to rigidly exclude unauthorised persons from trespassing, but in no case has permission to visit the Sanctuary been refused to any responsible strangers who have asked permission in a courteous manner, and it has been found that the efforts of the committee have been so far appreciated that several casual visitors have ultimately joined the Society.

The extent of the wood is considerable, as it covers an area of some nineteen acres. It consists chiefly of oak trees, and undergrowth, some of the latter being cut every year by the farmer. But as it takes a considerable time for him to go through the whole wood, in some sections the undergrowth has become quite dense and forms an extremely picturesque feature. The bulk of this undergrowth consists of hazel, but there is plenty of variety besides. The wild guelder rose in the earlier parts of the year is very handsome, and the bright red berries in the autumn bring the bushes into evidence for a second time. There are occasional blackthorns, whitethorns, wild roses, some very pretty poplars, and an occasional ash, and here and there one or two of the less common of our smaller trees. There are also a few willows and sallows, and blackberries grow in great profusion.

In the early Spring, a rippling sea of bluebells floods the ground, and to see them in their prime is alone well worth a journey to the wood. Those who have known the place as it was some twenty or thirty years ago say that at one time the primrose flourished as abundantly as the bluebell does now,

MISSEL-THRUSH NEST AND EGGS.

but hawkers have dug up nearly every plant, though it is hoped that as time goes on, these may be encouraged to spread and new plants introduced from localities remote from town where there is no chance of their being exterminated. The roots of the wood anemone do not appear to be marketable, and here and there they gather together in shy consciousness of their tempting loveliness. Later on in the Summer, one may come across, in certain places where the ground is moist, great clumps of willow herb and vistas of meadow-sweet.

The clearings are sometimes pink with campion, and among rarer flowers there is at least one species of orchis. But even this list does not by any means exhaust the wealth of plant life here. There are giant thistles in the autumn, woodbine tinting the leafless branches with its green foliage even in the depths of winter and scenting the air with its blossoms in the summer evenings. Moreover the fungus flora is just as varied, and it is hoped that in time a complete account of the plant and animal life of the wood will be compiled by members of the committee and their friends.

On the animal side, we must first of course touch upon the birds, in whose interest the Sanctuary is maintained. Since 1905 details of nests have been kept by members of the committee, and Mr. R. H. Read, who for many years has interested himself in the wood, has continued his observations. The following notes are taken in the main from Mr. Read's records, but they include also the observations of others where these are supplementary to his. This list includes the birds which have been seen in, or quite close to, the wood; those whose nests have been discovered in the Sanctuary itself are numbered.

1. *Missel-thrush.*—In April, 1905, a nest was found with one egg, just outside the wood, and it was prophesied that last Spring a pair of birds which had been seen in the Sanctuary would breed there. This prediction was fulfilled to the great satisfaction of the committee; in fact two nests were found, one of which containing five eggs was photographed. It was situated high up in the tree, at a

THE NEST AND EGGS OF A THRUSH.

place where a large branch had cracked half through. In the present year, 1907, a new nest has already been seen.

2. *Song-thrush.*—There are many of these birds in the wood and several new nests have been seen this season, the first egg being noticed on March 17th.

Last year, a fully fledged young bird was seen on April 13th.

3. *Blackbird.*—Plenty of nests of this bird occur in the wood, and several this season have been built upon the ground. One pair of birds made use of paper shavings (strewn on the ground during a paper chase) in their building operations.

A BLACKBIRD'S NEST WITH FIVE YOUNG BIRDS.

The Winchat.—The nest of this bird has been found in the Brent Valley, and Mr. Read has no doubt that it breeds quite close to the wood.

4. *Stonechat.*—A record exists of the nest of this bird being found in the wood; this was some fifteen years ago.

5. *Robin.*—Mr. Read has found it nesting in a tussuck of coarse grass in the wood. Very pretty nests have been found in old beer cans, from which the young ones were successfully reared.

NEST OF WOOD-WREN WITH SIX YOUNG BIRDS.

In 1905, the young in another nest on the ground fell a prey to carrion crows, or some other foe. Six young ones were hatched and reared in another nest on the ground, last year, though at one time the hen bird was away for such a long period that the eggs were cold to the touch.

6. *Nightingale.*—The wood is an ideal spot for the nightingale, and Mr. Read says that there were always one or two pairs there, down to 1902. Since then, however, none of those interested in the wood have heard them. It is most probable that the birds do come to the wood, but that they are caught by bird catchers, who trap them in the surrounding fields. On May 14th, 1901, Mr. Read found a nest containing five eggs in the wood.

7. *Common Whitethroat.*—This bird commonly breeds in the wood.

8. *Lesser Whitethroat.*—This is more common than the last, and on May 25th, 1906, a nest was found, containing young just ready to fly.

9. *Blackcap.*—This is not nearly

so common as the next species, but its nest has been found in the wood, and one was seen last year.

10. *Garden Warbler.*—Last season a photograph was taken of a nest, and the birds breed commonly in the wood.

11. *Chiffchaff.*—Notes of this bird have been heard this season, and though Mr. Read puts it down as not very common, he has often found it breeding in the wood. In 1905 a nest of this bird was accidentally knocked down by some intruder.

12. *Willow Warbler.*—Fairly common. In the wood the nest is nearly always found in a clearing close to the ground,

A NESTFUL OF YOUNG THRUSHES.

and the one found and photographed was no exception to the rule.

13. *Sedge Warbler.*—This bird breeds by the Brent, and might perhaps occur in a marshy corner of the wood.

14. *Hedge Sparrow.*—Quite a number of nests are to be seen every year.

15. *Long-tailed Tit.*—This bird is not uncommon, as its nest was found in the wood last year.

16. *Wren.*—Its nests are found commonly in branches of hawthorn or hazel in the wood. One built in an old tin stuck on the fork of a branch in 1906.

Pied Wagtail, *Tree Pipit* and *Red-backed Shrike.*—Nests of these birds occurred near the wood in 1905.

17. *The Spotted Flycatcher.*—Its nest is usually placed on a small branch close

TURTLE DOVE NEST AND EGGS.

up to the trunk of a tree. They are found in the wood.

The Swallow, *House Martin*, *House Sparrow*, and *Tree Sparrow* nest within a short distance of the wood.

18. *Chaffinch.*—Breeds commonly in and around the wood. One year some of the nests were ornamented with bits of newspaper in the place of the usual lichen.

19. *Greenfinch.*—A nest and eggs were found for the first time in the wood last

HEDGE SPARROW NEST WITH EGGS.

year, but the latter were unfortunately stolen.

20. *Bullfinch.*—On one occasion, Mr. Read found a quantity of wood in a nest of this bird, with two eggs under it. It bred as usual in the wood in 1906.

21. *Yellow Hammer.* — This breeds commonly outside the wood, but it has nested within the boundary.

The Corn Bunting and *Reed Bunting.*—These breed in the Brent Valley, but their nests have not been found in the wood.

Starling.—This roosts commonly in the wood in winter, as do the Field Fares and House Sparrows.

22. *Carrion Crow.*—This bird is commoner in the Brent Valley perhaps than in any other part of England. It is exceedingly destructive to the eggs of other birds and its nests are found every year in the wood.

Skylark builds in the fields round the wood.

The *Wryneck* has been seen in it as has the *Lesser Spotted Woodpecker.* Holes in the trees and dead branches, made by this bird, have been found in the wood, but its eggs have not yet been seen there.

The *Green Woodpecker* was heard (for the first time) this year, during March.

23. The *Cuckoo* is always heard and we understand that a schoolboy found an egg in the spring of 1906.

A ROBIN'S NEST IN A BEER CAN.

Kestrel.—This bird is seen hovering over the wood and it is hoped that it will breed there now the place is protected.

24. *Ring Dove,* or *Wood Pigeon.*—One or more pairs usually nest in the wood each year.

25. *Turtle Dove.*—The same may be said of this as the last bird.

Pheasants and *Partridges.*—Occasionally seen in the wood, and a dead *Woodcock* was found in the spring of 1906.

The *Moorhen* breeds in the ponds, in

YOUNG GARDEN WARBLERS IN NEST.

the fields near by, and may perhaps be induced to nest in the swampy corner of the wood.

The *Lapwing* or *Peewit* used to breed in numbers in the surrounding fields, but the advent of railways is driving them away, though one or two birds have been seen lately.

It is reported that a *Jay* and a *Kingfisher* were seen in 1906; an *Owl* has been seen flying and the feathers of the brown species picked up. *Gulls* have also been noticed going over the wood.

Among mammals, rabbits are common, and one day a member of the Society who sat close to the nesting burrow of a rabbit watched a stoat come twice, after being driven away, and begin to drag out the young rabbits. The weasel also occurs, for its skeleton has been found. A nest of the dormouse was discovered in 1905, and the wood mice make stores in deserted birds' nests. The grass snake is not uncommon, but no other reptile has been seen. There are many interesting insects, including some of the green grasshoppers, which are not often found.

There are some difficulties in the way of protecting the wood absolutely. One keeper cannot be everywhere at once, though the committee do their best to supplement his work. Anyone determined upon entrance can usually find some weak spot in a hedge, however well it may be mended, and it must be remembered that the distance round the wood must measure considerably more than a mile. The committee, however, feel that a great deal is done towards giving the birds a quiet home and enabling many young ones to be reared which otherwise would not.

The Brent Valley Branch does not contain a very large number of members, and as the minimum subscription is only five shillings, it is not a very big grant that the sub-committee receives. They have, however, had some help from members of the Selborne Society generally, including a generous donation from the Earl of Stamford (one of the vice-presidents), who is the great-grand-nephew of Gilbert White, whose memory and work the Society perpetuates.

Would any bird-lovers like to share in the task of keeping inviolate this Sanctuary for Birds in London?

NEST OF CHAFFINCH.

THE CRYSTAL.
From a Drawing by Stephen Reid.

OUR TENANTS.

By HEBER K. DANIELS.

V.

MR. TRAPLEY'S CONNECTION. HOW TO TEST A DRAIN. A SMALL BEGINNING WITH A TRAGIC ENDING.

MR. TRAPLEY seldom ever done a job twice for the same party. It was always some new client that me and Jim worked for; and we wouldn't even have done that if the last client had had his way and been 'llowed to put in a word for us.

Mr. Trapley said that was the way of the world all over. Let him do a man ever so good a turn, and the first opportunity that come for him to repay it by recommending him on to someone else, he'd be sure to up and say that he was charged out of house and home, and then couldn't get his details when he asked for them. Good heavens! what more details *could* a man furnish than he done in his 'counts. P'raps they'd like him to invite them into his office and let them overhaul all his books, and so invade the sanct'ty of his private life. P'raps so; but he'd have them to know that he was a freeborn Englishman and wouldn't allow even his wife to take such a liberty, let alone a client.

But for all that there was plenty of work coming in to keep us going full time, and some big jobs, too, among them; for Mr. Trapley he knew his way about, and belonged to several clubs and building societies, and Jim he reckoned he'd got hold of a District Surveyor or two that was bound to keep him going, or Mr. Trapley p'raps might have talked if he'd a mind to, and made things uncomfortable all round.

The same time I could see, with half an eye, that the circle of Mr. Trapley's clients got further and further off from where he lived, and that he hardly ever done anything at all in his own parish, where they know'd him best and were prejudiced, so to speak. This, too, was the way of the world, Mr. Trapley said; for a man never was reckoned to be a

prophet except out of his own parish, and it was just the same whether he got his living making prosephies or unstopping drains.

And that reminds me that a drain job was what Mr. Trapley liked best of all the sanatr'y work he had to do. You see, with drains it's easier to dodge a spec'fication and estimate than any other class of sanat'ry work, 'cause you've first to find out how the drains lie, and after that to hit upon the exact place that wants mending. Plans ain't no sort of use to a sanat'ry engineer here, even if he was simple enough to ask for them. Besides, the cheap houses haven't got any, and the 'spensive ones can't always find them, and what there is of them are not calculated to make it too easy for sanat'ry engineering purposes. So you've got to grope and grope about in the dark until you've uprooted the whole drain system before you can think about getting out an estimate and spec'fication. And when it gets so far as that, maybe the client he'll say, "O bother the estimate and the spec'fication too! Go ahead and get it done. I want to get into my house without breaking a leg in one of those trenches, or being poisoned with sewer gas."

Of course Mr. Trapley *he* never wanted telling twice, but always went ahead immediate, and soon found out that there wasn't a single good point in the way the drains were laid, from beginning to end. This, of course, meant new drains all throughout, and maybe new ventilation as well. It didn't matter to him much whether the landlord or the tenant paid for it, seeing that in any case he was bound to land one of them over the job.

The way to find out a bad drain is like this. First you find out where its lowest level is, and then you take a small bottle of essence of peppermint and pour it into the drain pipe. The essence it passes along through all the pipes under and inside the house, and if there is a leak anywhere in the pipe-joints for the sewer gas to escape, the peppermint will percolate through there as well, and you smell it through the house and know there is a leak.

And the smell of the peppermint is so powerful that if you burst a bottle of it by accident it will clear a room out quicker than a mad dog could, it's that overcoming. I *have* heard some go so far as to say that of the two they preferred the sewer gas for choice. But howsoever that may be, I don't know nothing that smells worse in so small a space, unless it's smoke-rockets that they let off in the drains when the peppermint don't smell strong enough.

When you start a smoke-rocket, it's like as if a bone-yard was on fire and someone was trying to smother it out with soot and Brunswick black, and wasn't able to. A bottle of smoke-mixture has got to be handled as carefully and circumspectly as if it was dynamite, for fear it should go off.

Mr. Trapley he always 'ministered it himself when he tested the drains, 'cause if it went off in a room it would be apt to act worse than a main sewer would, and give everyone splitting headaches for the rest of the day. So he always carried a bottle or two in his pocket ready in case of a 'mergency, and maybe a bottle or two of peppermint as well. But no matter how careful he might be in handling them, he always smelt more or less like a sweet-stuff shop, except, perhaps, when the smoke-rocket 'dominated, and then, maybe, you'd think you were walking behind a sweep.

You were never sure any day how he'd turn out, 'cause sometimes the two mixtures they'd get blended together in equal proportions, so you couldn't tell for certain if it was lozenges or a chimley on fire.

One day when we were testing the drains for Mr. Clarkson, an old bachelor that lived by himself down Camberwell way, Mr. Trapley he used up all the stock of peppermint he carried about with him, and ran out of smoke as well; and being in honour bound to find out something wrong with the drains before he'd done with them, he sent his young man from the office back to the shop for a fresh supply, and cautioned him about not breaking the bottles coming back. And the young man he went and got the mixtures and put them into his coat-tail

pocket all unthinking-like; and when he got into the train which he'd been hurrying to catch, he sat down on the top of them, and before you could have said "Shoo!" he'd been and bursted up four peppermints, started a box of matches and two rockets going, and let their contents out among the crowd.

He said afterwards it was like as if the earth itself was opening up beneath them and casting up all the dead things that were ever buried in it since the flood. It was the stiflingest atmosphere on record, and smothered him and everyone else in the carriage, and made them unsensible; all except an inspector of nuisances; and it got so permiscus for him in the end that he couldn't hold out any longer and was 'bliged to pull the danger cord and stop the train.

When they opened the doors and got some fresh air into the carriage the passengers they began to revive, and when at last they found who it was that done it all, weren't they just screaming mad. They called the young man an infernal machine, and a gallipot that was only fit to be fired out of a Chinese junk; and then they put him out on the line to walk the rest of the journey on foot, and he done it, too, with a crowd following him right up to Mr. Clarkson's house, where we were waiting for him.

As soon as he came in through the front door, Mr. Trapley, in a moment, took in the whole of the situation and as much smoke as he could hold without 'sphixiating; and so we all did. Then, before he could turn the young man out into the street again, Old Clarkson he appeared to get scent of it, too, so to speak; for he came out of his study and called down into the kitchen to know what it was that they were burning again, and if they took his establishment for a private dwelling-house, or a crematory; and when the cook she said she wasn't burning nothing at all he flew into an awful passion and yelled out:

"What! Nothing! Call that plague nothing, do you? Put it out, I say; take it off this instant, and in future mind you bury such things, if the dust won't take them. Just you smother that corpse up this moment, or by the living Jingo I'll fetch the brigade in to play on it. Nothing, indeed! So is a glue and varnish factory nothing." And then he came up to where we were trying to bundle Mr. Trapley's young man out, and he shared in with our atmosphere, so to speak, and nearly fell down in a fit.

Then Mr. Trapley, as soon as he got his young man out and shut the door on him, winked at me and Jim, and told Mr. Clarkson it was the drains and that it was a good job that he'd been called in to test them or he and his servants might have been all poisoned in their beds.

"Drains!" the old man screamed, jumping about the passage with his handkerchief to his nose. "My drains act like that? Take them away this minute. Out with them at once. Uproot the whole miserable system and dump them into the river. I'll do without them. Not another drain for me. I'll pass the rest of my life over a cesspool sooner than spend another day with a drain like this. Jee-hos-a-phat what a resurrection!" and he went out into the back garden to find some fresh air.

Well, I'll allow it *was* just a leetle bit too sultry even for me and Jim and Mr. Trapley, that were used to it, and had got seasoned, so to speak; but all the same we carried out Mr. Clarkson's orders and took up all the drains there were, and all the waste and rain pipes as well. And then Mr. Trapley he saw his opportunity and introduced "Trapley's Patent Intercepting Gully-Syphon and Sewer-gas Eradicator," that worked so certain, he said, that where it was used the whole house smelled of new-mowed hay, it was that healthy. And Mr. Clarkson he 'dopted it; and he 'dopted "Trapley's Patent Automatic Water Waste Preventor," that gives you only a supply when you actually want it, and can't be left on if you tried to.

"Trapley's Self-restraining Simplex Ball Valve" next took his fancy, after what Mr. Trapley said about it, and he 'dopted that too. Then Mr. Trapley he explained to Mr. Clarkson how his ventilation was out of gear, and was drawing the sewer gas into the house instead of pumping it out and bringing fresh air in, the same

as "Trapley's Imperial Extractor" would have done. And Mr. Clarkson he said, "Hang such a system of ventilation anyway! Reverse the order of things at once and let me have some oxygen. I feel like a fly under an exhauster ever since you spoke about it." So Mr. Trapley he reversed it; and then when he had done that he showed Mr. Clarkson where his roof wanted re-leading, and done that too, and a lot more besides.

He done all he could do except to pull the house down and build it up again. For his motto was "Thorough"; and he printed "Thorough" on all his bill-heads to show, so Jim said, that he never left anything out of them if he could help it.

It was the biggest job I ever recollect Mr. Trapley doing all the time I knew him, seeing what a small beginning there was to it; though at the same time it was the most misfortunate so far as getting paid for it went.

You see it was like this. Being called away to another job before he'd quite finished measuring up what he'd done for Mr. Clarkson, Mr. Trapley he was 'bliged to send another of his young men down to complete it, as was a stranger and didn't know the district. And when he'd measured it up and come back and handed in his sizes and quantities, Mr. Trapley, he says:

"What! 86,437 superficial feet of 8 lb. lead roofing. Why, dash my reputation, you been and got the wrong house. You've measured up the Presb'terian chapel, next door; that's what you've been and done. Dear, dear, dear! how very careless of you, Mr. Wilkins. Whatever could you have been thinking about to do such a thing? There! blest if I have n't been and included it in the 'count myself quite unconscious-like. Never mind, I can't bother to take it out now, and seeing that he is both landlord and tenant together, there will be no trouble about getting his money if so be he does happen to knock the re-leading out." But Mr. Trapley he reckoned without his client this time.

When the 'count was finished it filled up the whole of eight pages of foolscap, and included nearly four months' work and everything that we ever took to the house or brought back out of it. And when Mr. Clarkson read it through to the end and saw what the total was, he went straight up to the cistern at the top of the house and got into it and drowned hisself.

Mr. Trapley he never got so much as his prime cost out of that job, on account of the whole of the profits and a lot more besides going to pay Mr. Gripps for getting part of the 'count settled by the next-of-kin, that was a plumber himself and knowed a sanat'ry 'count when he see it.

VI.

OF SANAT'RY ENGINEERS AND CLIENTS.

JIM said the difference between a sanat'ry engineer and a plumber was this: The first gets the job and then hands it over to t'other to spread it out and leave it so that it's got to come back first hand again. He said, when the public learned sufficient of plumbing to see that the work was done properly for them, then they could manage to get along without sanat'ry engineers at all; but until that time come they'd have to keep on putting up with sanat'ry 'counts. It was not a bit of use, he said, their looking to diplomas and c'tificates, and such like, to help them out of it, for it only made things worse by giving the other parties a securer licence to rob them.

Of course, there was some sanat'ry engineers that could be trusted to advise a client properly, and act honest as far as prices went—their names were sufficient guarantee for that—but they was few and far between; for the majority of them didn't stay in a place very long, not if the plumbers could help it, and busted up through want of custom, or else, in despair of ever earning a honest living, took to worse ways than the generality of them mostly do who start a bit crooked at first. I recollect one party that set up opposition to us in the same street that we lived in, and worked it on the straightforward line for nearly a year; but he gradually lost all the trade he had, through not keeping in with

the [builders and vestry andsettrer, and trying to do his work at a regular scale of prices; and in the end he was 'bliged to sell up the whole of his stock and clear out of the neighbourhood. I was very sorry for him 'cause Jim heard afterwards he went from bad to worse, and at last took to the lit'rary business and became a editor, or something, and died miserable. Mr. Trapley he said it served him right for trying to take the bread out of an Englishman's mouth, and if he could have his way he'd like to serve the Stores the same.

Jim could adapt himself to almost any society.

I learned a lot more besides from Jim about how sanat'ry work was done. He and my father worked mates together for Mr. Trapley long before I was born, so that what *he* didn't know about plumbing wasn't worth the trouble of learning. Not that my mate had much of a head for figures and 'counts in general, but he was about the best hand for lumping it I ever see, and that suited Mr. Trapley down to the very ground.

From what I could see and judge of the business myself, I thought if sanat'ry engineers were done away with altogether the clients would get on just the same with the plumber, who generally knowed more about it and could do the work first-handed without t'other one's profits being piled on the top of it. Only he'd have to dress better and learn to talk more grammaticuller; for so long as a client prefers doing business with him that's got the shiniest top hat and the biggest jaw, he'll always go to the sanat'ry engineer first.

I thought to tell Jim this, too, but I remembered on a sudden what he said at Mr. Rockmount's about the horse kicking, and stopped myself just in time.

The best friend Mr. Trapley ever had for putting him in the way of a job was Mr. Hillyard, the builder. They worked it for each other's benefit in a way it was quite brotherly-like to see, and were as niggly as a pair of lawyers over any bad work that was tried to be put on to them. Eels wasn't in it with them for slipperyness. Why, I've known them when a job was likely to be disputed, to include each other's work on both 'counts, so as to land the client both ways, if so be either of them had to give in. This mayn't be grammer, p'raps, but it's gospel.

It wasn't to be expected, of course, that all Mr. Trapley's clients were so easy to please as the ones I've 'numerated.

Not by a long sight they wasn't. We had several to work for that were well known to the trade for the way they had of looking on during a job, booking the time in and out of the house, and making themselves a perfect nuisance in general.

They were mostly old parties that didn't hold with the British working-man nohow, or married couples that were poor once and got rich on a sudden, and knew a sight too much to suit Mr. Trapley and Jim. But we were bound to work for them for all they was "scorchers," as Jim called them, 'cause it wouldn't have paid Mr. Trapley to have refused their custom, or piled it on afterwards, for fear they'd have shown him up in the newspapers more than he'd have cared for p'rhaps. I've known him many a time to carry out orders almost below cost, owing to their fussy and interfering ways, though, of course, he'd have to take it out of the next client that came along, provided he was the right sort and wasn't particular to a shade.

I tell you it required a considerable deal of judgment to know just how to take a customer. One day, p'rhaps, we'd have to do with a party that was free and easy and jolly, and time and materials no object; and maybe the next he'd turn out a board-wager, and not a sup in the house. Other times we'd drop on a pious one that was ready in a minute to 'monstrate with Jim every time he trapped his fingers and let out over it. We never knew for certain how they'd turn out.

The boozy ones was what Jim liked best: old parties with heaps of money that were drinking themselves slow to death, and that no one cared to 'sociate with. Jim he was just their mark to a T. He wasn't proud a bit, and accommodated himself to circumstances as if to the manner born. He'd sit up with them until further notice, drinking whisky-and-soda and sherry wine and beer, and smoking real Havannah cigars. He was an all-round man, was my mate, and could 'dapt himself almost to any society. And if that old party felt like going round and seeing a bit of town life, Jim he wasn't backwards at doing the honours, and would stick to him all through a regular howler, till they were locked up together for the night ready for bailing out in the morning. But Jim he only looked on it as a lovely picnic, he said; and Mr. Trapley he charged it all up on the 'count, "Plumber's time at house taking down particulars."

VII.

HOW JERRY BUILDINGS ARE SLUNG TOGETHER. WHAT MR. SYMCOX THOUGHT OF UNDERSHOTT TERRACE.

THE most of Mr. Trapley's trade laid out among the suburbs, where the new villas were being run up and occupied so quick that the bricks and mortar could hardly be got together quick enough to suit the incoming tenants. Jim said the higher the taxes got in London the more the people couldn't afford to keep a house all to themselves, except they took one of the new villas and let half of it out to another party that was in the same boat as themselves.

Of course, the work we done in these houses was very different in quality to what we done for our ordinary clients. You see, the building contract got let and sublet and cut down so in price, that there was little time for pains over it, and it was just a scramble to get the walls and fittings together for the money, and to cover up all short-comings before the District Surveyor came nosing along and interfering. So we run in the gas and water services just anyhow, seeing that we were all in the same family, so to speak, and whacked the drain pipes down on to the virgin soil instead of concrete; and when the first settlement came they'd all sag down at the joints and let the sewage out into the foundations, and we had the extra job from the new tenant, or the landlord, of unstopping them and afterwards laying them all over again properly.

You see, what Mr. Trapley thought of wasn't what he made out of it first cost so much as what he got from the afterwork that had to be done; and it was a sight for sore eyes to see him when the tenant called him in and carried on about

the jerry builders and the whole of the architectural gang that had to do with the building of his house. Mr. Trapley he was injured innocence itself, and sided with the tenant in all that he said, and, of course, he never let on that *he* was the one that done the drains. Oh, no! He was an Englishman, so he said, whose motto was fair value for fair work done, and he hinted about the local ironmongers that were trying hard to take the work out of the sanat'ry engineers' hands, as were only tinkers after all. Jim was shocked, too, worse than Mr. Trapley, and seeing that his master only employed temporary jobbers for the jerry-work, and us for the second-hand work, we wasn't known in the neighbourhood and got the credit for what was done last.

With this class of house there was always some patching up work to do, to keep us busy when the regular trade fell off; and seeing that the drains from one house was mixed up with those on the other side, you couldn't very well put the sanat'ry system of one house right without setting the other ones wrong; and that draw'd us along from one to the other until it cost as much in repairs as would have paid for pulling down the whole street and building it up again properly.

Undershott Terrace was the shoddiest lot of houses in that respect that I ever worked in. There wasn't one of them I'd have lived in if I was paid to, knowing how they were slung together and how the drains were put in. Mr. Symcox he told Jim there wasn't a house in the terrace that could stand alone by itself if the others were taken away from it, and if you were to pull one down the others would follow it one after the other just like a row of dominoes. But then Mr. Symcox he was an interested party, seeing he lived in one of them himself, and apt to look at them through the glandered eyes of prejudice.

Mr. Symcox he was in the lit'rary business, and knew enough of the building and decorating system to have made it uncomfortable for the whole of us if he'd a mind to do it, and Mr. Trapley he told Jim to keep in with him all he could, and not to charge him more than was safe when he done anything for him, 'cause he said he was poor, and might p'rhaps have his revenge on him by giving him a blast in one of the papers that might send him up sky high. And Jim he said he'd watch it for him.

For all that it was 'stonishing how these houses always kept full. When one tenant found out how things were and left on a sudden, the "To let" bill wouldn't be up a week afore it was down and another tenant in, and maybe knocking his head against the walls for having been and signed for three years before he knew what the underground part of the villa was like.

Mr. Symcox he knowed us every inch, and we knowed him, and at times let out more to him over a glass than p'rhaps Mr. Trapley would have cared to hear of. But then we trusted to him and he never let on that what he got to know was learned from us. And he showed us a paper that he'd been and wrote about what happened in Undershott Terrace once, and asked me and Jim's 'pinion about having it printed in the newspapers. And Jim he said it was all right enough, except that dry wipe about the plumber, which looked a little bit too prejudiced to his way of thinking. But Mr. Symcox he wouldn't alter it nohow, 'cause he said it was always that way with plumbers; and so Jim, when he see it was no good holding out against him, said, "All right, let it rip at that."

So Mr. Symcox he sent it to the newspaper people as he worked for, and they printed it; and I took the paper home and read it out aloud to Jim's wife and Mary, and they didn't like it, 'cause they said it ended so miserable.

But I've put it in here along of my other recollections, seeing as it's all about houses, and speaks for itself, more or less, without my adding any profan't'ry notes to explain it.

VIII.

"STORY OF THE EMPTY HOUSE."

TO an impressionable observer, with the attendant habit of investing the inanimate with an imaginary history almost human in its individuality,

there can be few subjects of greater interest for the indulgence of his peculiar fancies than the empty house with an unbroken record of emptiness.

That certain houses, and, for the matter of that, apartments, should by turn become occupied and vacated—in some instances a greater number of times than would appear to be at all consistent with the popular notion of "settling down"—is a simple law of domestic nature not to be greatly wondered at, and is usually the outcome of an ambition for more commodious premises, a climax to family dissensions, or, as is very often the case, a bad landlord and worse drains. But, on the other hand, it is difficult to understand why another class of house, the highly respectable house, the house to all intents and purposes *the* house of all others to attract and keep a tenant, should remain for so long a time unlet.

Another class of empty house, and one of which I propose to treat more fully, is that which, by its general air of shabby-gentility, presents an outward appearance so hopelessly unattractive as to scare away at first sight any but the most cheerful and easy-going of house-hunters. Such a one is situated in the terrace of Undershott, and within the visual range of the bulk of the inhabitants that dwell on either side of its toboggan-like slopes.

In construction its style of architecture dates from a period that had nothing in common with the bright combination of red brick and stained glass that adjoins it on either side. On the contrary, it is depressing to a degree. Over an area and basement like a donjon-keep are two floors of a kind that suggest wood-cut prints for appalling tragedies, and an attic which, if untenanted by a family ghost, must owe its exemption entirely to the fact of that shade having declined, upon any consideration, to walk it singly, so dismally lowering to the spirit is the effect produced by the stuccoed gloom of its surroundings.

A precipitate flight of well-worn steps leads up to the front entrance, on either side of which are stone columns of sufficient massiveness to support a Babylonian temple, but whose present function it is to sustain a balcony whose destiny in turn, it would be hard to imagine; for, in order to take the air upon it, a man would either have to use a ladder from below or jump down from the attic window above. The folding doors between the front and back parlours when open—which is their normal condition—admit of an uninterrupted view from the street of the conservatory, and, through the conservatory, of the back garden wall and its sickly growth of creeper beyond.

In the three windows of the bay are the usual bills drawing attention to the wonderfully accommodating properties of Prospect House (to wit, the damp-soaked mausoleum under consideration), and the houseless ones are urged to inquire for particulars of Mr. Smith next door, who is never in, or of the owner, Mr. Jones, of Coke Chambers, Lincoln's Inn, who is seldom out.

Such is Prospect House—at least, in so far as the house itself is concerned; and if a prospect in the ordinary acceptance of the word is "an object of view," then I regret to have to confess that the only object this house can, by the greatest licence, be supposed to command, is the plumber's shop over the way or the tool-house in the garden at the back. Any other vistas it may have enjoyed in its palmier days have long since been either boarded up or bricked in.

All day long, and far into the evening, the noise of children at play comes from the direction of the empty house, as they clatter up its steps and slide, switchback fashion, down the dwarf walls protecting its sides, or play at being pirates and wild Indians in the area and coal cellar beneath. This predilection on their part for the society of the empty house—as, indeed, is the case with all children for every empty house—has borne fruit, inasmuch as its windows are seldom able to retain a whole pane of glass for two consecutive days; and notwithstanding that printed notices appear, threatening the direst consequences in the event of the offender being caught in the act, the area continues to serve as an open vault for domestic animals deceased, and a general receptacle for bricks, odd shoes,

sardine tins, and every other conceivable object which a child might naturally be supposed to derive pleasure from dropping into its depths. Latterly the owner has failed altogether to keep pace with these ravages, and beyond the occasional application of a coat of the thinnest paint and the appearance of a new pane of transient existence, he, out of sheer disgust at his own bargain, is content to leave the empty house to its fate, or, in his way of putting it, to remain for ever as empty as on the day it was built.

The empty house.

Strange to relate, in spite of the before-mentioned disqualifications, Prospect House has had its tenants in its time; and that within the memory of most of the existing neighbours. I remember the circumstances of their advent distinctly. It was during one bright afternoon in the early part of Spring; and as they passed up the terrace and stopped to read the bills in the window, we saw that they were a young married couple, whom—to judge by the way he helped her over the puddles and stooped to pick up her handkerchief—we felt justified in concluding were not yet out of their honeymoon period.

By what can only be termed a strange mischance, the house had not long before undergone what is locally known as a "doing up," and just then presented an appearance so glaring and disreputable in its insufficient coat of many colours that none but a young couple, a newly-married couple, and, in short, a couple full of love, hope, confidence in the future, and with visions of lucrative "lettings" blinding them to all possible contingencies, would have bestowed any notice at all upon this sarcophagus of a tenement, standing self-confessed in all its funereal gaudiness. Had they been able to look into the near future, and foresee that which it needed no special gift of prophecy on our part to foretell, the empty house would in all probability have maintained its vacuous existence undisturbed, and this paper might never have seen the light. But as we all at some period in our lives

stumble upon an evil genius to be contended with, so it came to pass that the genius of the young couple turned up that afternoon and confronted them in the dual form of Messrs. Jones and Smith.

On their inquiring next door as directed by the notice-board, Mr. Smith, to the unmitigated astonishment of the observant terrace, was seen, not only to be in, but to be attended by no less an authority on letting than the owner of the empty house himself; and with an alacrity that should, in itself, have inspired distrust, these two worthies were seen by the now breathless terrace to conduct their visitors into Prospect House, through the windows of which we could follow them from floor to floor and watch them as—judging by their gestures—they expatiated on the advantages of that particular house over any other in the terrace, or for the matter of that in the parish itself. We could see them listening in turn, with a sympathetic interest almost parental in its solicitude, to the apparently delighted young couple as they unfolded *their* little plans for subletting the rooms as unfurnished apartments; but we noticed also that care was taken to avoid any disposition to loiter in passing from room to room, as being calculated to show up structural defects and internal deficiencies in the matter of accommodation.

When, again, they stood at the front door, it was easy enough to gather from their appearance that a bargain had already been made. There were Smith and Jones, diffident, sympathetic, and more parental than ever, and the young couple blushing, self-conscious to a degree, and glowing all over with a delicious sense of future responsibilities. And so we continued to watch them as they shook hands all round at parting; the landlord and his agent retiring into the empty house, where, through the parlour window, we could see them doubled up in an agony of suppressed laughter; and the young couple, treading the very air in their supreme delight at their good fortune, as arm in arm together they turned the corner at the bottom of the terrace and passed from our view.

On the following day the "To Let" bill of Prospect House was taken out, and simultaneously the new tenants were taken in—for three years.

IX.

"STORY OF THE EMPTY HOUSE"—CONTINUED.

IN order that the young couple might be "let down" as gently as possible, and accustomed by gradation to the manifest discomforts of their new home, their landlord, with a burst of generosity, positively without a parallel in the history of the empty house, had subjected that domicile to another and thorough "doing up" process, with the additional extravagance of a load of gravel for the garden at the back, and for the front window a venetian blind that had been adapted from another empty house, and resented the transfer by persisting in coming down corner-wise like a gigantic fan, or suddenly (when the inmates were looking out) like a guillotine.

The services of our old friend the whitewash man had also been requisitioned to some purpose, if we might judge by his speckled appearance when he emerged from the empty house, and the improved look imparted to the ceilings and walls of the latter as viewed afterwards from the outside. The plumber had likewise been in to see to something, though the exact nature of the ailment never transpired, owing to the absence of his mate, who had gone to the wrong address with the tools. Conjointly also with the arrival of the paperhanger and the gas-fitter came the plasterer, and with him the plasterer's labourer. And when these and sundry other trades had accomplished their several missions, I am bound to confess that the empty house began to assume an aspect several degrees less lugubrious than it had ever done before or since. So, at least, thought the terrace, and so must have thought the young couple, when, on the afternoon of that memorable day that was to see them installed within its gloomy precincts, a diminutive box van, looking uncommonly like a "black Maria," followed

closely by the young couple themselves, on foot, was driven into the terrace and up its precipitate slopes in the direction of the empty house.

With the appearance of this van and its limited freight, it began to be argued (not without some show of reason) that the goods and chattels of the young couple were in point of quantity—let the quality be what it may—utterly out of proportion to the size of the building it was presumed they were about to furnish. This being in itself an anomaly of exceeding great interest to a certain portion of the female inhabitants of the terrace, it was only natural that they should have proceeded with despatch to take up positions favourably disposed for a critical inspection of the goods as they were unloaded and taken into the house.

Then followed the usual and familiar incidents of a "moving in." The pulling up and backing down at the wrong houses, the incessant running up and down steps; the disinterested comments of the crowd outside as the broken-down settee, of which the owner is heartily ashamed, is left standing limp and halting in the roadway exposed to the fierce light of day; the perspiring squad of muscular porters staggering about under heavy loads and heavier profanity; chests of drawers packed with kitchen utensils; kitchen utensils filled with drawing-room breakables; hip baths stuffed with literature and groceries; and, in short, a general sense of topsy-turveydom, dust, and uproar, while this endless stream of every possible combination of opposites is being brought forth from a van, whose capacities, like those of a conjuror's hat, seem to be without any reasonable limit.

As all things, however, must have an end, it was not to be supposed that the young couple's van would constitute itself an exception to this or any other

Every morning Mrs Tatterling would see him to the door on his departure for the City.

law of natural philosophy; when, therefore, it had delivered up the whole of its contents, and when the last wisp of straw and fragment of matting had been swept into the street, it took itself off, and left the young couple—whose name we were informed was Tatterling—to the business of imparting some degree of order to the chaotic heap of furniture that obstructed the doorways and passages. And when it is considered that Mr. Tatterling could not by any means have been described as a powerfully-built man, and that his wife was decidedly delicate, the task before them seemed, to say the least of it, a hopeless one. Right loyally, however, was it undertaken and accomplished, and that without any extraneous aid whatever, beyond the occasional loan of Mr. Smith's step-ladder, or a temporary advance on the part of Judson of his tack-hammer and screwdriver.

The first Sunday morning, therefore, after their arrival, saw Mr. and Mrs. Tatterling comfortably settled down in the lower portion of the house, which, though no longer an empty one, was still in a position to keep up a sort of claim to that denomination by virtue of sundry cards in the upper windows calling attention to the fact that the rooms on the second and third floors were to be let unfurnished, likewise denoting to the feminine critics before mentioned that in their surmises as to the financial status of the young couple they were not a hundred guesses away from the truth.

For the first few months everything appeared to go as merrily as the proverbial marriage bell. Mr. Tatterling, who, it leaked out, was a clerk in the City, would go to his office in the morning and return to his home in the evening with the clock-work regularity of—a City clerk, in fact; and Mrs. Tatterling, who was the most lovable little creature imaginable—bless her sweet memory!—would see him to the door on his departure, and in the evening take up a position at the bay window, the better to catch the first glimpse of his returning figure as it rounded the corner at the bottom of the terrace. Then it would have done your heart good to have seen her dart away in eager haste to meet him at the door, to bid him welcome—receiving his hat, and bag, and umbrella into custody, and afterwards ushering him into the cosiest of little parlours, wherein glimpses could be seen at times of the snowiest of cloths, set out with as tantalising an array of tea-things as ever greeted the eyes of a hungry man, let alone a City clerk; all of which unmistakable tokens of affection Mr. Tatterling—who was of a melancholy disposition—acknowledged with an undemonstrative though very palpable air of the deepest gratification.

There was one drawback, however—only one, but that sufficient in itself to cause them the gravest uneasiness, directly affecting as it did the very purpose of their being in Prospect House at all.

The Tatterlings had not let.

The rooms on the second and third floors, with the inherited gloom of their parent whole, seemed destined to remain for ever empty. True, people in search of apartments, and attracted by the cards in the windows, had called, seen them, and been profuse in their promises to come back the very next day and decide, so charmed were they at the general adaptability of the rooms. But they had never returned. And is it for us to condemn their hypocrisy, or to reproach them for their bad faith? Could any man or woman with a particle of kindliness in their nature have said or promised otherwise, with those large eager eyes fixed upon them, and the colour going and coming in those delicate young cheeks as the listener, already in anticipation, was imparting the joyful tidings to her husband on his arrival home?

As a matter of notorious fact, the rooms were unlettable in the extreme. In the language of the book world, they were not of a nature to "go down" with a cultured and discriminating public.

With the approach of winter, and the cold, dreary days of fog and mire, the house again began to relapse into its normal state of gloom and settled melancholia, absorbing every soot-laden humour that approached its doors with a morbid affinity to the dismal that had a

depressing effect upon the entire terrace. Matters, also, were not going so well with the young couple as the more charitably disposed residents of Undershott Terrace could have wished. It was noted, for instance, that the servant had left, and that the drudgery of the house had fallen entirely upon shoulders ill-fitted to bear them. Mr. Tatterling, likewise, was observed to go to his office later and return home earlier than the exigencies of a robust business would appear to warrant. These and divers other signs of a more rigorous domestic economy gave rise to ominous rumours about "half time" and its corresponding "half pay." Finally, when he ceased going altogether, or went and returned at intervals utterly out of keeping with City ways, the ugly fact that Mr. Tatterling had "got the sack" arose and became too palpable to be blinked.

After this, affairs went rapidly from bad to worse. Mr. Tatterling had joined the ranks of intelligent poverty. Cast from the revolving wheel of toiling life by foreign competition and over-demand, he had tramped the cold, bleak streets by day and by night in the feverish, heart-breaking search for work — for bread. Weak and ill from want and worry, he had been out in all weathers and at all times; a poor helpless waif, repulsed with contumely here, put off with insincerity there, and jostled at every turn by the labourer, illiterate but skilled, and comparatively affluent in his humble poverty beside this City clerk with his enforced gentility; and, above all, with that big house upon his hands for three years.

In their troubles they had not been without the sympathies of the terrace. Parcels and hampers had repeatedly been delivered at their doors; but under pretences so outrageously transparent that the charitable motives under which they had been forwarded had been at once seen through, and in every instance were the gifts firmly, though gently, declined.

By-and-bye, when sickness had confined him to the house, and when the advent of a doctor became a matter of urgent necessity, Mrs. Tatterling had been seen, under cover of the dark winter evenings, to depart with parcels whose suggestiveness of bulk was but ill concealed beneath the scanty shawl, and to return shortly afterwards without them; whereat the Terrace in their sympathy had sighed and looked the other way.

The fortunes of the Tatterlings were manifestly at their lowest ebb.

Yet not once throughout her trial had the young wife been known to utter a single word of complaint, or to chafe under the conditions of their three years' bargain. Cheerful and sanguine as ever, she had never failed to see him off as heretofore on his daily search for work, or omitted to greet him from her old position at the bay window, smiling and nodding down at him so encouragingly as he fagged wearily up the steep terrace. And when his outgoings and incomings had ceased through illness, had she not pinched and scraped, and denied herself the ordinary necessaries of life in order that she might have the more for him. He never knew it—we did.

Following on the repeated visits of Jones, of Coke Chambers—whose paternal sympathies had diminished in proportion as the rent became overdue—came her turn to go out and battle for bare existence with a world whose indifference or callousness had reduced her husband to a mere wreck. With the covert assistance of a few good-hearted neighbours she had been put in the way of a little out-door needlework at a local draper's establishment, and worn out though she was with prolonged care and suppressed anxiety, had struggled gamely on for quite a long while. But with the continued illness of her husband, the importunities of their landlord, and her own increasing bodily infirmities, the brave spirit with its self-imposed burden heavier than its poor earthly shell could bear, drooped rapidly, hovered for a brief space between heaven and earth in its yearning towards him it was leaving behind, and then yielded itself up, in all its sweet purity, to its Divine Maker.

There was hardly a dry eye in the Terrace on that grey morning in February, when the blinds of Prospect House were seen to be drawn, and the news

went forth that amidst the fierce gale of the preceding night the life of its gentle-hearted mistress had ebbed peacefully away. There were unmistakable signs of sobbing right along the line when the remains, heaped over with the choicest flowers that Undershott money could buy, were deposited so tenderly—the very undertakers loved her—in the hearse outside. But when they saw him emerge from the doorway with the awful pallor and fixed look of one walking in his sleep; saw him pause for a second to look up in blank despair at the window she was never more to occupy, and finally creep down the steps and into the coach, a man without hope, bowed and broken, then the Terrace fairly broke down and cried outright.

From that day to this we never set eyes on him again. Days, weeks, and months came and went, but Mr. Tatterling never returned from the funeral. Watch had been set upon the premises after dark by people interested in such things, but his figure had never been seen to enter or to leave. In course of time Jones, of Coke Chambers, by virtue of his agreement, had distrained on the furniture for several quarters' rent overdue, and Prospect House had again become an empty house—heavens, how empty now!—when one day (the anniversary of her death) tidings came that Mr. Tatterling had been found.

He was lying prone upon her grave.

Under cover of the night he had scaled the high railings of the cemetery in which she lay, and the cold, grey light of an awakening day had revealed him, in the last stages of ragged want and woe unutterable, lying prone upon her grave, livid, motionless—dead.

(*To be continued.*)

CHRIST IN FIFTH AVENUE.*

By CHRIS HEALY.

THE long, wide street glittered in the cold sunshine this Christmas Day of 1906. Overhead, across a thin blue sky, the north-westerly wind scattered a mass of white clouds fringed with the sun's golden fire—the perfect work of God; below, the almost perfect work of man was manifested in these stately churches and brown stone palaces, which rose like a double line of sandstone hills imprisoning the crowds of well-dressed men and women who surged along the pavement on their way to worship. It was a sight worthy of the greatest city in the western world. Yet, it seemed strange that, at this season of the year, when the King of Poverty is adored with careless, acquiescent praise, not a poor man or woman was in sight. Looking at the mass of furs, silks, satins, and golden ornaments passing along, one would have thought that it was a parade before entering the opera—certainly not before entering a church.

A stranger might be tempted to make a hasty generalisation, and declare that this street reeks of wealth and mock devotion, but it is more in keeping to examine it by reasons which appeal to the mind rather than the heart. As I walked slowly along, pausing outside every church to contemplate the growing crowd of worshippers, it seemed less and less easy to believe that these people, clothed in soft raiment, had left the houses of kings to adore a Man born in an open stable, who, cradled in poverty, preached the gospel of the poor against the rich, and who, finally, was crucified by the priests and congregations of the rich churches for having publicly proclaimed that it was easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter heaven. His life was the epic protest of poverty against the soul-destroying, body-destructive influence of riches. Yet here was a representative band of the quarter of a million of men who own eighty per cent. of the wealth of this country, leaving their palaces to worship Him who had never owned even the manger in which He was born. The thought inevitably arises here, that when Christ scourged the money-changers out of the Temple, they had no idea of the ironic revenge to be taken by their descendants, the money-changers of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, in building to the manes of Him of Galilee these stately churches in Fifth Avenue. "How ironical God is!" cried Heine, sixty years ago. How more ironical is humanity! one might say to-day.

Suddenly a tall, swarthy Italian turned the corner of Forty-second Street, bearing in his arms a great white package. He seemed a poor artist, and I wondered what had brought him to this street on Christmas Day, seeing that there was no one here to buy or sell his skill. Then I forgot him as I saw that a sharp gust of wind had torn away the paper round the package, leaving revealed the white figure of Christ. The face was majestic, with the sorrows of two thousand years, years past, years yet to come; the eyes shone with all the divine sympathy of pity; the mouth was tremulous with spoken prophecies, and unspoken fulfilments. Presently as I gazed the Italian vanished, and He stood alone in the street, unseen of the passing crowds, so that the ideals of the Best and the Worst stood face to face—the incarnation of Poverty and Suffering, surrounded by all the outward and visible symbols of the gospel of wealth. The money-changers He had scourged out of the Temple were worth, at a liberal estimate, about half-a-million dollars, less than half the cost of the foundations of any of the palatial churches and mansions around Him; and as He turned His face in wondering anger to contemplate the rich worshippers driving and walking along, I could almost see the words half-formed

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on His lips, "Lama, Lama, sabachthani!" It was not God that had forsaken Him now—it was man.

He moved on slowly, quietly, stopping now and then to note the wealthy multitude, white with anger as He saw the arrangements made to keep poverty from defiling the aroma; stalwart policemen were shepherding beggars down the side-streets lest they should come between the wind and the nobility of the churches. I tried to let my eyes pierce the crust of furs, furbelows, and broadcloth, to see whether the real truth in the breast of Christ meant aught to these rich crowds; the gap between Christ and Crœsus was easily apparent. As a workman myself —I worked twelve years at manual labour before I began to earn my bread by writing—I knew how much of the wealth flaunted by the very rich is earned. In the noble, indignant words of Father Ducie, a devoted New York priest, "these people imagine that by a little almsgiving at one season of the year they are practising the teachings of Christ Jesus our Lord, although the rest of the year they indulge in every form of pleasure and luxury"—though that luxury is earned by overworked, under-fed men and women, "by poor children, wan and worn, with undeveloped bodies, not properly nourished, and improperly and unjustly compensated, enslaved in factories, mills, and mines, turned into money-making machines to satiate luxury, while they, themselves, the producers of capital, are being crushed, mentally, morally, and physically, unprotected and undeveloped."

The man who knew his New York could easily have recognised the passing kings of this Republic, even though they bore no frankincense or myrrh in their hands. There were rich men here whose wealth would have made Solomon seem poor, who, after a six days' worship of Mammon, had found an hour to spare to listen indulgently to the story of the white Christ; and in awe I watched Him gaze at them with grave, terrible eyes, as they passed through the open doors of the ivy-clad churches, the majestic notes of an organ, played by a master-musician, *pealing a triumphant* march for their conquering footsteps. And everywhere there was the same half-expressed note of satisfaction: "See, we, the kings of the earth, are humble not proud! We have come out to worship a Beggar!"

Again I felt Christ's lips move, and heard the words, "Beware of those which love . . . the chief seats in the synagogues, and the upper places at feasts; which devour widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayers: these shall receive greater damnation."

I followed from afar, and saw the white Figure pass into one great church in which He was being worshipped with every aid that art can give to play upon the senses. The organ was pealing softly; a hundred candles gleamed on the high altar like yellow stars, their dim light being reflected in the beautiful stained-glass windows, the tall marble pillars, the rapt faces of the worshippers, among whom could be seen here and there a poor man, a poor woman, to whom this service was the very bread of life, made so even by their belief. The perfect voice of a tenor rose and fell as softly as the flight of a bird; the organ burst into divine harmonies—and yet the face of Christ seemed cold as He glanced at the feast of beauty and art spread before the people in His name. Then a chorus of the fresh, sweet voices of the choir-boys burst into the triumphal chant:—

Adeste fideles,
Laeti triumphantes
Venite adoremus in Bethlehem
Natum videte
Regem Angelorum
Venite adoremus,
Venite adoremus
Venite adoremus Dominum!

and for the first time the Face was illumined with a smile so tender, beautiful, and loving, that one could realise the love of children in the heart of Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven." The smile faded as the children ceased, and the face was once more cold, calm, inscrutable as He looked round the church. Then the Figure passed unseen into the street once more, and again I followed. He glided along to the Baptist church in 46th

Street, and stood outside it for awhile, sorrowfully contemplating its ivy-clad magnificence. Then He walked across towards Third Avenue, and entered a Salvation Army barracks from which rang the harsh, unmusical, but sincere song, "Follow, follow, I will follow Jesus!"

I turned back towards Fifth Avenue, and paused for a moment at the corner of 46th Street. My attention had been attracted to it for the first time when I read in the newspapers that John D. Rockefeller, Jr., had given an address to his Bible class entitled, "Never judge by appearances." It gave me the idea, wrongful, perhaps, that he had been rummaging among his father's papers and had come across the typewritten statement the latter has prepared for his justification to the Recording Angel, with the above heading. I had thought that this would make a good one-act play for the "Lambs"—New York's famous Actors' Club—John D. and the Recording Angel, with George Bernard Shaw as an interpreting choragus, the whole to be played before an audience of little devils dressed as oil-cans. Then, to my surprise, I had seen that Dr. Charles Aked was preaching in this same church—a man the negation in thought, and word, and deed, of all that the millionaires of America, or elsewhere, stand for. I had seen Aked, with his fierce scorn of unrighteousness, face, with unflinching bravery, a whole city mad with the murder-lust of the recent Boer war; I had heard him review Robert Blatchford's "Merrie England," a well-known Socialist pamphlet; and I had heard him denounce wealthy men with more than the fury of a street-corner Socialist — one of his statements was that if rich men could take their riches with them when they died, they would melt. *Que faisait-il dans cette galère?* What had the Aked, who had made ideals realities in his adopted city of Liverpool, in common with these millionaire persons whose whole life had been a laying of house to house and field to field until there was no place for the poor between. It might have been that, in intense darkness themselves, they had realised the need of the occasional presence of an honest man in their church. For even a Rockefeller has the privilege to repent.

THE REV. CHARLES FREDERIC AKED, D.D.

Late minister of Pembroke Chapel, Liverpool, who has accepted a "loud call" to the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, New York, where the Rockefellers worship.

I went to the church the following Sunday, and found to my further surprise that Dr. Aked had received a "call." In other words, he had been offered the pastorate of the Fifth Avenue Baptist

Church, which carries with it the post of private chaplain to John D. Rockefeller, and one or two other multi-millionaires, at the very handsome salary of ten thousand dollars a year, with house rent and coals. I was too late to hear the pious blather of young Rockefeller, who uses the Bible-class of this church as a cord to draw the triumphal car of his vanity. The church itself seemed unusually aesthetic for men who believed in the Calvinistic traditions of the Baptists. The rich, fluted pillars, the gorgeous decorations, the comfortable seats, were utterly at variance with the plain, cold building in which Dr. Aked conducted his ministry and made his heroic record at Liverpool. I felt uneasy as I watched him enter the pulpit. The old dogmatic fearlessness had vanished, and there seemed a strange, unusual timidity in his manner. Then a tenor arose on his right, and began to sing a hymn; a soprano joined in with him: it seemed more like an operatic duet than a hymn. Evidently millionaires like frills on their religion. For a moment I thrilled as I thought that Aked of Liverpool was the same as ever, for he read this, as the lesson of the day:—

"*Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal. For where your treasure is there will your heart be also.*"

One can only realise the magnificent irony of this when I state that there were at least twelve hundred million dollars sitting in the front row in the shape of the two Rockefellers, father and son. I am a poor man, and I suppose I always shall be one, but I'd cheerfully give a month's pay to know the private opinion of the Standard Oil Company on that paragraph. I do not suppose I will ever get it, either. Surely, Isaiah had John D. Rockefeller in mind when he wrote "My hand hath found as a nest the riches of the people: and as one gathereth eggs that are left, have I gathered all the earth." Either of these texts would have made magnificent food for sermons. Instead, we had an address on the text, "Thou hast prepared me a table in the midst of mine enemies," clever, full of erudition—and meaning nothing. I had heard sermons from Dr. Aked, masterpieces of thought, of humour, wit, tenderness, and charged with so religious a spirit that even such an unemotional man as myself was impressed. I thought I would go again in the evening and see whether the atmosphere of this church had already debilitated his grasp of things. The sermon in the evening was, "And there shall be no more sea"—a rightful glorification of the wonder of this wonderful land, but tacked with a plea that the two nations, American and British, should be regarded as one; this latter trait showed a singular lack of knowledge of the American pride in its *not* being a branch of the Anglo-Saxon race. And, besides, it was not a sermon; it was a lecture.

My mind turned from the address to the Rockefellers. Perhaps one wrongly estimated the part these men had played in the world's history. This fierce criticism of the very rich, is it not the attitude of weak, helpless envy towards bold, successful endeavour? Have they not the right to say, "By the strength of my hand I have done it, and by my wisdom, for I am prudent"? These men have ever shunned delights for hard, laborious days. Rockefeller, senior, once corded wood, carried it across his shoulder, and sold it from door to door, whilst other men laughed, and idled, and drank, or slept. Has not the man diligent in his business the right to stand before kings, and at the head of the multitude? Work, unceasing work, is the badge of most of the rich man's tribe. Do any of our workmen work so hard as we do? they rightfully ask. Good, we have found a standard—work, arduous, body and brain-destroying work! But even more arduous toil and heroic endeavour has been accomplished by men who worked for humanity—not for self. Take Washington's life and Lincoln's, Father Damien's and Wilberforce's, William Thomas Stead's, and Cardinal Manning's and General Booth's, and measure their struggles against the self-seeking efforts of the Rockefellers, the

Armours, the Goulds, the Harrimans, the Barnatos. *Their* work made men happy. Washington freed a nation; Lincoln united it, and healed its wounds; Damien lived an undying martyrdom for the lepers of Molokai; Wilberforce gave his life and wealth to the abolition of slavery in British dominions; Stead, by one great act of heroism, gave six years' extra security to English children from the lust of blackguards; Manning and Booth, by an industry as great as their great hearts, have gained themselves the right to be styled the Apostles of the Poor. But every ounce of the millionaires' energy has only made some poor man poorer; it robs the widow of a few drops of her scanty cruse of oil; it takes a scrap of meal and meat out of the plate of the orphan; it sends men and women, broken in health long before their time, to either an asylum or a suicide's grave. Yes, let work be the test, but by its fruits shall we judge it!

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.

Again I recoiled before the problem of how these men could reconcile their place in the church with the plain statement that no man can serve God and Mammon at the same time. Could these men not see the incongruity of linking the six-day service of the god of Wall Street and the two-hour-o'-Sunday service of Christ? Was it what the Catholic Church calls invincible ignorance, or what? I thought I would give myself every chance to understand their point of view. I went again the next Sunday—a few days after Dr. Aked sailed for Liverpool to make up his mind about the "call"—and heard young Rockefeller address his Bible-class on David's advice to Solomon: "Be thou strong, therefore, and show thyself a man; and keep in the charge of the Lord thy God, to walk in His ways." And though the man bleated like a half-brained curate at a penny reading, there was some delicious, unconscious humour in his remarks.

"There is a time in every man's life," said this young Solomon of Fifth Avenue ("David, my father," was at home that day; he had not even left his card at the church), "when he comes to cross-roads. And his whole future depends upon what he does. I want you to give me an example."

I was thinking of rising to say the first thought which occurred to me: "Yes, a time comes when a shrewd, hard young business man comes to two roads — one will enable him to get secret rebates from the railway companies, and so ruin his competitors; he can then accumulate riches beyond the dreams of avarice, buy legislatures, and judges who will turn aside the needy from judgment, and take away the right from the poor that widows may be their prey, and that they may rob the fatherless, and so allow the man who has bought them to defy every law of God and man, and—and build a church in Forty-sixth Street. But if he takes the other road, the chances are that he will remain poor but honest."

I was forestalled, however, by a worthy man who rose to give the typical view of the Bible-class, worthy of a city where

the Young Men's Christian Association has a gambling class called "The Real Estate Class." This man was lost in some district outside New York city, and he wished to get back to the business district as fast as he could. He asked a woman to point the way. She did so. "And," said he, "I looked up, and saw the little Dipper. I followed that, caught a train to New York, and there carried through one of the best business deals I have had in all my life. Whenever I come to cross-roads now, I always look up." It was a typical Bible-class view of the typical God of the millionaire who leads His devotees to successful "deals" —the God of the Old Testament, not the New, a God whose chief symbol is an unlimited bank balance, not a cross.

The last time I heard that "Look up!" story it was told somewhat differently. When Paul du Chaillu visited equatorial Africa the last time he met an old negro chief who, after stating his impressions of the changes during the last twenty years, concluded with this gem: "Great is the white man! He comes to our country, and tells us to look up to God. And whilst we are looking up, he steals the ground from underneath our feet."

No: if people had not done so much looking up, there would not be over ten thousand millionaires in America to-day! And yet they show such a poverty of imagination in getting their riches. The Standard Oil Company, for instance, believes in getting in every dollar. They don't do it. I now have the honour to present them with an idea worth half a million dollars a year. Baptists believe in salvation by immersion in water unto repentance. If Rockefeller used his influence to make them believe that salvation was possible only by immersion in oil! Even a combination of both would mean more dollars for the great oil company. It should present no difficulties, for, surely, it is as easy to mix oil and water as it is to mix the doctrines of Crœsus and of Christ.

I am not one who believes that, of necessity, the millionaire is a bad man, or woman. Phelps Stokes and Nathan Strauss in America, and the late Baroness Burdett-Coutts and George Cadbury in England, are proofs to the contrary. Yet none of these are, or were, associated with the breast-thumping fervour of the chapels and synagogues, nor have they loudly advertised to the world their aim and endeavour to fit their necks to the yoke of Christ. It is the "religious" rich men whom poor men always fear. They usually insist on their pound of flesh with more ferocity than do the ordinary money-getters with no other ideals than those offered by the eternal, damnable dollar. I do not suppose Shylock was an attendant in the synagogues. The Mosaic law of mercy to debtors must have appeared to him to be a grave infraction of the rights of the rich.

It is time the world spoke out plain and straight to "pious" millionaires. If the life of Him of Galilee be aught to them more than a careless recognition of the fact that a world such as theirs showed for ever to after ages a gaunt, crucified Figure, silhouetted against the sky of Calvary as an object lesson of the fate of them that preach that the rights of the rich are the wrongs of the poor, then let them try to realise who Christ is, what His message is, what His ideals are!

I thought out the whole problem of Aked *versus* Rockefeller as I walked through the gray curtain of rain which hid Fifth Avenue. On the pavement was spread a pack of cards, the tribute of some rich gambler who had blessed or cursed his luck the night before. Was the "call" a gamble? And whose? It scarcely seemed possible to believe that Aked was having a gamble with God. Was he about to turn his back on his magnificent record, and hold a candle to Mammon? I could not believe it. No, the new pastor of the Baptist Church in Fifth Avenue is a *man!* From what I know of him, he must "make good." A stranger coming with clear eyes to this country when he wishes to typify its religion, must call before his mind some poor Irishman or woman on their way to Mass, stopping to give a few pennies out of their scanty store to someone poorer than themselves; a pious, God-fearing farmer reading and expounding the Bible to his family, and finding comfort there

CHRIS HEALY.

Author of "Confessions of a Journalist." From the painting by Lester Ralph.

of a new heaven and a new earth; some Salvationist crying in a frenzy of fervour that his faith in Christ keeps him strong and happy above all temptation—but he will associate the *millionaire* never with religion. *His* church-going is just the same idea of enjoyment that a society beauty has when, after decking herself with diamonds, she goes to the opera, or, to put it on a lower plane, the same idea

of sensuous gratification as of a toper going out on "a jag."

Yet, I cannot see why the millionaire should not be *really* religious, and that is why I rejoice in the new ministry at 46th Street. For Aked must preach that Christ has nothing in common with the fat, well-fed lies, the bloated vanities, stalled in Fifth Avenue, and that He slakes His thirst of love in the hearts of the poor, not of the rich. The new pastor must reiterate all that Christ has said about riches, especially His advice, "If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come and follow Me," even though it sickens the Rockefellers on account of their great possessions; he must preach that for the men who achieve wealth by unholy means there comes a time of judgment—and sometimes a lamp post and a rope. He must teach Rockefeller, if he does not know it, that every dollar the Standard Oil Company takes away from England is wet with the blood of slaughtered children—that the Standard Oil Company sells oil that gives off a dangerous inflammable vapour when it reaches the flash-point of 78 degrees which for the poor too often means death, there being a death list on this account of over two hundred persons each year; that a wise American Government recognises this, and insists that all lamp oils sold in the United States shall have a flash-point of at least 100 degrees. Whether or no the British Home Office is acting in complicity with the Standard Oil Company to prolong this disgraceful discrimination against the interests of the British consumer, it is certain that the Oil Company has always sought to maintain the British standard at the inferior and murderous lower level.

And, above all, Aked must teach that the power, social influence, and worldly worth of the multi-millionaire, when revealed by the white light of Christ, is not only worthless, but a menace to every ideal between Buddha and Christ.

He *must* do all this. Either that, or else Judas will be marching sorrowfully through hell reflecting that the market-price of betrayal has gone up since his day—perhaps through the increased cost of living. It is no longer thirty pieces of silver; it is ten thousand dollars a year, house rent, *and* coals.

AN OXFORD COMEDY.

By ARTHUR ECKERSLEY.

I.

ON a June morning, William Wyse stood by the window of his room in St. Mary's College, Oxford, reading a letter.

"Really," he said, in a tone of vexation, "this is very sudden!" After a moment he added, "And most unsatisfactory!"

There was some warrant for his annoyance. At the end of a man's last summer term, just as its most delightful time approaches, to find an unknown and elderly relative thrust without warning upon his entertainment is enough to excuse a slight petulance of demeanour. And this it was that had happened to William.

William Wyse (some of his friends called him Bill, but under a misapprehension) was a person of whom it might so far have been correctly said that he did nothing by halves. In every occupation of life that he had thought fit to follow he had achieved that respectable three-quarters of perfection that secures the advantages of proficiency without the limits of specialisation. Thus at the end of his Oxford career he could, and did, look back upon a record entirely blameless without being aggressively "smug." He had rowed in his college boat, was thought to have done well in the schools, and had published (at his own expense) a slender volume of discreetly erotic verse that had gained for him some repute in the more exclusively literary circles of the University. With even fewer vices than he confessed to, and without more debts than were inevitable, he had contrived to make a moderate income a sufficiency, while yet retaining the confidence of those whose pecuniary and social position was superior to his own. In short, he was one of whom several of the elder dons spoke openly as a credit to his college.

And now, at a crisis in this careful career, just as Commemoration Week was approaching, with its picnics and dances and the hundred festivities that on this occasion (for a reason that will transpire shortly) were unusually important to him, he learnt that an uncle, home on leave from India, proposed to spend part of it in Oxford, "with a view to making the acquaintance of the nephew whom he had left in petticoats!" No wonder that William was annoyed.

He glanced again at the letter in which his mother had announced her brother's approach.

"I am sure, dear William," she wrote, "that you will do everything in your power to make your Uncle Henry's visit a happy one. Recollect that he was himself a member of the University before you were born, and that it will doubtless give him pleasure to renew his memories of it under the guidance of an affectionate nephew. We have much enjoyed his visit to us; indeed, the little ones will be quite disconsolate at losing him.

His ways with children are certainly most entertaining."

"Bother!" said William, viciously; "I know exactly what that means—Bald-headed benevolence, and the what-have-I-got-in-my-pocket manner! That is what they expect me to trot round and be the affectionate nephew to, just now of all times in the year, with the Appletons' picnic coming off this very afternoon! Well, I can't miss that for a whole Lombardy of uncles. His Benevolence will have to come too, that's all. And I hope he may enjoy it!"

With this pious wish, whose intonation somewhat belied the sentiment, he resigned himself to fate, and, having dispatched a preparatory note to his hostess, set forth to welcome the most unwelcome guest.

The day was brilliant, and as William avoided all hurry on principle, and walked with a somewhat delicate step, it followed that by the time he reached the railway station the train had already arrived and was in the process of disgorging the usual crowd of fluttered parents and expectant sisters or cousins peculiar to the Oxford platform at such seasons. Not till he was well involved in this turmoil did he realise that there was no probability of his recognising the particular passenger of whom he had come in search. However, he had but just made this reflection, when, stepping smartly back to avoid a passing truck, he alighted on the toe of an individual behind him.

Startled at the vehemence evoked by so natural and unavoidable a mishap, William turned to apologise.

"I trust," he asked courteously, "the injury——"

"That's Susan's lad for a fiver!" exclaimed the stranger. "Don't tell me your name isn't Bill Wyse!"

"No, Uncle Henry," said William, with ready tact. And thus fortuitously the meeting was accomplished.

Colonel Moberley's appearance caused his nephew a slight shock—the first of many that were to come. Observing him as they shook hands, he saw a little gentleman, somewhat inclined to plumpness, with a pink face, a fair moustache, and merry blue eyes. For costume the Colonel wore a check suit of prominent design, and on his head a light bowler reposed at an angle that carried more than a suggestion of the rakish. Altogether it was not precisely the figure of William's anticipation.

The Colonel, on his part, looking up as William looked down, saw a tall, rather good-looking youth, in whose appearance a happy blend of æstheticism and athletics was suggested by the combination of six feet odd of muscular, well-developed figure, with a carefully arranged costume, a tie of faded green, and hair worn at the length that usually betrays, indeed proclaims, the artistic temperament. It is possible that he, too, was astonished.

"Bless my soul!" he cried heartily, grasping William's hand with the clutch of a drowning man at a straw. "You've altered since the petticoat days, eh? Should never have known you if I hadn't heard you speak. Recognised that company voice directly; your mother used to talk just so as a child when we were brought down to see visitors. Must have inherited it from her!"

William smiled, wincing. To one accustomed to regard himself as a personal and unique creation, this suggestion of maternal heredity held something almost indecent. However, he concealed the emotion, and, after a short interval for the collection of Uncle Henry's belongings, they found themselves outside the station.

"I think, William," said the elder gentleman, "that I might send my luggage on to the hotel, and walk up with you. The air will be refreshing after a stuffy carriage, and I shall enjoy seeing the streets."

William made an effort to be genial. "Do," he said, with somewhat forced enthusiasm; and accordingly they set out together.

I hope that most of those who will read this little story are already familiar with the setting of it, else I despair of giving any idea of the influence that setting had upon its development. For it was an enchanted city through which William and his uncle passed in the freshness of that June morning. At such times

Oxford is a pleasure-town; even the ancient buildings seem (if one may be allowed a sentimental comparison) to smile in the sunshine like very old persons watching the happiness of children. "The Corn," when they turned into it, was crowded. Young men in flannels were making for the river with picnic hampers in their hands; others were riding out on horseback towards Godstow or Woodstock. At the corner of Ship Street a band was playing some lively melody, and as they came by the Clarendon Hotel the Henley Stage swung out of the courtyard, a blaze of scarlet, the horses tossing and plunging and the guard waking the echoes with a fanfare.

The joyousness of the whole scene stimulated the senses; it seemed to act upon Uncle Henry like some magic elixir. Already he appeared to look younger; he sniffed the air as an old war-horse is said to scent the battle.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, taking a deep breath, and stepping out more jauntily. "This is worth living for. I seem to have been bottled up all these years in India, and the cork is only just coming out! I hope you appreciate your youth, William! Make the most of it, my lad; wallow in it while you can, for there's precious little in after-life to touch it!"

"I suppose not," said William, lamely. He was conscious of a wish that his uncle would employ a somewhat less hearty intonation.

"Not but what," continued Uncle Henry, "I notice a damnable lot of changes since my time, and precious few of 'em improvements. Trams in the Corn, motors even, and a whole warren of new buildings."

He might have been about to add more, but at this moment his attention was diverted by a passing carriage, the occupants of which nodded and smiled to his companion.

"Who were those, William?" he asked, interested; "they seem to be friends of yours."

William had grown slightly conscious. "Yes," said he; "Lady Appleton and her daughters. They live in North Oxford."

Uncle Henry seemed to detect some significance in his tone: he glanced at his nephew sharply out of the corner of his eye, but said nothing.

"By the way," continued William, "you are going to their picnic this afternoon. I couldn't get out of it myself, and I thought you might enjoy it. That is," he added with a touch of malice, "if you're not too tired. Perhaps, though, you ought to rest after your journey?"

"Rest!" cried Uncle Henry. "Perish the thought! It'll do me good. I shall be delighted to come. Uncommon pretty girl, too, the tall one in pink, don't you think so?"

"Er—possibly," said William.

"Young liar," thought the Colonel, watching him. Aloud he said, "Ah, you fellows nowadays have no eyes! When I was up it was very different. Bless me, why I recollect a little tobacconist, Abingdon-way, who once——"

"Yes, yes!" cried William, hurriedly, as he recognised ahead of them the figure of the Dean of St. Mary's, whom they were about to overtake. "But you must tell me of it some other time. Just now I want to present you to my tutor."

"Oh—a don," said Uncle Henry; "I shall be charmed." Then he put up his glasses and stared more narrowly at the back which William had indicated. "Who did you say it was?" he enquired in an altered voice.

"Mr. Deighton," repeated William, "the Dean."

"Good Lord!" cried his uncle, unexpectedly; "it's the very man!" Running forward, to William's alarm, he dealt the clerical shoulders a resounding thump. "Christopher, my boy!" cried he; "where used you to get your tobacco?"

Under the combined influence of surprise and violence the Dean spun round like a top. For a moment he gazed at Uncle Henry in bewilderment, then the books under his arm fell with a crash, and he extended both hands, beaming.

"It's Mops!" he cried. "Mops, by all that's wonderful! What brings you here? This is glorious, amazingly glorious!"

The two gripped hands and stared each at the other with an emotion that

was almost romantic. William half expected them to embrace.

"To think," cried Uncle Henry, "of their making you a don and letting you tutor these innocent babes! You, of all people, who were easily the biggest buck of our year!"

"My dear Moberley!" said the Dean, growing a little pink and directing a warning glance towards William; "that was all—er—some time ago!" It was undeniable that Uncle Henry's remarks were occasionally tactless.

"Well, well," said he; "I daresay you have sobered down since those days. Don't be alarmed, I'll tell no tales! But it's magnificent to see you again—and so little altered, too!"

"Nonsense, nonsense!" returned the Dean, highly gratified nevertheless. "It must be the sight of you that is making a new man of me already. Of course, you are putting up in St. Mary's?"

"No," said Uncle Henry; "I've engaged a room at the Mitre, but only for a night. The fact is," he added, with a touch of shyness in his voice, "I thought I might want to cut away to-morrow, if I found the old place unbearably changed, or that I was spoiling sport, or anything of that sort. So I left myself a free hand."

"Spoiling sport be d—ismissed!" cried the Dean. "What utter nonsense! But we must have you in college. Fortunately it's the end of term, and one or two men are already down. Now I think of it, I believe you can have your own rooms in the cloisters!"

Uncle Henry smote his chequered thigh. "Gad!" he exclaimed uproariously; "this is the old time come back again!"

"And there's something else, too," continued the Dean, now thoroughly roused. "Who do you think turns up to-morrow? Who, but Sandy Doeg! He's a professor at Aberdeen, and they're going to give him an honorary degree, 'for services in the cause of science.'"

"Who? Doeg! Nonsense! What's he done? Invented a new drink?"

The Dean laughed again. "You have the memory of a Rip Van Winkle," he said. "Try to realise that we are now respectable and middle-aged fogeys. But it will be great to see Porthos, Athos and Aramis together after all these years, eh?"

"Great!" cried Uncle Henry, thrusting his arm through that of the Dean, and looking as though with little more provocation he would break into a war-dance in the middle of the High. "It'll be the greatest thing since the term when you were nearly sent down for——"

Her head thrown slightly back as she balanced her figure to the swing of the raft.

"What are you doing this afternoon?" asked the Dean.

Uncle Henry chuckled. "Nerves! Nerves!" he said. "Christopher, my lad, this ecclesiastical strain is beginning to tell upon you. However, as regards this afternoon, William here has pledged me to some woman's picnic—name of Appleton, if I remember rightly."

The Dean gave him a quick glance.

"That's a coincidence," he said. "It

was of those very people that I was thinking at the moment when we met. Lady Appleton was good enough to send me an invitation."

"You coming too?" cried Uncle Henry. "Excellent."

The Dean shook his head. "No; I refused with gratitude. To tell the truth, I—I feel I should be out of place in such frivolities. I'm too old. At least," he added, smiling, "I was—half-an-hour ago!" Seeing that his friend looked a little crestfallen, he hastened to say, "But you'll be back in time to dine at high table with me this evening?"

"Of course I will!" said Uncle Henry with alacrity. "If I have to swim. And we'll make a night of it afterwards, eh? Some of that brandy-punch! You're not too old to remember that, I hope?"

"I haven't tasted it," laughed the Dean, as the two marched on down the street, arm-in-arm, "since the last time we dined together, but to-night——!"

William, walking silent a little behind, began to wonder whether the visit was going to turn out precisely as he had expected.

II.

LADY APPLETON and her other guests had been waiting for some time at the raft by Folly Bridge, which was the point of departure for the picnic, when William and his uncle appeared upon the plank connecting it with the shore.

The reason of their delay was at once evident in the altered aspect of the elder gentleman. Uncle Henry, stepping briskly along in the wake of his nephew, was now attired in a complete suit of cream-coloured flannel, which he had been so fortunate as to secure from a tailor near the "Mitre."

"The fact is, William," he had observed to his nephew in explanation of his having kept him waiting for half-an-hour in the hall of the hotel, "I was so struck by your costume, and that of the men whom we passed in the streets this morning, that I couldn't have come out again in anything I had with me. The things were so confoundedly middle-aged. Now in this," he continued, taking William's arm, and bestowing a complacent glance at his reflection in the shop windows as they passed, "one is at least in the picture. Wonderfully resourceful man, that fellow Eveson; quite an artist in his way. You should patronise him."

"Yes," said William, who was still inwardly fuming; "he's generally considered too expensive for my moderate income."

There was a suggestion of conscious rectitude in the remark that was lost upon his companion.

"Nonsense, my dear lad, nonsense!" returned Uncle Henry, affectionately pressing his arm, and beaming with innocent pleasure into the faces of entire strangers; "a very laudable sentiment in the abstract, but, after all, one is young but once."

William was silent, though not for lack of a retort, and passing rapidly through Merton Meadows they reached the river, as has been told, just as Lady Appleton was considering the advisability of starting without them.

This lady was the widow of a former Under Secretary, who had settled in Oxford upon the death of her husband.

Of her two daughters, Muriel, the eldest, who was at Somerville, was simply a favourable example of a type that you may count in dozens in the lecture-rooms of modern Oxford. We shall not have very much to do with her. But it was undeniably Olive who was the beauty. You had but to see her, as William and Uncle Henry now did, standing amidst her circle of attendants, her white dress gleaming in the strong river-reflected sunlight, her head thrown slightly back as she balanced her figure to the swing of the raft, till one caught a glimpse of the exquisite modelling of chin and throat, to admit this fact. And there was more in her than the charm of a fresh face. More than once Olive had given evidence that she inherited much of the genius that had made her father's short political career so full of promise. Yet with all this she was no terrible specimen of the "intellectual woman," but a typical English girl, with laughing eyes that at times

held a sudden gravity, a long-limbed, wholesome-hearted girl, fit to be mate and mother of Englishmen.

William had long ago made up his mind that he would one day marry Olive Appleton, and for William at this time a thing determined upon was as good as done. Of course, however, such a proceeding as what is commonly called falling in love was foreign to his nature. Rather one must describe him as moving carefully and with considered steps towards this condition as to a goal desirable in itself, and doubly so as a stage in the career he meant to follow. For, while he would have treated with scorn the imputation of marrying for motives of gain, it is undeniable that Olive Appleton's position was in his eyes not altogether the least of her attractions. What is, perhaps, more strange is that so far Olive herself had seemed to betray an equal liking for him. But with all his defects, which did not lie upon the surface, William was a pleasant enough companion, and moreover sufficiently a personage in the little world of the university to invest his attention with a delicate flattery. Anyhow, for whatever reason, the girl had shown an obvious pleasure in his society. She had done this as simply as was natural to her. But even the least conceited of men (a distinction to which William could lay no claim) might have been excused for asking himself whether something stronger than mere friendship were not the cause of her partiality.

Oxford, watching the two with sympathetic interest, said that the second Appleton girl, with her wit and influence, would be just the wife for a future politician like Wyse of St. Mary's, and added that they were pretty sure to be engaged before Commemoration Week was over, and the young man went down. This was the state of their relations on the afternoon of the picnic; it explains William's anxiety not to forego that excursion.

When Lady Appleton perceived the truants she advanced with a look of relief.

"I had almost given you up!" she observed reproachfully to William, adding, when the introductions had been made, "You should really keep him in better order, Colonel Moberley; but I suppose that these young men nowadays are so particular about their appearance!"

"Precisely what I was remarking to William as we came along," returned his unblushing relative.

William smiled cynically to himself, then he moved across to Olive. There was quite a little crowd on the raft waiting to embark; Olive, helped by her brother Ernan, an impertinent-looking King Edward's School-boy of fourteen, was distributing them amongst the various boats.

"You and I are going in my canoe, I suppose," said William as he greeted her; "we arranged that, didn't we?"

Olive glanced quickly at him. He looked exasperatingly cool and self-possessed. There was, moreover, an unfortunate suggestion of proprietorship in his tone, probably unconscious, against which her spirit suddenly rebelled.

"I think," she said very sweetly, but with a mischievous gleam in her eyes which a less self-absorbed lover than William might have known how to interpret, "that for one afternoon at least you have escaped such an infliction!"

William started and flushed crimson. "What do you mean?" he stammered. "I thought it was definitely settled the last time we met."

"I think not," said Olive; she smiled as she spoke, but her tone seemed to convey more than the actual words. Then she passed him to attend someone beyond, leaving William, as she thought, with a much-needed little lesson in tact.

"Mr. Wyse," she called to him next moment in her clear voice, "will you take Miss Moxon with you—I think you know each other already—thanks! Then that's settled."

Inwardly groaning, William turned to bow stiffly to Miss Moxon, a lank, spectacled damsel, class-fellow of Muriel Appleton, and as bad a specimen of her kind as the other was good.

"Rather scored you off that time, old man!" whispered Ernan cheekily. "Don't get too tender with gig-lamps, or I'll tell mother!"

"I hope you enjoyed the voyage?" she asked demurely.

William glared at him in silence. He had tested the futility of argument with this opponent before.

"Colonel Moberley," continued Olive, "I shall condemn you and mamma to the inglorious ease of Mr. Lucas's punt, but as he and Ernan are going to paddle three of us in it you'll probably be expected to take a hand half-way!"

"My dear lady," answered Uncle Henry, "would I had a hundred hands to employ in such a service!"

"You ought to have said that, Wyse!" commented Ernan in an undertone to William; "you aren't making half a show to-day!"

"I wish you'd go away—young idiot!" said William savagely, for the last taunt had been too obvious not to sting. The sparkle seemed suddenly to have gone out of his afternoon. This picnic that he had been so anxious not to miss was proving after all deplorably dull. When the arrangement was completed, the little fleet of canoes began to move slowly off down the river, headed by the punt in which sat Lady Appleton, Olive and Uncle Henry, propelled by the owner

with the punt pole and Ernan with a spare paddle.

"I suppose," said Miss Moxon severely, "that we ought also to be starting." She had observed William's expression and already considered him a most ill-behaved young man.

"I beg your pardon!" said William rousing himself. With no more words they took their places, and a few strokes of the paddle sent the canoe into mid-stream in the wake of the procession.

Past the long line of college barges, all resplendent in their summer bravery, they went; then, turning to the left, floated under a low bridge, and so into the winding Cherwell. After the dazzle of the open river it was wonderfully restful on this narrow stream, with its curved banks overhung with a meeting canopy through which the sunlight scattered a mosaic of green and gold upon the shadowed water. Even William, smarting as he was under a sense of unmerited misfortunes, felt the soothing influence. Happily his companion did not seem to require him to talk. There was no sound save the rhythmic plash of the paddle and the faint music of falling drops as it swung forward to the dip. Ahead of them, wherever the stream ran sufficiently straight, he could catch a glimpse of the punt and of a white dress glimmering through the alternate light and shade of the summer afternoon. Occasionally, too, a burst of laughter reached him, or the voice of Uncle Henry, who appeared to be keeping his contingent in the highest spirits. Decidedly, reflected William, it was a very ill-managed affair, this picnic. This idea remained with him through the voyage, and it is more than possible that it was fully shared by Miss Moxon, who, as soon as the spot agreed upon for tea was reached, quitted him with every symptom of alacrity.

Uncle Henry, however, was in his element. When William landed he found that the party had already accepted him as master of the revels. Under his direction Ernan had been sent off for hot water from the neighbouring mill, while some of the guests were busy unloading the provisions, and others, under the supervision of the chief, were collecting dry sticks for a fire.

Olive was kneeling in the grass, to all appearance absorbed in the arrangement of the tea-cups, but perhaps she was not so entirely engrossed in them as she seemed. As William came towards her she glanced up at him carelessly, yet with a faint smile about the corners of her mouth that seemed to say she was ready to take him back into favour on a sufficient pretext.

"I hope you enjoyed the voyage?" she asked demurely. For a moment William hesitated; she looked, he could not help seeing, distractingly pretty. But his injured pride was in no mood for reconciliation. It was his turn to be unexpected now.

"Oh, immensely, thanks!" he said. He paused, and then added suddenly, "In any case I should have preferred any company to that of a person on whom one can't depend!"

This was distinctly rude, as well as a most ill-considered remark; but William's temper had got the upper hand for a moment. His self-possession had deserted him; he was just an absurdly angry boy. Directly the words were spoken, however, he regretted them. But it was too late.

"In that case," said Olive quietly, "the less we discuss the matter the better." She had winced ever so slightly at the insult, but her own manner was perfectly under control. Only, as William turned away, her lips tightened, and Uncle Henry, who, busy with the preparations for a fire, had yet observed every detail of this little incident, saw a look in her face that he would certainly not have seen had she known that she was watched.

"That girl has character," he thought, "and William is a young idiot. He doesn't appreciate his good fortune."

Then he jumped up and cried, as Ernan at this moment re-appeared with a kettle, "Now we are ready; to your seats, gentlemen!" himself setting the example by slipping into the vacant place beside Olive, just as William, who was beginning to relent, had also made a half-hearted move in that direction.

The cloths were spread on the bank of

a narrow backwater, that here made a circuit to the mill, joining the main stream again at a point a little further on. From the top of this bank the picnickers looked down upon the lichened roof of the mill-house immediately below them; beyond, the view was bounded by a shoulder of hill over which stretched the dusty ribbon of the Oxford road. The very magic of summer was at its height that afternoon, cloudless and radiant. Overhead the moon, half visible, lay like a curled feather in the blue, and all round them, as they sat among the long grass, the air so shimmered with reflected heat that the figure of a cyclist, who had just appeared upon the distant road, seemed to leap and gyrate in most alarming fashion.

"That chap's in a bit of a hurry," commented Ernan, lazily watching him over the rim of his cup. "Golly! what dust."

"Ernan, dear," said Lady Appleton, "try to get out of the habit of such absurd slang."

"All right, mother, I'll not do it again. But, my gums! he must be hot."

The whole company was now watching the approaching rider.

"Seems something strangely familiar about him to me," said Uncle Henry, rising and shading his eyes with his hand.

"Surely," observed Lady Appleton, "Is it—can it be—the Dean of St. Mary's?"

"By Jove! you're right," cried Uncle Henry. "Deighton for a fiver!"

Soon there was no longer any doubt upon the point. A few moments later they saw the Dean cross the bridge, and, leaving his machine in the hedge, advance toward them through the buttercups, that rattled against his boots as he came.

"Really, Mr. Deighton," said his hostess, with mock severity, but smiling nevertheless as she greeted him, "your conduct will require an elaborate explanation!"

"Forgive me!" said the Dean, laughing, and mopping his brow, "for I have none. The fact is, I suddenly discovered, about an hour ago, that my reason for denying myself this pleasure no longer existed, or rather was no reason at all. Accordingly, behold me. I fling myself on your mercy."

"Enigmatical," observed Lady Appleton; "but satisfactory now that you have come. The court accepts a penance of which we have had ocular evidence, and Muriel shall give you some tea. I am certain that you must need it."

"It will fulfil a long-felt want," he said flippantly.

There was surely something strange about the Dean that afternoon, thought William, who had marked the look of intelligence with which Uncle Henry had received his explanation. In some subtle way the influence of the Colonel's youthfulness seemed already to have communicated itself to him. He looked decidedly less middle-aged and don-like than he had done in the High Street; his pupil could have fancied, indeed, that there was quite a boyish flush on his cheek as he turned to accept the cup that Muriel handed. But this, after all, might simply have been the effect of the bicycle.

At his tutor's arrival William had risen, thus leaving the space beside Muriel vacant for the moment.

"There you are, Deighton," cried Uncle Henry genially. "Better late than never; and there's a seat waiting for you." He pointed to the gap which William's rising had created.

"You are all very kind," said the Dean gratefully to William, taking as he spoke the place that the latter had no intention of offering. "After all, the pleasure of the end more than compensates for the perils of the way."

It was fairly obvious that he found it so; while Uncle Henry appeared as though the latest arrival had been the one thing needed to complete his happiness. He became more than ever the focus of entertainment, pelting Ernan with cherries, rallying the Dean upon his ride, or embarking upon long stories with wonderful and esoteric points, that no one but himself could perceive, but at which everyone laughed heartily in acknowledgment of the teller's delight.

He showed no disposition, however, to move from the place he had taken beside

Olive, who for her part was his most appreciative listener. She seemed in radiant spirits, without a trace now of the look that Uncle Henry had seen as she bent over the tea-cups. But to William, sitting uncomfortably on the outside of the circle, she was strangely silent

"After all," he reflected cynically, glancing from Muriel deep in conversation with the Dean to Olive sharing a plate with Uncle Henry, "one can never predict what will happen with girls!" But even cheap cynicism, for perhaps the first time in William's life, brought him no comforting sense of superiority.

When tea was done, it was Uncle Henry who suggested the regatta, from which indeed, though indirectly, Tragedy came near to result. They had finished the races, and were most of them on shore again, preparing to re-pack the hampers, when Ernan, who was still in one of the canoes, suddenly called the attention of the others.

"Sitting Swan, the great chief of the Appleton tribe," he cried, "will now display his skill before the astonished Pale Faces!" Then, either with the mischievous intention of creating alarm or in sheer boy-devilry, he dug his paddle into the water and urged the boat in the direction of a chain that was slung across the stream a few yards farther on, bearing a danger board. Beyond it was the weir. He had apparently meant to go close up to this and bring the canoe suddenly round, for as he reached it they saw him lean to one side and hold his paddle with all his force. The boat swerved obediently, but the current was too swift for so violent a turn. In a moment the water had poured in over her side and the canoe was floating bottom-upward, with Ernan clinging to the keel.

The whole thing was so rapid that before the onlookers had time to realise the danger it was ended. Then they saw that Colonel Moberley had darted along the bank and climbed out upon the wooden staging over the weir, where, supporting himself by one arm, he dropped to the surface of the water, and as the canoe shot beneath him was just able to clutch the boy by the collar and hold him thus till help came, and they were both hauled out of peril.

Three minutes later, Ernan, none the worse save for the fright and the wetting, was in his mother's arms, while Uncle Henry, very red in the face, was receiving congratulations with an embarrassed modesty. Twenty yards below portions of the canoe were bobbing up and down in the foam of the mill-pool.

"Tut, tut," he said, "I happened to be the nearest, that's all! He's perfectly sound, Lady Appleton, I assure you. Take him into the mill and get him some dry clothes; there's no harm done."

"Thanks to your courage and promptness," said Lady Appleton, giving him her hand. Olive, who was beside her, said nothing, but her eyes as she looked at Uncle Henry spoke her gratitude.

"Courage? Pooh!" said he, "you make too much of the whole affair!"

It took some time, however, to convince Lady Appleton that boys of fourteen do not invariably perish from five minutes' immersion on a summer's afternoon. Even when Ernan re-appeared, hugely delighted with himself in a suit belonging to the miller's son, she refused to believe that the most dire results would not attend his sitting in the boat during the homeward journey, and hailed with relief a suggestion (somewhat slyly made by Uncle Henry) that he should be despatched on the Dean's bicycle, leaving that gentleman to share a seat in the punt. Accordingly this was done, despite the protests of the subject, who seemed not to relish the thought of appearing unsupported in the streets of Oxford in his present costume.

Uncle Henry, however, was adamant. "Cupid-in-corduroys!" he said severely, "do as you are told. If I were your father I'm not sure that it wouldn't be my duty to inflict a sound thrashing. In the meantime," here he lowered his voice, "take this on account!"

"Oh, I say!" said the lad, blushing with pleasure, "thanks most awfully!" And pocketing the sovereign which Uncle Henry had bestowed (apparently in return for the privilege of rescuing him) Ernan rode off consoled.

"Why?" thought William, who had

been watching. Was there some motive for such generosity, he wondered.

If Uncle Henry had been popular before the accident, this was of course nothing in comparison with his position on the return. By the time the party broke up he appeared to be the dearest friend of every individual member of it, with the exception perhaps of his nephew, who had inevitably been thrust still more into the background by the recent occurrence.

"Remember!" said Lady Appleton, holding his hand at parting, "we expect you to-morrow afternoon at latest. I shall see no one else."

Uncle Henry smiled gallantly. "I should not see them in any case!" he replied with old-fashioned courtesy. But William observed that his eyes were upon Olive as he spoke.

"Good-bye, Miss Olive," he said in a voice that sounded, to one who heard it, alarmingly tender.

"Good-bye," said Olive, giving him her hand. Then she turned to William and did the same, but very differently, hardly looking at him.

"Till to-morrow!" she said over her shoulder to Uncle Henry.

"Till to-morrow!" he echoed gaily.

He was smiling to himself and humming a little tune as he and William walked homeward together.

"Very charming people, your friends," he said; "especially the daughter; not the one Deighton was flirting with, but the other. I was surprised to notice that you and she didn't seem to hit it off, and the more because I fancied this morning—however, I must obviously have been wrong!"

"I suppose," said William, "that there are more girls than one in the world."

"Ah!" said Uncle Henry, "very true; and of course a young man in your position is bound to notice it!"

He appeared to meditate upon this remark till they reached the door of the Mitre, where he turned to take leave of his nephew.

"A most successful afternoon," he said; "most enjoyable in every way. And now for dinner! After all, William, the greatest consolation of old age is the contemplation of the pleasure of others!"

William said nothing.

(To be concluded.)

MILKING TIME.
From the painting by Yeend King.

By OSCAR PARKER.

WHEN a young lady of engaging personality allows herself to become entangled by half-promises with three most unsuitable suitors at once we conclude promptly that she is very much in love with someone without knowing it and is bewildered by her emotions; and when a middle-aged godfather, with a young heart, a jovial nature, and other attractive "points" appears on the scene, the sophisticated play-goer or novel-reader foresees the end with a certainty born of much experience. This is the opening situation of "Three Blind Mice," Mr. Arthur Law's farcical comedy at the Criterion Theatre, the title of which is a misnomer, for it is not the three undesirables who are blind but the real lovers, who won't see. Mr. Lavender, the widower with three children and a dominating governess in his establishment; Mr. Guest, the taciturn and beetling bachelor; and Peter, the bumptious youth, all appear to know their own minds and pursue Miss Marjorie Lovel with a very clear perception of her charms and of their wants. Only Marjorie and her godfather, Julian, are perversely blind, and their eyes are not opened till after Marjorie has clinched her half-promise to the widower with a full pledge, and he has been ruthlessly "commandeered" by the martial-spirited Miss Tippings. If we were asked to take Marjorie seriously we should say she had a bad touch of homomania; but surely we are not asked to take her seriously. No sane and pretty girl would carry on in so irresponsible and maladroit a manner. The play is not presented to us as a plausible romance but a humorous travesty, and our critical sense is to be lulled by the mock-serious air of the playwright into taking it all for nature. For "Three Blind Mice" is in Mr. Law's most seductive manner. Even while he is making us laugh at palpable unrealities, he is spinning a cobweb veil of plausibility before our eyes that creates a misty sense of truthfulness. Before Marjorie commits the rank absurdity of engaging herself to the tremulous widower, we have Lady Marrable (who wants Julian for herself) artfully and meanly playing on the girl's susceptible nature, until Marjorie is persuaded that she can do Julian no greater service than by engaging herself to the first man who offers her marriage. A woman will do anything for pique, we remind ourselves, and Marjorie's folly forthwith becomes self-sacrifice. O, wonderful is

Photo by] "THREE BLIND MICE."—CRITERION THEATRE. [*Dover Street Studios.*

MARJORIE LOVELL (Miss May Palfrey): "How disgraceful!" ANDREW LAVENDER (Mr. O. B. Clarence): "How distressing!"
JULIAN SHUCKBOROUGH (Mr. Fredk. Kerr): "How selfish!"

the art of the romancer in making black (or at least gray) seem white! Then there is a quite absurd scene in an inn, where all the characters come together to escape from a storm that has come on them suddenly while they were at a circus. Conceive a whole countryside of well-to-do people turning out for an evening performance of a travelling circus and all taking refuge in the village inn, where the action of the drama goes merrily forward. The thing's inconceivable except in fiction, but the whole is so adroitly managed that the author and the puppets he has called to life play on our emotions as he and they will, and we are left without a protest. "Three Blind Mice" is very light, very unreal, but very amusing and entertaining, and it is played in just the right tone of bright, engaging semi-seriousness that masks without destroying the whimsicality of the situations involved. It is a play that does not add an ell to the stature of our national drama, but it does smooth out the lines of care, and it strengthens our faith in the possession of a corps of actors and actresses who for lightness of touch and sympathetic pourtrayal of essentially humorous drama cannot be excelled on the stage of any country. It is greatly to Miss May Palfrey's credit that she makes Marjorie as nearly real and convincing as the part could be made, while Mr. Frederick Kerr has only to be his bright breezy self to render Julian, her godfather, to the life. The three light-comedy parts, the "blind mice," could not be in better hands than Mr. Hubert Druce, Mr. O. B. Clarence, and Mr. Max Leeds, and the remainder of the cast is as unexceptional. The play was preceded by a one-act drama by Mr. Hartley Manners, called "The Queen's Messengers," played with distinction by Miss Granville and Mr. Wilfred Foster, but its structure is artificial and unconvincing.

For a Gaiety production may always be predicted a series of "New Editions" as the months of its life roll steadily onwards. Indeed it is invariably composed with an eye to repeated courses of embellishment, a pruning here, new "business" there, fresh songs and dances, even whole interludes may be budded on to the main stem. Consequently the original structure must be loose jointed to respond to so much manipulation. "The New Aladdin" has been no exception to the rule. It was heralded as a sort of new departure—a vain promise, however. "First Nighters" recognised the familiar tokens of a manifest destiny, and there was some expression of dissatisfaction in consequence. The sequel has proved they were right, but I am at a loss to know why they expected anything different. A Gaiety production would have to belie all tradition if it were a firmly knit, compact, dramatic composition, whether extravaganza or burlesque. Mr. George Edwardes knows his patrons better, and what they want they get. They get it in the "New Aladdin" in full measure, pressed down and running over. Action, action, action, all the time, a nicely balanced programme of lively "turns," solo, duo, trio, octette, full stage—buffoonery, sentiment, dance, chorus, fun, jiu-jitsu, song, all neatly stitched in with a skilful blend; constant relief to the eye and the mind, as our grandmothers used to make "crazy quilts." And they get, also, in the "New Aladdin" full measure in richness of *mise en scène;* scenes and dresses are gorgeous in colour and combined effects. Mr. Hawes Craven's conception of "Ideal London" takes the imagination captive; he should be created municipal architect for New London. Furthermore, full measure is meted out to the Gaiety patrons in the cast. Could they ask a more sprightly, irrepressible "Lally" than Miss Gertie Millar, a more up-to-date and versatile genie than Mr. Geo. Grossmith, Junior, a more truculent Ebenezer than Mr. John A. Warden, a more imperial buffoon than Mr. Robert Nainby, a more amusing and lively "Tippin" than Mr. Edmund Payne, a more charming embodiment of the Parisian temperament than Miss Gaby Deslys, or a more vivacious and beautiful Princess than Miss Adrienne Augarde? Emphatically not, and therefore no more remains to be said except that lovers of burlesque will find it to their hearts' content at the Gaiety Theatre.

Photo by [*Dover Street Studios.*

MISS JEAN AYLWIN

As Jennie in "The New Aladdin."—GAIETY THEATRE.

The difference between Hedda Gabler, as Ibsen has drawn her, and the ordinary type of woman who finds life an intolerable bore is that in Hedda we have the consummation—the full flower, so to speak—of that variety in nature. She is so completely possessed by the demon of unrest and discontent that with a miser's passion she must hoard every emotion she can wring from the fortunes and misfortunes, the caprices, the weaknesses, the vices of others. For her monotony is not merely a trial—it is a purgatory. She has married only to escape from it, and naturally the disease has become more virulent than ever. She is shipwrecked on an absolutely boundless sea of exasperating placidity and is become a conscienceless instrument for any devilish suggestion that promises entertainment at anybody's cost but her own. At the least scent of a scandal in Mrs. Elvsted's sudden appearance in Christiania her *ennui* drops away like a cloak, and we seem to hear the soft pad-pad of the panther's treacherous approach to its quarry. It is impossible not to be influenced by Mrs. Patrick Campbell's superb interpretation of the character in the recent revival at the Court Theatre. Hers is not the only possible interpretation, as the history of the play has proved, but it is convincing—even horribly convincing. Hedda is certainly not an agreeable person to number among one's intimate acquaintances, but that is a matter with which we have no concern. What does concern us is the consummate art of the playwright—his absolute mastery of the means by which the character of Hedda is disclosed to us and made to work out its own logical retribution. And it is all done without superlatives, without exaggerations or any illogical artifices whatever. I am no "thick and thin" Ibsenite. I am free to admit that, if a philosophic inhabitant of another world were to judge our terrene civilisation by Ibsen's social plays, he would get a low opinion of our morals and our manners. In them it is undoubtedly life that is pictured and with a relentless perspicuity that is both fascinating and appalling, but it is life without nobility or graciousness, and therefore only a part of life and the worse part. Either Ibsen was essentially a pessimist, which his poetic work forbids us to believe, or he wrote his social plays with an unavowed didactic purpose—to show vice her own features with such unflinching courage that the soul would stand aghast at the course it was running towards its inevitable goal. This is realism as we understand realism in art, and though the picture is repellant it is profoundly absorbing, a clear proof, without any aid from the critical faculty, that it is the work of a master hand.

It would be presumptuous in me to attempt to add anything to the voluminous critical estimates of "Hedda Gabler." I can only deal with it as interpreted at the Court revival. With the consummate care bestowed on every production by Messrs. Vedrenne and Barker, the cast of the play is as nearly perfect as we can look for. I have already referred to Mrs. Patrick Campbell's impersonation of Hedda, a work of art of the highest achievement. She made the character live before us, made us feel her capacity for doing infinite mischief even in the earlier scenes, when she was the mere embodiment of listless *ennui;* and with what subtlety of artistic resource she glides into a feverish animation when a possible scandal presents itself to her morbid fancy. Her show of sympathy for Mrs. Elvsted and for Lövborg never for a moment deludes us into mistaking her cat-like treachery for a genuine desire to help—beneath it is always the feline touch, the obvious working of envy and jealousy and unhealthy craving for fresh sensation, bursting out into uncontrollable climaxes of fury, all the more impressive from the restrained level of the interpretation as a whole. Mr. Trevor Lowe's George Tesman was, in its way, equally convincing. He completely realised the fatuous, garrulous, uncomprehending husband of Hedda, taking infinite interest in small things, with a boyish facility for misplaced light-heartedness. Mr. Laurence Irving played Eilert Lövborg with impressive force; he was most successful in the comparatively meagre opportunity given him in conveying the impression of

Photo by *Dover Street Studios.*

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL.

Who has been playing Hedda Gabler at the COURT THEATRE.

a strong character with one fatally weak point, of which he has the strength to be fully conscious and to dread with a kind of sardonic belief in its power to finally ruin him. The only fully sane character in "Hedda Gabler" is Judge Brack, sane in so far as he can form a perfectly clear course of action and stick to it relentlessly, though he chooses courses that are as unscrupulous and selfish as are Hedda's more wayward impulses. Mr. James Hearn played the part with a certain blunt directness that gained in power from contrast with the fitful temperaments about him; there is no occasion for subtlety in playing the game with such a woman as Hedda Gabler. Mrs. Elvsted, of the type that seems created to furnish the victim for the stronger and more scheming of both sexes, was played by Miss Evelyn Weeden with an artlessness that correctly conveyed a poignant sense of helplessness. In all respects the revival was notable and to be long remembered.

"Mr. Sheridan," a play by Miss Gladys Unger, was produced in March by Mr. Arthur Bourchier at the Garrick, Mr. Bourchier playing the *title rôle*. It is a part in which he may be trusted to capture the sympathies of any audience. His gay *insouciance*, his reckless disregard of debts and duns, his romantic air, his chivalrous assumption of his son's quarrels, his evident love for his charming guest and his self-effacement for his son's sake, his boyish eagerness and impetuosity over the elopement—all this makes up a fascinating character which would be certain to secure the fortune of any play if it were not too hopelessly weak. But I cannot help wondering what would have become of Miss Unger's play if she had been less fortunate in the place and manner of its production. The story is extremely slight, and to extend it over four acts the author has introduced much that does not bear upon the plot itself. The threads of the tale are not knit together with that firmness which keeps the interest chained, and we seem to be witnessing a series of episodes in the life of the famous dramatist and wit rather than a dramatic climax in his career. There are dainty conceits, captivating inventions to please the scenes, a pretty dance, a moonlight flitting of the middle-aged lover and his pretty guest, but these things do not make drama—they are too often subterfuges to blind us to the lack of drama. But Mr. Bourchier and Miss Alexandra Carlisle, who plays Esther Ogle, accomplish far more than all the devices of the author to divert attention from the essential shortcomings of the comedy. They are so obviously in love, so sentimentally happy in the unavowed fact, so plainly drifting to that moonlight escapade and a delirious honeymoon, that we follow their fortunes with a whole-hearted enthusiasm and thank Miss Unger for giving us the privilege. We welcome Mr. Bourchier's Sheridan, even while we doubt if the author of "The Rivals" would have been a very complacent critic of the play that bears his name. Decidedly one of the best impersonations in the cast is that of Sheridan's servant Edwards, given by Mr. Charles D. France; and Miss Nancy Price in the part of an actress of mediocre abilities and somewhat hysterical temperament is excellent, but the part itself suffers from being quite outside the main theme of the play, one of those excrescences which the author buds too freely on the main stalk.

Mr. Cyril Maude produced at The Playhouse, at a limited number of matinées, a new comedy by Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell entitled "Her Son." It was disconcerting to learn that this was a dramatisation of a new novel Mr. Vachell has written, to be published this spring. The somewhat cynical observation is not to be denied that the anticipatory production of the play is in the nature of a publisher's preliminary announcement. At any rate, the author can hardly take offence if so obvious a construction is put upon the matter. There is, of course, nothing to the discredit of author or manager in such an arrangement, but it disposes the critic to wonder if the play be seriously intended as a play or only as a foreword. However, the story is the thing, and we can imagine that in the

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MR. H. BEERBOHM TREE.

"The Red Lamp."—His Majesty's Theatre.

clever hands of Mr. Vachell it will turn out an absorbing and convincing tale. That is, indeed, all the more likely since his play is neither absorbing nor convincing; it fails, indeed, in just those respects in which the novel should be able to command its most pronounced success. For example, the character of Richard Gasgoyne, the hero, necessarily sketched within the narrow limits of a play, is very far from an engaging character—all we are allowed to know of him is that he is a journalist, something of a philanderer and a moral coward. In the book he may be clothed with the most fascinating characteristics and his philandering and cowardice effectually accounted for. But not even Mr. Cyril Maude could make him more than passably decent in the play. We have no sympathy for him, and when a hero fails to win our sympathy at least, there is something wrong with the play. There are other defects also, which are no doubt equally due to the unsuitability of a story, composed for one form of narration, for translation into another and very different form. At all events, the play had every advantage in cast. A more tender and womanly rendition of Dorothy Fairfax could not be desired than Miss Winifred Emery's, and Miss Wynne Matthison's Crystal Wride was one of the most vividly real impersonations she has ever given, while Master Bobbie Andrews achieved a genuine and surprising triumph in Min, the eight-year-old child of Crystal and Gasgoyne.

MY FRIENDS.

By LADY NICHOLSON.

THE crocus is alight beneath my feet
And glows in ecstasy without alloy.
Its life is full and perfect and complete
With spring's soft kiss and the sun's gift of joy.
Oh! little friend that never yet hast failed,
But true and loyal
Ever returnest! though the sun have veiled
Its splendour royal.

Like morning flinging wide her mantle rose,
So has thy jocund presence oft bestrewed
My way with gladness. Tenderly I close
The mute companion of my solitude,
Some book wherein bright sun-blessed vales I find
By sweet shades haunted,
Or spaces wide and wondrous where the mind
May stray enchanted,

To muse and feel that these things are more fair
Than what the world can give, love's fleeting pain,
And gossamer friendships fashioned out of air
That melt and vanish in an April rain,
Leaving no fragrance of a brief delight,
No fond believing.
The dead will rise—while sad oblivion's night
Its pall is weaving.

HINDU TALES AND FABLES.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE SANSKRIT BY HENRY FRANCIS.)

"Whatever is engraved on a new earthen vessel the decoration is not changed."
"By tales told to children morality is taught, here, at least, in this world."

I.

ON HASTY ACTION.

IT is written, "*Whoso, not ascertaining the real state of the case, yields to anger, he like a fool sins: as the Brahmin with the mongoose.*"

The Rajah asks: "How was that?"

The Minister replies:

"There is in Tujienam, a Brahmin, Madāva by name. His wife bore him a son. One day she requested her husband to take charge of the child whilst she went to bathe.

"Just afterwards a man was sent by a Rajah to bring the Brahmin to perform, as priest, the funeral ceremony of Parva. The Brahmin, having received the message, was led by his extreme poverty to reflect: 'If I do not go quickly, another will be fetched, for is it not written—

"*In any matter where something is to be received, or to be given, or to be done, if not quickly done, time drinks up the opportunity.*"

"'The babe here is safe. Why should he not be? What shall I do? Let it be! For a long time the child has been watched over by our mongoose, as if it were its own offspring.

"'Setting it as a guard to the little one, I shall go!' Having done this, he went.

"Then the mongoose crept close to the child to guard it; and presently a large black snake entered the house. This the mongoose quietly killed and tore in pieces.

"Soon after that, the mongoose, seeing

The wife goes to bathe and leaves the child in the Brahmin's care.

The Brahmin receives a summons from the Rajah.

The mongoose tears the snake in pieces.

The blood-stained mongoose runs out to meet the Brahmin.

the Brahmin returning, quickly ran out to meet him, with blood-stained mouth and smeared face, and with joy met its master and rolled about his feet.

"But the Brahmin, seeing it in that state, exclaimed: 'My son has been eaten by this beast,' and at once killed the mongoose with a stick.

"Afterwards, having gone inside and seen his child sleeping soundly and the pieces of the dead snake lying about, the Brahmin perceived his mistake and passed his life in great dejection."

Therefore I repeat—

"*Whoso, not ascertaining the real state of the case, yields to anger, he like a fool sins; as the Brahmin with the mongoose.*"

II.

ON THE INFLUENCE OF WORDS.

THE Courtier said, it is written, "*Whoso thinks, by judging of himself, that an evil-disposed man will speak the truth, will find himself cheated, as the Brahmin with the goat.*"

The Rajah asked: "How was that?"

The Courtier narrated:

"There was in the Gaur Territory a Brahmin, named Tuegna Sarmah. He once prepared to offer sacrifice, went to another village and, having purchased a white goat, put it on his shoulder and quickly returned to his home.

"Now there were three rogues who desired by some stratagem to get possession of that goat, and a happy thought came to them.

"Making a plan they each ran forward and sat down at the foot of separate trees, on a long and unshaded road, directly in the path of the Brahmin.

"Then the Brahmin, as he came near, was addressed by the first rogue.

"'Hulloa! Brahmin, how is it that you carry a dog on your shoulders?'

"The Brahmin replied: 'Ah! Thou ignorant one! This is not a dog. This is a sacrificial goat.'

"About a mile further on, the second

The Brahmin purchased a white goat.

rogue addressed the Brahmin in the same words.

"Hearing this, the Brahmin said, though somewhat perplexed: 'This is not a dog.'

"And putting the goat on the ground, he eyed it over and over, but again lifted it on his shoulder, and with a wavering mind he marched on.

Then, again, a little further on, he heard the same story from the third

The Brahmin returns home with the goat.

The Brahmin concludes he has made a mistake.

rogue, and the Brahmin, concluding that he had made a mistake, left the goat in the road, and having washed, went home. The rogues obtained the goat and killed it, and then cooked and ate it."

Therefore I say—

"*Whoso thinks, from his own experience, that an ill-conditioned man speaks the truth, will find himself cheated, as the Brahmin with the goat.*"

The three rogues cook the goat.

By GEORGE CECIL.

"THEY claps till the skin's wore off their blooming 'ands . . . *Yes!* They earns their money —does my men, sir."

Thus spoke a middle-aged man (with a sly twinkle in his eye) who has, for some years, placed his services at the disposal of foreign singers wishing to make certain of a favourable reception at the hands of musical Londoners.

"It don't matter," he continued, in the blandest manner imaginable, as we parted at the entrance to the Opera, "if the primer donner 'as a voice like a Melber or like one o' them as squalls in a oratori-o. My men gets the office from me to clap—and clap they *will* . . . F'r instance, there's a oprer called 'Trovatory' where the 'ero 'as to do a bit on 'is own and to wave 'is sword, 'ollering fit to bust 'isself all the time. Well, one day at 'Er Majesty's—some years ago, when 'ee'd done 'ollering, I gives the tip to my lot, and you *should* 'ave 'eard the clapping, mister . . . Up went the curtain *eight* times! . . . And when 'ee'd 'ooked it to 'is dressing-room, 'ee sent for me 'ee did, and says something foreign to 'is vally. 'Comprendy?' says the vally. 'Yes,' says I, 'your gov'nor's pleased . . . 'Vill you to drink,' is what the Eyetalian said next . . . Five minutes later, me and them what works under my orders was gargling in the pub. across the road . . . *Ah!* 'ee was a *gent* 'ee *was!*"

I begged the *chef de claque* to meet me at the hostelry after the next act, for I knew that beer—and plenty of it—would produce interesting admissions. In due course, he put in an appearance, being followed by eighteen sturdy persons who looked like prize fighters out of employment. While the leader of the gang was transacting business with a cut-throat looking member of the chorus, I plied his myrmidons with strong drink, and encouraged them to discuss the capabilities of the singers. They all spoke at once, and the following fragments of their conversation reached me:—"'E ain't no perishing good; 'ee can't be 'eard no further than where the toffs sit . . . When Johnny Risky was 'ere, 'ee could fair knock 'em . . . Mefytophyles—*that's* summat *like* a part; the little bit 'ee does in front o' the gal's winder afore 'er brother cops 'er—*that's* the stuff for *my* money! I don't care *'oo* I applauds so long as I'm paid proper. But a bob a night's a bit thick when the gov'nor don't nick less nor five—I'll take my davey . . . *Five!* why, 'ee was paid *five pun'* last night and 'ee on'y 'ad ten of us 'ere: . . . 'ee counted on the chap being pop'lar for to 'ave plenty o' friends to make 'im 'appy. . . ."

Noticing that the leader had finished his conversation, I caused a foaming beaker to be placed before him. When he had recovered his breath, he said:—

"Business is dry work—even if it turns out *well*, as this 'ave. The gent as I told you of was so pleased with me getting the curtain up eight times, 'ee recommended me for to be present when a friend of 'is made 'is deboo in another oprer. 'Ee was a bit nervous: thought as the public wouldn't fancy 'im in it. But Lor' bless 'ee, sir, 'ee 'adn't got no cause for to be afraid. When 'ee come on, 'ee 'ad a round; when 'ee went off the

public again was pleased—No, I didn't mean that, mister, I means as 'ee give satisfaction; and every time 'ee opened 'is mouth, 'ee was certain sure o' a 'and . . . Oh, I earns my money, I does! And what's more, I treats everything confidential. Business with me is done on the strict Q.T. . . . Why, I've 'ad some of the best known singers in the past make sure o' pleasing the public the first time they sings by a-engaging of my little lot."

I had seen a number of letters from this ornament to various warblers—in which he mentioned the names of those who had availed themselves of his services. Consequently, I was more than interested in his statement.

"Why," I asked, "don't you have printed on your letter paper the names of those with whom you've done business? Or you might say 'references kindly permitted to so and so.'"

"Strike me! that's a first-class idea, mister. . . . I ain't no scholar, so if you'll just put it down on a bit o' paper, I'll 'ave it done as soon as I've finished with to-night's job. And if any friends o' yours wants a 'elping 'and, as I may say, supposing as you 'as a friend what wants to come out at a concert or such-like—you've only got for to tell me, and I'll give satisfaction, or my name ain't ——" He paused and, making an ear trumpet of two enormous gnarled hands, whispered in my ear a name which the promise of a motor-car, a yacht, and an heiress could not drag from me.

I returned to my seat, and listened to a singer who needed no artificial applause —judging from the marks of approval with which the occupants of the boxes and stalls greeted his performance. At the close of the act, thinking that the leader of the *claque* might have a word to say on the subject, I hovered near the door, through which he was accustomed to make his exit. But I waited in vain, and it was not till within five minutes of the rise of the curtain that I succeeded in adding to my store of information.

"The Gov'nor's gone for a walk, mister." (I recognised one of the band of applauders with whom I had conversed.) "'Ee's got a idea—so 'ee says—what will make 'is blooming fortune."

I pressed the fellow to further enlighten me. He drank to my prosperity, and spoke thus:—

"The ole man ain't nowhere near as smart as 'ee'd have people think. But when anyone 'elps 'im out, 'ee's ready enough for to do as 'ee's advised. I 'eard 'im say as a gent 'ad been a-gassing to 'im and 'ad put 'im up to a wrinkle, and as 'ee was off for to think it out."

I felt that I had not lived in vain—and I invited the minion to call for whatever he fancied. He at first declined, on the ground that if he was not in his place when the curtain went up, his master's *locum tenens* would give him beans. Eventually the prospect of unlimited drink proved too much for him, and he accepted my invitation in the following graceful terms:—

"'Im what refuses for to drink deserves to 'ave pap for the rest o' 'is blessed natural. 'Ere's my respex, mister."

Here he closed his eyes and threatened to court slumber. Being anxious to rouse him, I displayed before his greedy gaze a shilling. "That," said I, "is yours, if you'll keep awake for a few minutes." By a mighty effort he pulled himself together, and besought me to "let fly."

I asked him if he was fond of music, and if he preferred Elgar to Wagner.

"I 'avn't 'eard of the first gent—p'raps 'ee don't make no oprers. But this 'ere Wagner—'ee's the foreign gent what 'as 'is oprers performed in the dark. They give me the fair 'ump, they does."

"Then," said I, "you don't like 'em!"

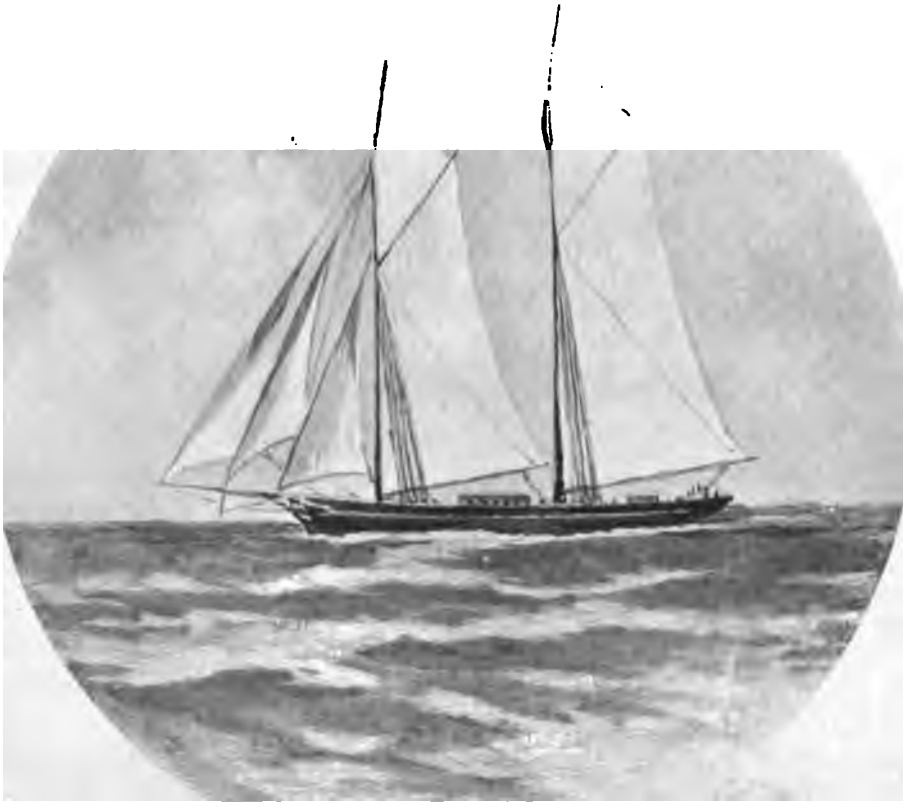
"Can't say as I do, mister," returned the enthusiast. "To my mind, the best music is that as gives us chaps a chance to go on clapping till the bloke or the lady what sings 'as to do their little bit all over again. 'Sides, the gov'nor's pleased then, 'cause the singer what 'as engaged 'im engages of 'im a second time. Once there come a gent what was Roming-o, and 'ee looked proper, 'ee did. Well, some foreign friends of 'is says to the gov'nor:—'You sees as 'ee knocks 'em in the blooming serynady, and you'll be

engaged every time as 'ee's down to go on in the part.' 'Angcore' we 'ollers, a-stamping with our feet, till we'd 'ardly got no boots left for to stamp with. . . . I remember another on 'em—a lady she were. She 'ad a gent be'ind 'er 'oo planked it down as if it was just so much sawdust. I was sent for to make the arrangements. ''Ow many will you 'ave, sir?' says I to 'er friend. 'My good man,' 'ee says to me, says 'ee, 'I'll 'ave as many as you thinks right.' ''Ave a 'undred,' says I. And a 'undred 'ee 'ad. When the evening come the lady 'ad a *tremenjus* success!"

* * * * *

As I turned in the direction of the Opera House, I caught sight of the leader of the *claque* in conversation with an alleged music-critic with whom I am at enmity. The former, flourishing a piece of paper, pointed to me, and grew purple in the face, while the other genius looked sympathetic.

I wonder if they had been discussing my advice?



CUPID'S SPELL.

From a painting by Henry Woods, R.A., in the National Gallery of British Art.

THE

English Illustrated Magazine.

JUNE, 1907.

TREASURES OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF BRITISH ART.

IN the February number of this magazine some account was given of the treasures of the Tate Gallery, and it is now proposed to supplement that article with further reproductions of many others of the more famous pictures in this, our national, collection of the work of British artists. In the former article the several sources of this collection were indicated, viz., the gift of Sir Henry Tate's own collection, purchases under the "Chantrey Bequest," the late G. F. Watts's gift of seventeen of his own paintings, gifts from other private donors, and transfers from the National Gallery of Art in Trafalgar Square. To this splendid nucleus additions by purchase and gift may be expected year by year, so that eventually, it may be hoped, examples of the work of every British artist of note may be studied on the walls of the Tate Gallery.

The present President of the Royal Academy is represented by two paintings, "A Visit to Æsculapius" and "Outward Bound." The first is too well known to be reproduced here; the latter represents two children playing among some rocks by the seashore, watching a boat, made of a walnut shell and a feather, being carried out to sea, through a natural arch in the cliffs. Sir Edward A. Poynter was elected President of the Royal Academy in succession to Sir John Millais, and has been Director of the National Gallery since 1894. The only other man who has held these two offices is Sir Charles Eastlake. The refined feeling and deep thoughtfulness which characterise Eastlake's works, rather than any other merits, are conspicuous in his carefully thought-out picture of "Christ lamenting over Jerusalem." Our Lord is seated, with His hands clasped, on a stone under the shade of some olive trees on the Mount of Olives, and His regard is turned to His left towards Jerusalem, seen in the distance below. On His right, near Him, are seated Peter and another disciple, and John and two more are standing a little behind, all under the shade of the olives. The disciples have come to Him saying, "Tell us, when shall these things be?" Christ laments over the city, "Oh Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her

chickens under her wings, and ye would not! Behold, your house is left unto you desolate" (Matthew, xxiii. 37, 38). In the background of the picture are accessories suggestive of this text. Near the hen is a woman leading a child, and carrying a vessel of water on her head; and in the middle ground is a shepherd with his flock; for it was to be when they should say, "Peace and safety," that sudden destruction should come upon them (1 Thessalonians, v. 3). The woodman's axe, one sees, has been already struck into the root of the tree.

Animal painting, says Mr. Ruskin, is one of the directions in which a British school ought especially to excel. If the famous critic could have visited the National Gallery of British Art and seen the six specimens of Mr. Briton Riviere's work exhibited there, I think he would be the first to admit that among the painters of to-day, whose work lies in this direction, Mr. Riviere is the most conspicuous. The painting selected for reproduction in these pages is an imaginative and impressive picture of the arctic solitudes, in which the artist has made a study of the degrees of transparency in ice. The needles are touched with

OUTWARD BOUND.

From the painting by Sir Edward J. Poynter, P.R.A., in the National Gallery of British Art.

CHRIST LAMENTING OVER JERUSALEM. From the painting by Sir C. L. Eastlake, P.R.A., in the National Gallery of British Art.

frosty sunset. From one of the highest of the sloping plateaux a huge white polar bear, the one living thing that can stand the cold, looks out over the icy landscape upon the sun sinking in lurid gold into the frozen sea.

A French critic once protested against the necessity that exists with certain pictures for reference to the catalogue, without which some paintings remain unintelligible. A picture, as a complete work in itself, ought to be able to explain itself.

Mr. Philip H. Calderon's picture of "St. Elizabeth of Hungary's great act of Renunciation" is one that requires a good deal of explanation, and has excited much controversy. St. Elizabeth of Hungary (1207-31)—whose life is the theme of Charles Kingsley's dramatic poem, "The Saint's Tragedy"—was a daughter of a king of Hungary, and was married to the landgrave of Thuringia. But from her earliest youth she had evinced an aversion from the pomps and vanities of the world, and she devoted her whole time to religious exercises and works of mercy. On the death of her husband she was deprived of the regency and was driven from home. Afterwards she was offered a restoration, and her son was declared heir to the throne; but renouncing all power, she preferred to live in seclusion under the direction of her spiritual confessor, Conrad of Marburg. There she spent the remainder of her days in severe penances and in ministration to the sick. The artist in this picture shows us the saint's great act of renunciation which he explained in the following note:—

"Holy and self-sacrificing as her short life had been, after the death of her husband her piety and abnegation became more intense; till at last, on a certain Good Friday, in obedience to the imperious will of Conrad of Marburg, her spiritual guide, she went into a small chapel, accompanied by various persons, threw off her garments, and kneeling before the altar, solemnly renounced parents, children, friends, and the pomps, pleasures and vanities of this world."

BEYOND MAN'S FOOTSTEPS.

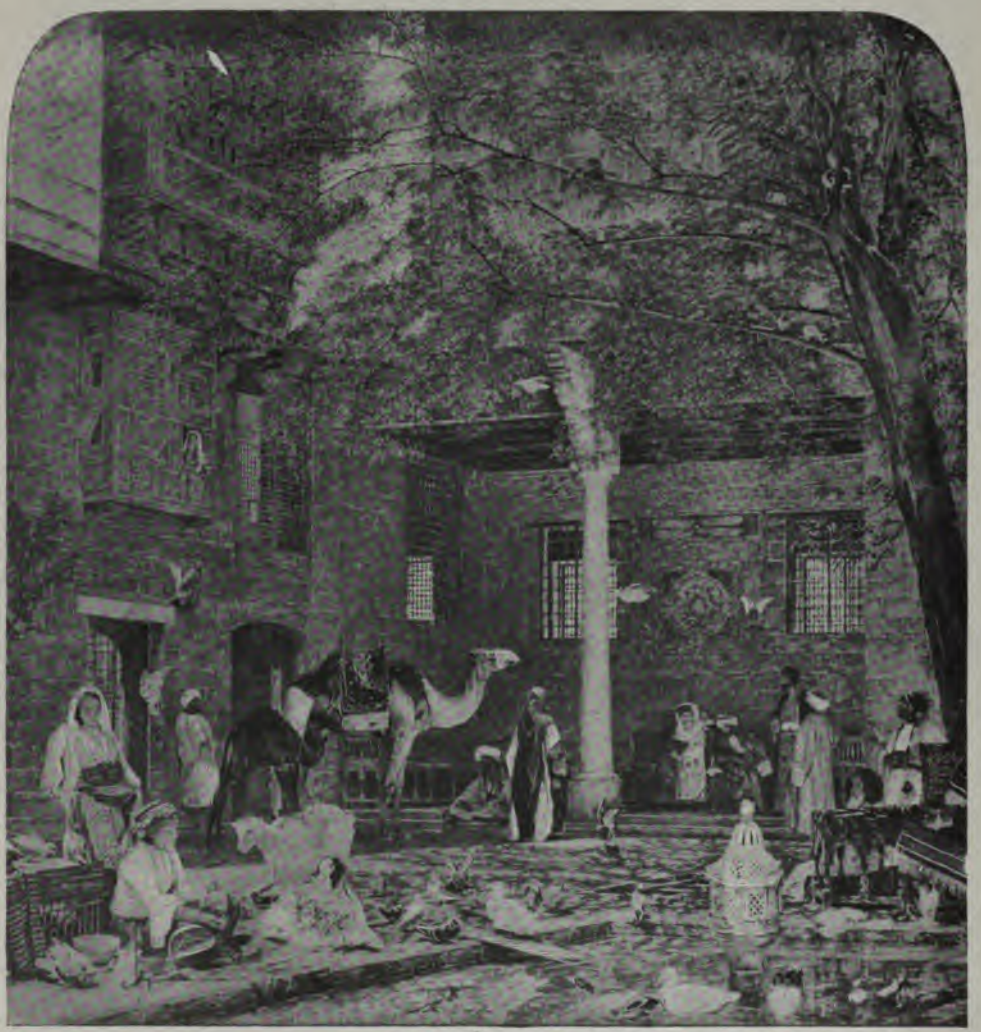
From the painting by Briton Riviere, R.A., in the National Gallery of British Art.

THE RENUNCIATION OF QUEEN ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY.
From the painting by Philip H. Calderon, R.A., in the National Gallery of British Art.

The scene is thus described by Kingsley (Act. IV. Sc. I.):—

"All worldly goods and wealth, which once I loved,
I do now count but dross; and my beloved,
The children of my womb, I now regard
As if they were another's. God is witness,
My pride is to despise myself; my joy,
All insults, sneers and slanders of mankind;
No creature now I love but God alone;
Oh, to be clear, clear, clear of all but Him!
Lo, here I strip me of all earthly helps—
[*Tearing off her clothes.*
Naked and barefooted through the world to follow
My naked Lord."

When the picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1891, a lively controversy arose as to its taste and historical accuracy. Father Clarke, S.J., maintained that Mr. Calderon has misinterpreted the old Latin chronicles which he and Kingsley had used as their authority. "Mr. Calderon," he said, "has painted a picture which is grossly insulting to a queen and a saint, representing her, as it does, as guilty of an act of indecency, from which any woman of ordinary modesty would shrink in



THE COURTYARD OF THE COPTIC PATRIARCH'S HOUSE IN CAIRO.

From the painting by John F. Lewis, R.A. (1805—1876) in the National Gallery of British Art.

disgust. He has, moreover, outraged the religious feelings of the whole Catholic body, and of all who know and admire the piety and charity of St. Elizabeth. He has been guilty of an historical blunder, and of a cruel calumny 'on Conrad of Marburg," etc. Professor Huxley, Dr. Abbot, and many others joined in the fray, and a spirited controversy was maintained in *The Times* for several days. Mr. Calderon's authority was Dietrich's "Life of St. Elizabeth," in which the following passage occurs:

"Die autem Parasceve dum pro mysterio et memoria Salvatoris pro nobis nudi nuda cruce pendentis altaria nuda apparerent; Magistro Conrado et quibusdam de prædictis fratribus praesentibus, in quodam capella ponens super nudum altare manus sacras, voluntati propriae, parentibus, liberis et cognatis, omnibusque hujusmodi pompis renunciavit, imitatrix Christi; et omnino se exuit et nudavit, ut et nuda et nudum paupertatis et charitatis gressibus sequeretur."

This certainly seemed to say the saint "stripped herself bare." But Father Clarke maintained that the expression was figurative, not literal, and that the correct translation of the passage would be:—

"On Good Friday, when the altars were all bare in honour of the mystery and in memory of the Saviour hanging bare for us upon the bare cross, in presence of Master Conrad and some of the aforesaid brothers, she laid her sacred hands in a certain chapel upon the bare altar, and renounced her own will, her parents, children and relations, and all such pomps in imitation of Christ; and she altogether despoiled and stripped herself bare, that thus stripped bare she might follow, with steps of poverty and charity, Him who had stripped Himself bare."

LOVE LOCKED OUT.

From the painting by Mrs. A. Lea Merritt.

In John F. Lewis's picture of "The Courtyard of the Coptic Patriarch's House in Cairo," we have an Eastern scene painted from life. The artist was the son of an engraver, and was intended for his father's profession. He was a contemporary of Landseer, and in company with him used, as a young

MR. FRANK CRAIG.

man, to sketch and dissect animals, and it was as an animal painter that he first made a name. In 1835 he went to Spain and Italy for two years; and in 1843 to Cairo, remaining in Egypt eight years.

It is interesting to distinguish the different impressions which that wonderful country has made on different painters. Mr. Hodgson says on this point: "Muller saw the splendour of the colouring, and Gérôme the mingling of nations. Lewis saw the quaintness and picturesqueness, the bric-à-brac and the embroidery, and also the searching, the all-pervading light. He is not a physiognomist or a physiologist; he is a painter of accessories, and as such he has no equal."

What there is in the East of wonderful in the way of detail and ornament, of rich colour and blending light, he has expressed as no one else has ever done. This is exemplified in the picture reproduced here. In the centre of a courtyard under an acacia tree, which casts its flecked shadow on the ground, is a square, shallow pool or *impluvium*, bordered by coloured tiles and paved with mosaic, round which are gathered pigeons and ducks, and two white, long-haired goats, under the charge of a boy in bright coloured garments and turban, who is throwing bread to the ducks wading in the water. Behind him stands a young girl, unveiled (the house being Christian), scattering grain to the pigeons from a bowl. In a deep recess in the background under the first floor of the

THE HERETIC.

From the painting by Frank Craig.

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building, a number of figures are grouped round a man seated on the ground, who is reading a paper. The Patriarch himself, in a large blue turban, is seated, partly hidden by some furniture, on a carpet spread on the ground under the acacia tree. The walls of the lower floor are of sandstone, beautifully carved with Arabic inscriptions and decorative panels. The walls above are whitewashed, and are occupied by extensive lattice windows of the usual elaborate patterns. The picture is a finished study for a large painting exhibited in the Academy in 1864. In 1865 the artist was elected R.A. "I believe John Lewis," says Mr. Ruskin, "to have done more entire justice to all his powers (and they are magnificent ones) than any other man amongst us."

"Love Locked Out" is a pretty study of rosy flesh against a golden background. The roses of delight have been scattered outside the door, and love finds himself locked out among the thorns. The key-plate is a flaming heart. The painter of this picture is an American lady, who came over from Philadelphia in 1870 to study art in London. She lodged in a house occupied by Henry Merritt, the picture-cleaner, artist, art-critic, and author of "Robert Dalton." A warm friendship with that remarkable man followed, and he undertook Miss Lea's artistic education. In 1876 they married; a few months later Merritt died. His wife edited two volumes of his literary remains (1879), and prefixed some very interesting and touching recollections. In addition to pictures of this kind, Mrs. Merritt has painted portraits and frescoes.

BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

From the picture by F. D. Millet in the National Gallery of British Art.

Mr. Frank Craig's picture, "The Heretic," was painted in the artist's studio in the grounds of his house at Hindhead early last year, and when it was

"WHEN NATURE PAINTED ALL THINGS GAY."

From a painting by Alfred Parsons.

exhibited at the Royal Academy, it was at once purchased under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest. The scene is the street of a mediæval town. The "heretic," a young woman wrapped in a white sheet, and holding a candle, heads a procession which advances towards the spectator. To the right of her an officer of justice, in scarlet, carries the warrant for her execution. Further to the right walks the gravedigger with his tools. Other figures in monk's dress accompany her, one of them upholding a cross. Soldiers keep back the crowd, which presses forward on all sides. In the background appear some figures in quaint costumes, among them a portrait of the artist.

"Between Two Fires" is a very clever bit of *genre*. A Puritan is at lunch at a village inn at Christmas time; he is exposed to fire from a damsel in front of him and from another behind him. His delightfully humorous expression seems to suggest "how happy he could be with either, were t'other fair charmer away." The painter is an American by birth, and has had a more stirring life than falls to the lot of most artists. In the American War he served as drummer in the 60th Mass. Volunteers. He was assistant contract-surgeon in the 6th Corps of the Army of the Potomac. In the Russo-Turkish War he acted as one of the correspondents of the *Daily News*. He is also the author of various stories and books of travel. His artistic education was received at the Royal Academy of Fine Arts in Antwerp. Mr. Millet's pictures are distinguished by great delicacy of touch, both in the rendering of their subjects and in their technique.

The charming picture of English spring "when Nature painted all things gay" was acquired for the nation "Under the Chantrey Bequest." It depicts a lad sitting by a stream, making a whistle by peeling a stick, and shows the may trees in bloom,

> "And the king-cups deck the meadows fair,
> And daffodils in brooks delight."

The painter is the son of a doctor, and a native of Somerset. In 1865 he became a clerk in the Savings Bank Department of the General Post Office.

A VIOLIN CONCERTO.

From a water-colour by J. P. Gulich (1864—1898).

In the evenings he pursued his studies at Heatherley's School and at South Kensington. In 1867 he returned to Somerset, devoting himself to landscape work from Nature, and, as one critic has said, he "divorced landscape from narrative and aimed at arousing our emotions only by the sentiment which natural scenery awakes in us."

Our frontispiece, "Cupid's Spell," from a painting by Mr. Henry Woods, R.A., is a characteristic example of the Venetian subjects to which he has devoted himself for some years. At the foot of an obliging stone Cupid a young woman is waiting to hold her lover's nets. The summer atmosphere and the view of the city in the background are delightful.

A CHEAP HOUSE IN A GOOD QUARTER.

By RICHARD DOWLING.

"BY the way," said I to Penfield, when dessert was on the table, and the servant had left, "you said you had a story to tell. Now's the time."

"Oh! later," said he, with a laugh and a glance at his sister and my wife. "I'll tell you later." Then fixing his eyes gravely on mine he dropped them to imply that he wished the subject also dropped.

Arthur Penfield and his sister Alice, ten years younger, were dining with my wife and me in London, the evening after our return from Cannes, where we had been spending a month. Penfield's father was a rich Australian, and the son and I had been close friends at Cambridge a dozen years before. Miss Penfield's health was not good, and a couple of months earlier her brother had brought her to England for change and medical advice.

That evening, when the ladies had left us, I pushed the claret towards Penfield, and, giving him back his grave look, said, "What is it? Has it anything to do with your hasty shift of quarters?—with your running away from that house in Park Lane?"

"It has. I did not care to write you about the matter, for I would not wish the truth, on any account, to reach my sister's ears. I am warned by the doctors to keep her cheerful and free from all kinds of worry and unpleasant excitement. When you went to France I was in treaty about that house in Park Lane."

"Ay; I went over the place with you and told you I did not think the basement was as sweet as 'Araby the Blest.'"

"Yes; you said the rent was too low for the place to be right, and you thought the drains were wrong. But it was not through your nose you ought to have taken fright, but through your eyes. The outside of the house, the street door, ought to have warned you. The mere number should have been enough to rouse suspicion. From the fact that it wasn't, I know you keep true to your old objection to exploring the grisly regions of the newspapers."

"One meets enough miseries in his own life, without hunting up the miseries of people one does not know. But how can you tell from this house in Park Lane that I skip murders and railway accidents in the Press? There hasn't been a railway accident or a murder in Park Lane within historic times has there?"

"No; but had you been an omnivorous newspaper reader I should, in all likelihood, never have taken the house, and therefore should have no tale to tell."

"Go on," I said; his voice and manner made me feel cold and uncomfortable.

"Well, I took the house furnished at the very low rent for four months, and I was out of it in seven days. When we moved in from the hotel our household consisted of my sister Alice and myself, Alice's maid Annette (a lively young Frenchwoman), Biddy Martin (the old Irish servant brought with us from home), Susan (the housemaid), and John

(an elderly married butler, who was to go home at night when his duties were over).

"Annette I disliked from the first. She knew too much, was too flighty and confident. She was taller and of fuller figure than one usually associates with the name of Annette or the idea of French maids. She was neither plain nor pretty; she had dark-brown, wild eyes, a sallow complexion, and very long black hair growing low on her forehead, and, when down, hanging below her waist. I am indebted for the last fact to my sister.

"We were only a couple of days in the place when a rumpus occurred among the servants. Owing to my sister's delicacy, I was the final court of appeal in such matters. When old Biddy came to me, I begged of her to spare me particulars, and besought her to throw oil on the troubled waters. 'You know, Biddy,' said I, 'how necessary it is for Miss Alice's health that everything should be as smooth and pleasant as possible.'

"For two days we had peace. Then on the third day from the first disturbance and fifth of occupation, Biddy came to me and said there had been 'most awful ructions' between the Frenchwoman and Susan the housemaid, and that no one roof in London was big enough to cover the two. One or other must go.

"'What is the cause of the quarrel, Biddy, and who is in fault?'

"'Mr. Arthur,' said she, 'they can't agree anyhow. The housemaid seems a quiet, decent, respectable girl; but for the other, oh!'—and Biddy turned up her eyes and raised her hands. 'What made the housemaid mad was that the other one had been in her room and denied it, as bold as brass, and abused the poor girl in English and her own nasty language.'

"'Well, Biddy, look here,' said I. 'You know we can't bother Miss Alice with these matters. She engaged Annette herself, and you can't interfere there; but you hired the housemaid; get her out of the place quietly. You may deal liberally with her.'

"Old Biddy protested it was a sin and a shame, and that the Frenchwoman was the right person to be put away. That afternoon the housemaid was gone.

"That evening Alice and I dined out and were not home till late. I opened the door with my latch-key, and we turned into the dining-room. My sister had been ordered a glass of burgundy before going to bed. There was no burgundy in the dining-room. The lights were burning in the hall and on the staircase—a well staircase, you may remember.

"I rang twice. 'John must be gone home,' I said to Alice, when he did not answer; and went to the sideboard drawer, in which I had told him to leave the cellar keys. 'Yes, he is gone,' said I, 'for here are the keys. I'll fetch the wine myself and be back in a minute.'

"When I reached the hall and was about to descend to the basement, I heard a step in the passage at the foot of the stairs. By leaning over the balustrade I could see to the bottom. I waited until the step came to the foot of the stairs, and then called out: 'John, will you bring up a bottle of burgundy —blue seal?'

"I got no answer. I repeated my words a little louder. No answer yet, and now, to my surprise, the footsteps began ascending the stairs towards where I stood.

"I raised my voice, and repeated my words a third time. Still no answer. The sound of footsteps continued ascending. I looked over the balustrade. The whole well of the staircase from attic to basement was brightly lighted. I could see anyone on the way up or down!

"There was no one in view, and yet the footsteps were now on the upward flight—the one leading to the hall—leading to where I stood!

"At the moment it did not occur to me to move. I do not think I could have moved if I tried.

"The footsteps—firm, unfaltering footsteps—mounted the few last stairs, and fell sharp and clear upon the marble floor of the hall. They swerved, so as to avoid where I stood. They passed within

a couple of feet of me. I felt the floor tremble, and I heard an echo of the footfalls from the front door. But I could see nothing. The light was as bright as in this room now.

"'This is a delusion,' I thought, and I was about to laugh at myself when I caught words which froze me into stone:

"'Arthur. Is that you, Arthur?'

"It was my sister's voice. I had left the dining-room door open, and she was hearing these footsteps, too! I made no reply. I could not speak.

"The firm, unfaltering footsteps began ascending to the upper floor. With my eyes I followed the sound as it went up. There was nothing to follow but the sound. From beginning to end I saw nothing; yet my eyes had to follow that sound of those unbodied footsteps as they never followed any sight since I was born. I felt as though a cold wind were blowing on my forehead and my neck. I felt the hair of my head stir, as though raised by cold, cautious fingers.

"The footsteps went up to the top of the granite steps, and died away. Then I seemed to be aware I should hear no more. I clutched the balustrade and sank down on a settle.

"For a few minutes I had not the disposition or strength to rise. I knew that if I went back to the dining-room my sister would be alarmed by my appearance. I had not the courage to go down to the cellar, to descend those stairs up which passed bodiless feet, up which invisible yet ponderable beings might now be filing.

"What should I do?

"All at once I remembered a flask in the pocket of my ulster hanging in the hall. I crept noiselessly to the overcoat, drained the flask, and felt revived and invigorated. Then I went back to the dining-room, made some excuse to my sister about the burgundy, gave her some other, and in half an hour she was in her room, and I in mine opposite.

"The house was small for Park Lane, but big for us. My sister and I slept on the second floor. On the third floor each of the servants had a room to herself. The fourth was an attic storey, and of *it we made no use.*

"It was not until I had been some time in my room that I grew calm enough to consider my experience of that hour. I began by dismissing all thought of delusion as far as my hearing was concerned. The vibration of the floor of the hall might have been caused by a passing vehicle. The footsteps might be accounted for by some acoustic peculiarities of the well. Or—and here I jumped up from my chair—the whole might have been a trick of the sprightly and irrepressible Frenchwoman, who had already displayed a tendency to intrude where her duties did not lead her. Perhaps Annette was at this moment chuckling in her own room over the success of a plot to alarm me, who, she knew, bore no particular goodwill towards her. This suspicion changed my fears to anger, and with the resolution of getting rid of Annette if she gave any more annoyance, I went to bed and slept soundly until daylight.

"By noon that day Annette was out of the house for good, though she was not dismissed.

"That morning, after breakfast, old Biddy had come to me when I was alone, and said: 'Mr. Arthur, I'm thirty-five years with your mother, and this very day I'll leave if that Frenchwoman is to stay.'

"'What on earth has she done to *you*, Biddy?' said I.

"'It may be,' said Biddy, 'that she's not right in her head, or that she walks in her sleep. Anyway, she has no call to come to my room in the dead of night, and comb her hair at my glass. She has a room and a glass of her own.'

"'But are you sure she did so?' I asked.

"'Sure!' cried Biddy, scornfully. 'Didn't I see her in the moonlight as plain as I see you now? and didn't she take herself off the minute I asked her what she was doing there at such an hour? It's not myself I mind, but if she goes on with tricks like that to Miss Alice the child will die of the fright.'

"I soothed and quieted Biddy as well as I could, and told her I'd think over the matter, and let her know my decision later that day. I was greatly put out

and worried. I repented essaying housekeeping at all, and bitterly reproached myself with having left the hotel, where we had been so comfortable. Your wife and you were out of town, so I had no friend to consult. Talking to my sister was out of the question. Anything like a scene with the maid would be certain to bring on one of Alice's nervous attacks. A way to get rid of the Frenchwoman without disturbing my sister injuriously I could not devise.

"I was walking up and down the room in despair, when there came a knock at the door, and Annette entered. 'Now,' thought I, 'we're going to have a tumult.' The Frenchwoman had struck me from the first as a person of violent temper, and on seeing her then, I made up my mind Biddy had reviled her, and that she had come to me for vengeance.

"She sat down without invitation, and, to my profound astonishment, said in a quavering voice, 'If you please, sir, I wish to leave. I wish to leave at once. I am not well. I am very ill. I am too ill to say good-bye to Miss Penfield. Be kind and make my excuses to her. I wish to go now. I do not want money. I do not want to talk. I am too ill to talk.'

"A great weight rose off me. I could scarcely keep back an exclamation of joy. I expressed sorrow for her illness, forced a month's money on her, and said she was free. She rose, thanked me, and tottered out of the room.

"When Annette had left the house, I met Biddy. 'Well,' said I; 'she is gone.'

"'And a good riddance, too.'

"'Whatever you said to her had a great effect.'

"'Never a word did I say to her this

"Sure the child will die of the fright."

morning. It's her own conscience did it. She knew I saw her in my room last night, because I spoke to her at the time, and I daresay she didn't think the place was going to suit her after that. I suppose now we'll have some quietness. I'm going to look for a housemaid, and Miss Alice had better see about someone in place of that French minx.'

"I made the best of my story to Alice. and succeeded in reconciling her to the loss of Annette without exciting her alarm. Then my sister and I went out, and, being short-handed at Park Lane, I told Biddy before leaving that we should not return till late.

"I saw her sallow face, neither pretty nor plain."

"We dined at the Criterion, and went to the Lyceum without dressing. It was close to twelve when we got back to Park Lane. I had told John not to wait for us, and Biddy had gone to bed. I shut the front door with a blessed feeling of relief that we had got rid of the troublesome Frenchwoman. We should have no beating of mysterious footsteps in the house, no combing of hair by moonlight before strange mirrors.

"Biscuits and burgundy were on a tray for my sister and a brandy-and-soda for myself. We sat chatting for a little while, and then she went to bed. I went to my room at the same time, but sat up reading for an hour. Twice in that hour I stole out on the landing and listened at the well of the stairs. Not a sound but the mutter of distant wheels broke the silence. I had left the gas lighted in the hall and on the staircase. I could see from top to bottom. At half-past one I undressed, put out the gas in my room, and pulled up the blind to let in the moonlight. Then I jumped into bed, and in five minutes was fast asleep.

"When I awoke the moonlight shone still in the room. The dressing-table was in the window, and upon it a large glass. In front of the glass stood a young woman of medium height and full figure. Her long black hair hung below her waist. She was combing her hair, and now and then turned her head partly round, so that I saw her sallow face, neither plain nor pretty.

"'Annette!' I cried. 'Annette! You have made a mistake; this is not your room. Your room is over this one!' I was confused and did not remember everything at once.

"She turned round, put her hand to her neck, and held out to me what might have been a coil of her hair or a rope.

"My memory had come back by this time. Again I felt my hair stir as though lifted by cold, stiff fingers.

"'Who are you?' I whispered.

"She moved towards the door.

"I sprang up. She was gone.

"I flung open the door. The landing and staircase were brightly lighted as this room. I saw nothing on the landing; nothing going down or coming up stairs. I darted to the balustrade and looked up and down. My eyes met nothing. But while I stood I heard firm, unfaltering footsteps approaching me along the landing, and from the direction of my own room. I felt the floor under my feet tremble beneath these unbodied footfalls. The footsteps reached the granite steps of the stairs, and I heard them go up and up, past the servants quarters, until they entered one of the doors in the attic storey, and died away. I stole back to my room, lit the gas, and sat in a chair till morning.

"The first post brought me a letter from Annette. She said: 'In the night something came into my room and combed its hair in front of my glass. I did not wish to make Miss Penfield ill by saying anything about it. But I could not stand it combing its hair before my glass in the night.'

"After breakfast, I went round to the agent who had let me the house. I told him I wished to give up possession at once.

"'Ah!' said he. 'Did you see anything?'

"'I both saw and heard,' said I.

"'It was a housemaid,' said he, 'who got into trouble a year ago, and hanged herself to a beam in one of the attic rooms. Footsteps have been heard on the stairs, and she has been seen combing her hair—long black hair—in front of looking-glasses. There was an inquest, and the whole case was in the papers at the time; but, of course, it wasn't our business to tell you of it.'

"Thus, you see, my dear fellow," said Penfield, "I inferred from your knowing nothing against that Park Lane house that you still avoid the grisly regions of the newspaper."

FAREWELL.

By IDA ROWE.

FARE thee well; the waves are moaning by the dark and unknown shore,
And thy bark has shipped its anchor to return, ah, nevermore!
For the steersman stern is waiting, but his face is turned away;
"Haste thee, haste!" he cries; "The East is brightening to the dawn of Day!"

All night's fiends are raging round us. Hark! the stormwind shrieks on high;
Birds of evil plumage hover 'neath the blackness of the sky.
Shades of dark and evil phantoms fill our souls with fear and woe;
"Stay, O traveller, till the morning, for I cannot let thee go."

Vain our longing and our crying—vain the sorrow and the pain,
"Steersman, tell me where thou goest, that we two may meet again?"
But he heeded not our pleading, and the bark has pushed away
To the West, where night is darkest from the dawning of the day.

Then, farewell; where'er thou goest flies my heart to speed thee on;
Other planets thou may'st visit, other lives wilt thou have known,
Ere the steersman brings his bark and sends his summons unto me,
And I speed away to join thee Westward o'er the Unknown Sea.

AN OLD SONG.

ALL the little birds adore her;
And the breezes hush before her
As she passeth by;

And each night I pray to see her;
Yet each day I fain would flee her,
Such a fool am I!

Live there eyes more true and tender?
Or a form so sweetly slender?
Not on earth I ween.

All her roses bloom to greet her;
Ev'ry tree bends down to meet her—
Is she not their Queen?

NAPOLEON'S HORSEMANSHIP.

By ARTHUR LYNCH.

IT was one of Napoleon's aphorisms that the most suitable palace for a French monarch was his tent; his most proper throne a war-horse. And so it has come about that in the Napoleonic legend the famous "white horse" seems as necessary as the three-cornered hat and the "grey coat of Marengo" to complete the picturesque little figure of the great Emperor.

Napoleon, who was a past master in the art of arranging "living pictures," saw clearly the advantage of imprinting upon the popular mind this particular, brilliant image, with its medallion-like firmness and perfection. There must have been many a "grey coat" since Marengo, and, indeed, some of the later writers, with the intention of suggesting their fineness of research, speak of the "*redingote bleu*"—it was really a bluish-grey. So, also, we occasionally come across a notice, as, for instance, in Thiers' description of Waterloo, of a *cheval gris*. Yet the *cheval blanc*, the illustrious "white horse" rhapsodised by Heine, and described with epic minuteness by the old soldier in Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables," was the type, the standard, by which all others were selected as the suitable "*bête de sa Majesté*." But considering that Napoleon frequently disposed of three horses in a single day—at St. Jean d'Acre and other places he had three horses shot under him—it is not surprising that the grey variety occasionally appears.

The "white horse" is familiar enough to all who have seen Meissonier's pictures, and has evidently been painted by the great artist with as much solicitude of detail and affectionate care as are employed in depicting its imperial master himself. The type of charger, then, that so often reappears is that of a three-quarter-bred, light but muscular, animal, white or grey in colour, with a considerable dash of Arab blood, as seen in the long neck, high crest, and easy, springy gait. The horse, though spirited, is remarkably docile and has entirely put aside the mere vanities of a showy and restive parade charger. Like its owner, it gives the impression of calm power and reserved force. This placid temperament was not the effect of any superior command in the horsemanship of Napoleon—for he had neither a good seat nor good hands—but simply the result of the most careful previous preparation of the horses designed for his use. They were drilled to stand immobile by the hour in the midst of the most fearful tumult, noise and excitement—for it would not have been easy for Napoleon to survey the battle ground through his field-glasses on the back of a champing, pawing, and caracoling animal—and yet the horse must have a lively step in walking, and a swift gallop in the moment of need.

In the glimpses one obtains of Napoleon during the progress of a battle he seems either to be "immobile" and statuesque, or galloping recklessly at headlong pace.

With respect to his seat in the saddle, it is worth while to consider the matter in detail. Napoleon himself used to take pleasure in describing the astonish-

ment of the Mamelukes, after the Battle of the Pyramids, when they beheld that this bold and irresistible conqueror was a little man who rode like a butcher. Yet, to begin with, some reservation must be made as to the popular notion of Napoleon's exiguity of figure. At the time of the Egyptian campaign, and also, of course, at Lodi, where he gained the title of "le petit caporal," he was slight and extremely thin; but considering that on his deathbed his physician, Antommarchi, found his measurement to be 5ft. 6½ ins., he could hardly be considered very deficient in stature. In the prime of life he must have been appreciably taller, and, with his square shoulders, broad chest, and commanding bearing, looked, no doubt, extremely well on horseback. This is the more easy to believe when it is known that the shortness of his figure was due entirely to the lack of proportion of his lower limbs. His torso was that of a fairly tall man.

STATUE OF NAPOLEON I. AT CHERBOURG.

By Armand de Ve l.

Whatever disadvantages as a rider he derived from the shortness of his legs, however, must have been considerably *increased by his manner* of sitting his horse. He not only rode with a short stirrup, but his saddle was made very wide and very flat on top. To anyone who has seen Napoleon's saddle at the Invalides the suggestion has probably forthwith arisen—the other facts being borne in mind—that his seat must have been as comfortable as an arm-chair, but also very insecure.

Of the latter point there are abundant proofs, for though there does not appear to be any detailed account of Napoleon's numerous accidents, yet from casual reading of various episodes one might count up a surprising number of times that he had fallen from his horse. It is related of him that on one occasion, amusing himself in the grounds of Versailles by chasing Marie Louise on horseback along the winding alleys and paths through the woods, he came to the ground several times, always regaining his feet laughing, and remounting. Ménéval mentions that even in the riding-school, while teaching the young Empress to manage her horse, Napoleon himself frequently tumbled.

In all these escapades he seems never to have injured himself or, if he did, he

THE BATTLE OF RIVOLI, 1796.

From the painting by Philippoteaux.

was careful to conceal the fact from onlookers. On one occasion, shortly after his return from Egypt, he was holding a review in the Champ de Mars, and, having started at his usual impetuous gallop, reined up his horse so awkwardly that he was thrown violently to the ground. On his feet immediately, and again in the saddle, though his uniform bore evidence of the severity of his fall, he continued his inspection as if nothing had happened.

One of Napoleon's falls ought to be rather interesting to the amateurs of premonitions and auguries, for it occurred in that momentous passage of the Rubicon—or, rather, in this case, the Niemen—which was the prelude to the downfall of his Empire.

M. Ségur, in his "Histoire de la Grand Armée," mentions that it was at two o'clock in the morning that Napoleon "reconnoitred the Russian river, without disguising himself, as has been falsely asserted, but under cover of the night crossing the frontier which, five months afterwards, he was only enabled to repass under cover of the same obscurity. When he came to the bank his horse suddenly fell and threw him on the sand. A voice exclaimed: 'This is a bad omen; a Russian would have recoiled!' It is not known whether it was himself or one of his retinue who pronounced these words." Other narratives aver that it was about eight o'clock in the morning that Napoleon crossed the Niemen, and that he was then disguised in the uniform of a Prussian hussar. Possibly both accounts are true, the explanation being that he had recrossed during the night after his first adventure.

THE EMPEROR.

From a lithograph by Raffet.

On other occasions his horse served him better. It was shortly after the passage of the Mincio that Napoleon, overcome with fatigue, rested some little time in a neighbouring *château*, and was actually in his bath when the sentinel warned him of the approach of a numerous body of Austrian horsemen. It appeared that they had lost their way, and were wandering about the country with no very precise intentions. However, they had it almost in their hands to have

THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

From a lithograph by A. Willette.

settled the campaign abruptly by capturing General Bonaparte, for that redoubtable individual was compelled to make his retreat by the back door, and in the most hasty fashion, and, it is averred, in the most undignified of costumes. It was this adventure that suggested the establishment of the corps of "guides," as they were then called—afterwards the famous "Guards" of the great Napoleonic battles.

During the same campaign General Bonaparte, riding in the country near Mantua with too small an escort, was hotly pursued, and ran no small risk of being overtaken by a detachment of Wurmser's horsemen told off for the express purpose of his capture.

Finally, it may be said that Napoleon, though not a safe horseman, was yet capable of doing great work in the saddle, and one of his feats was something like a "record." Las Casas says of it: "His most celebrated ride was that from Valladolid to Burgos—thirty-Spanish leagues in five hours and a-half. The Emperor had left Valladolid with a numerous escort on account of the danger from guerillas; at every turn someone was found to have dropped behind, and Napoleon arrived almost alone." Considering that "thirty-five" Spanish leagues are equivalent to 145 English miles, Las Casas' figures must be dismissed as absurd. Still, that this ride was an extraordinary one is attested by many independent accounts.

Marbot, in his interesting "Mémoires" gives another instance of his fortitude: "The Emperor Napoleon followed onward to Pavia the movements of the French columns, which were pursuing the enemy; but he had no sooner arrived at that city than he was seized with sudden illness, accompanied by slight vomiting, which was caused by the fatigue he had undergone in being for five days almost constantly on horseback and exposed to incessant rain"! Such endurance is little short of marvellous.

TRANSFORMATION.

By GERALD MEYRICK.

DARK heavy clouds above;
A leaden sea below;
And where thou art, O Love,
I may not go.
I look on land and sea;
I deem all things as grey;
Life holds no light for me—
Thou art away.
Above, the dull dark cloud;
Below, a leaden tide;
O weave a heavy shroud,
For Hope hath died!

Behold, the sleeping tide
Stirs 'neath a sudden wind;
The clouds are scattered wide,
And show behind,
The blue of heaven; the earth
Is gladdened by the sun;
Now Joy hath sudden birth,
New hopes are won.
And I, too, can rejoice;
My heart leaps with the tide;
I see thee, hear thy voice;
O Love, abide!

AN OXFORD COMEDY.

By ARTHUR ECKERSLEY.

(*Concluded.*)

III.

"GO away, William," said Uncle Henry; "go quite away. I am reconstructing my youth!"

He was stretched at length in the broad window-seat of a room in the cloisters of St. Mary's, the same room that he had occupied as an undergraduate five-and-twenty years earlier. In his mouth he held a pipe, and beside him was the current number of "The Isis" and a tobacco-jar bearing the arms of the university. Near at hand a cap and gown were disposed, somewhat ostentatiously, over the back of a chair.

Opposite to him stood William, who was regarding him with the expression of mingled bewilderment and apprehension that had become usual to his face during the past few days. Uncle Henry had now been in Oxford more than a week, and in that time he appeared, like a genial vampire, to have grown younger in inverse proportion to the ageing of his nephew.

"I wish you would realise," said he, "that from my present point of view you are not existent, that you will not even commence for another half-dozen years. Tell me, William, what does it feel like to be an anachronism?"

William fidgeted uneasily. "Don't be absurd!" he said, with a feeble attempt at a smile.

"I see you prevaricate in the manner of all phantoms," said Uncle Henry. "Just at present, however, I particularly wish you to cease from haunting me, because as it happens I am expecting company—contemporary company, you understand. Do you see this hollow cylinder, and this row of projectiles (which the vulgar would call peas) upon the window ledge? In about five minutes a New College man named Doeg will appear round the corner of the gatehouse, when, thanks to this ingenious provision, he will be, as it were, delivered into my hands. Be so kind as to admire my prescience!"

William could stand it no longer. "There you go again!" he exclaimed with the violence of one who gives vent to long-repressed feeling; "everlastingly playing the fool about something. I've had enough of it!"

Uncle Henry regarded him with an expression of mild astonishment. "Enough—of what?" he asked. "Of grammar? Surely you won't tell me——"

"I'll tell you this," William interrupted hotly; "that your behaviour since you came up has been to the last degree absurd and—and humiliating!"

"My behaviour humiliating!" echoed Uncle Henry. "How on earth—— To whom?"

"To me; oh, you needn't smile; it may be funny, but it's true for all that. The way you go on; you and your friend, this professor person! How about last night, for instance?"

"Last night?" said Uncle Henry reflectively. "Let me see. So far as my memory serves me, I and another fellow—the professor person, in fact, to employ your own charmingly alliterative

phrase—attended a performance called 'The Gay Tom-Tit' at the New Theatre. I remember to have enjoyed myself immensely."

"You did!" said William. "An inane and probably vulgar musical-comedy! And it was you, I understand, who insisted upon encoring every other song?"

"Now you mention it," observed Uncle Henry, "I believe we did do something of the sort."

"Oh, I heard all about it," returned William. "A man who knew you by sight was in the 'circle,' and he told me that the way you laughed and applauded was absolutely childish. He only went himself to get material for his paper on 'The Decadence of Dramatic Art' for the Bacon Society. Some pretty sharp things were said about it at my expense in the Bacon, I can tell you."

"No," said Uncle Henry; "I entirely deny that the performance was vulgar. Inane, if you will, but nothing more. Still it served; I haven't been so much amused since I appeared (for of course all that was a dream) to go down from Oxford. By the way, William," he continued gravely, "what is this Bacon Society you speak of—a breakfast club?"

William took no notice of the question. "At least," he said, "I should have fancied that at your age——"

Uncle Henry looked hurt. "Age—pooh!" said he disdainfully. "These are the forgeries of jealousy. I scorn them! After all," — he assumed the tone of one who expounds a philosophy—"what is age, beyond a merely relative term? A grey hair or so! A little spreading of the forehead! Persons have been born bald ere this, and is the albino to be denied his simple pleasures? No, no, William; my glass shall not persuade me that I am any older than I feel. And I think it most disrespectful of my own nephew to suggest such a thing!"

"I don't pretend to understand you," said William.

"It would be no use if you did," said Uncle Henry. "And at worst the compliment is entirely mutual. Half of the talk I've heard during the past week—nice, beautiful-sounding talk, too—if you'll believe me, I haven't understood a word of it! I suppose it must be what people in newspapers call the modern note."

William was silent, and Uncle Henry continued pleasantly, "Take your own poems, for example. The book is somewhere about. I was reading one of 'em to Doeg only yesterday; I gather that it is considered your best, but for the life of us we could make nothing of it. How does it begin? '*We had no eggs until the hen was sitting*,' or something like that, isn't it?"

"'*We had no stars until the sun was setting*,'" corrected William gloomily.

"That's it, of course; stupid of me. But such a mistake only shows how incapable I am of appreciating the thing. You really must make allowances!"

"That isn't all," said William, who appeared determined to bring the conversation back to the personal topic from which it had strayed. "There are —other things besides."

"Yes," said Uncle Henry, glancing at him. "I thought there must be. But enumerate 'em, enumerate 'em by all means. It is an experience at once novel and instructive to be lectured on the follies of youth by one who (as I observed before) is practically unborn!"

He laid back his head upon the cushions of the window-seat and closed his eyes placidly.

"Well," began William, "whenever I go near the Appletons——"

Uncle Henry reopened one eye and a slight, a very slight, change passed over his face. "Ah!" he murmured to himself; "now we approach the point!"

"—I find you there," continued William doggedly, "either alone or with the dean. Or if not actually there I'm certain to hear that you have only just left!"

"That little traitor Ernan!" murmured Uncle Henry, though he did not seem very much annoyed. "My dear William," he continued, "these charges are indeed terrible, but you must remember that even such depravity is not quite without its excuse. Our friends are perhaps inclined to overvalue my slight service of the picnic, and on this account may have encouraged——"

"It isn't that!" broke in William.

There was a little silence.

"You know very well what I mean," he said, flushing and tapping his foot awkwardly upon the ground.

Uncle Henry had been watching him unobserved. He now sat up suddenly and swung himself round so as to face his nephew.

"I'll just ask you one question," he said, "and I should like a straightforward answer. Is there anything between yourself and a member of that household that gives you a right to talk like this? No formal engagement, perhaps, but any understanding that would alter the position if it were known?"

He appeared unexpectedly earnest. William hesitated. "That seems to me to have nothing at all to do with it," he said.

"It has just this to do with it, that if you tell me it is the case I give you my word, William, I will leave Oxford to-morrow."

In spite of himself William started. "I—I didn't imagine it was so serious as that," he said.

"Perhaps not," said Uncle Henry. Then he turned his face away for a moment. "Well," he asked, "you haven't answered my question?"

"N—no," said William unwillingly; "that is—I fancied at one time—but now——"

"Say no more," interrupted Uncle Henry, jumping up and crossing the room to him; "I understand perfectly. We'll shake hands upon that, eh? A fair field and no favour!"

Whatever William in his astonishment might have been about to rejoin was prevented by the sound of hasty footsteps in the cloisters. Immediately afterwards the door was flung open, and a tall man with a clean-shaven square face, that by its underhung jaw and small twinkling eyes somehow suggested the countenance of a kindly dog, entered the room at a run.

Uncle Henry was taken at a disadvantage. "Aha!" cried the new-comer, speaking in broad Cumberland, and standing over the colonel triumphantly snapping his great fingers, "I was progged last night!"

"Never!" exclaimed Uncle Henry, incredulous with envy. "It's a lie!"

"No such thing, ye low-toned blackguard. 'Twas on the way home from yon perneecious playhouse!"

"You're a selfish beast!" said Uncle Henry jealously. He seemed quite to have forgotten his solemnity of a moment before. William was more perplexed than ever.

Then the professor noticed for the first time that there was a third person in the room.

"Friend of yours, Mops?" he inquired, suddenly abandoning dialect.

"Hoots, mon!" said Uncle Henry airily, "a sort of relation! Let me introduce," he continued, with a wave of the hand, "Doeg, of New College—Wyse, of St. Mary's; author of that charming little poem we were reading yesterday. Let's see, what was it again, William? '*We had no sons*——'"

But William, with a muttered excuse, had not stayed for the quotation.

"Somewhat spasmodic in his movements—your sort-of-relation" said the professor.

Uncle Henry laughed indulgently. "You must remember," said he, "that William is still a good bit senior to you and me, and I daresay we bore him dreadfully!" Under his breath he added, "But there are signs—yes, undoubtedly there are signs!"

What he meant by the last remark he did not explain.

IV.

ONE afternoon, some days later, William was nearing Lady Appleton's house, with a look of determination on his face. Commemoration Week, the time that he had anticipated so long, had begun. Behind him as he walked a distant echo of bells and cheering told him that the exalted personages who were to honour the festival with their presence had already arrived in Oxford. People said that this was to be the gayest commemoration within memory, but to William the prospect seemed gloomy enough; he frowned as he went.

For one thing, Uncle Henry showed no symptoms of bringing his visit to an end, and the process of "trotting round" his relative had long ago resolved itself for William into a futile gallop to keep pace with him, which at length he had abandoned in despair. But far worse than this was the matter of Olive. Ever since that unlucky day of the picnic her treatment of William had altered. He could not understand it. Some influence seemed to be working against him. Could it possibly be that Uncle Henry—he tried to dismiss the idea as absurd, as he had tried on the many occasions lately when it had risen in his mind, but it remained there nevertheless.

The fact was that William, though he was not aware of it, had himself been altering much during the past weeks. That carefully-ordered career of his had received a blow just where he had been accustomed to think it most secure, and the shock had destroyed his confidence. More than once, in conversation with Uncle Henry, the suspicion had crossed his mind that he was being laughed at, an idea that, meeting him thus for the first time, had an effect almost tragic in its illumination.

As he reached the gate, to his surprise Uncle Henry himself appeared from a path at the side of the house leading to the garden.

"Hullo, William!" he exclaimed, "you here?"

"I thought," said William suspiciously, "that you were lunching at John's!"

"So I were," said Uncle Henry, with, it appeared to his nephew, slight confusion. "I mean, so I was. But luncheon, even at John's, doesn't last all day! Besides I had to come up about the House ball to-morrow. I've got tickets for the whole lot of us. But I must be off now to meet Doeg—you'll find 'em all in the garden. Bye, bye!"

William gave no answer. This unexpected meeting had strengthened his worst suspicions. He stood still for a moment thinking. Then he heard voices behind the shrubbery, and, with a slightly quickened pulse, he followed the path and came out into the garden.

On the grass terrace, seated in wicker chairs, he found Muriel and the dean, and with them Lady Appleton and a figure whom William knew well. This was Mr. Moon, an Oxford celebrity with the appearance of a tragedian and a greater capacity for anecdotage than anyone in the university. Beyond, on the tennis lawn, he saw Olive and Ernan.

Mr. Moon greeted William impressively. "Wyse," he said, in a rich voice that endowed the most trivial remark with the solemnity of an oration, "I was just lamenting to our friends here the lack of earnestness in modern Oxford. Ah, yes! In the old days it was very different. But now, with the exception of yourself, my dear fellow, and one or two others—all earnest men—who is there?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said William vaguely. Having greeted Lady Appleton, he at once crossed the lawn towards Olive, who was standing by the net.

Her face changed as she saw him coming; for a moment she looked as though she would have tried to escape, but it was too late.

"May I speak to you?" he said immediately; "not here, but somewhere out of hearing of all these people."

Olive glanced at him hesitating; to her own anger she could feel the blood slowly mounting to her cheeks. Then she seemed to make up her mind.

"Yes," she said, "we will go into the rose garden."

"Blow!" exclaimed Ernan under his breath, as they turned away together, "I call it a beastly nuisance! With all this billing and cooing a fellow has no chance of a game!"

Olive gave no sign of having heard him. She walked in silence, a little ahead of William, till they reached a bench sheltered behind a hedge of roses. There she seated herself.

"Well?" she said, in a voice that she tried to make indifferent, though the care with which she kept her face turned from his would have betrayed her.

William wished that he could see it. He was not usually sensitive to impressions of the thoughts of others, but to-day he seemed strangely alive to such influences. He could feel discouragement about him like an atmosphere; it was

very different from the scene that he had pictured in imagination. But of late everything had been different!

"I think," he began awkwardly, "that you know what it is I have come to say—you must surely know—Olive—you can't but have seen how——" He faltered and grew confused; from his tone he might have been defending himself against an unspoken accusation. "Will you marry me?" he blurted out at last.

The thing was done; the question definitely put on which so much depended. Not till this moment had he realised how much that was. The silence before she answered seemed endless.

Then she spoke, in a grave kindly voice, which, now that the actual moment was passed, had got back its self-possession.

"After all," she said, "I am glad that you have said this to me, although I did my best to prevent it. Oh, yes" — she smiled a little—"I won't try to pretend that I didn't know! That would not be honest, and I want you and me to be entirely honest with each other now. It is our only chance."

"Chance?" repeatedly William mechanically. Her tone bewildered him.

"Yes," she said, "chance of getting to see our real positions in this."

"But—what do you mean? I don't understand."

"Is it so very difficult? There are many things, many reasons, that we should have to look in the face. But one will be enough." She stopped. There was a silence, in which the bees hovering over the roses behind them kept up an incessant drowsy murmur—to William it seemed to have grown suddenly ominous.

"Well," he said at length, "what is the reason?"

He lit a cigarette.

"You do not love me!" she answered.

For a moment the unexpectedness of the reply deprived William of words. Then—

"How can you say that!" he exclaimed. "Does not everything prove how wrong it is? In these last weeks even, how many times have I tried to speak to you, and you have denied yourself to me. Surely, Olive," he said hotly, "if one of us is to make that accusation it is not you! What could I have done more to prove to you how false such an idea is!"

He ceased. His protests seemed not to have moved her; even to himself they had sounded strangely unreal. And yet he was sure that she had never been so precious to him as at this moment.

"It is the truth," she repeated quietly. "Even if you do not see it now, you will do so plainly enough some day, and you will thank me for having found it out in time. You have never really cared for me at all!"

Then for a moment William forgot himself. "And I was foolish enough to

think——" he began bitterly, but she stopped him with a gesture.

"Are you going to tell me that you thought it was already settled?" She smiled again, half wistfully. "Wasn't that very much what you said about the picnic?"

"Ah!" cried William, suddenly; "it was from that day that you changed towards me."

"No," she said, "you are wrong to say that. I have not changed—at least, not in the way you mean. Perhaps what happened then may have helped me to see things in their true light, but of itself it was nothing. Before that time, I think, I had begun to suspect, and since —oh, my eyes have been opened to so much since."

William made one more effort, almost mechanical, for his last hope was going from him as he listened.

"I do not understand," he said; "you talk of suspicions, and of seeing things in their true light—what truth is there to fear?"

"I have told you the truth, that there has never been anything like real love between us; that, perhaps, it was impossible there ever should be. Come," for she saw that he would have protested, "can you tell me absolutely, sincerely, and from your heart, that I am wrong? I know you cannot."

William did not speak. The earnestness of her appeal had startled him into an honesty equal to her own; he saw then that he should never be able to convince her. The pain in her voice showed him that. Even he began to wonder whether this were not after all a true thing that she believed of him. Had he ever in his life really loved anyone but himself?

"And so," she continued, "now you know my reasons for saying that—that it cannot be as you ask. I would rather, please, that you spared me any further protestations. We have admitted the truth, and they could only give us both pain. Let us try to forget this as just a foolish mistake. You are going to do great things with your life, that I know; some day, I hope, you will come to love, genuinely and really, some one who will love and help you, and with whom you will be very happy. But oh, William, make quite sure that it is real."

It was the first time that she had called him by his Christian name. The word had slipped from her unconsciously in the earnestness of her appeal, but even then the sound of it thrilled him.

He rose. "Since you ask me not to," he said, "I won't try to alter your conviction. I see it would be no use. Who knows? You may be right in what you say. I can't tell. I don't think I feel certain of anything any more—least of all myself."

She glanced quickly at him with a surprised relief. How differently he was taking it from what she had feared.

Suddenly, however, a suspicion seemed to strike him. "Tell me at least one thing," he cried, standing in front of her, "is all this your own thought? I mean —is there anyone else?"

She flushed crimson. "That is ungenerous," she exclaimed; then, in a softer tone, "come, you have been very patient with me so far, and I am grateful; do not spoil it now."

The flash of his old manner had come and gone again. "Forgive me," he said. "You are quite right; I had no business to ask that question."

But he had seen how she changed colour. After a moment he said—

"I think I will go now. And since there's not much point in my staying up any longer, I expect I shall leave Oxford to-morrow morning. It isn't quite the going down I looked forward to, and I suppose everyone will know what it means; but that doesn't matter—now. Will you shake hands? I don't want to be melodramatic, but you've taught me a lesson that I badly needed. If there's ever anything that I can do to—to help you in any way, only tell me, and, whatever it is, I'll do it."

She gave him her hand immediately. But as she did so, and through all her admiration for his courage, it flashed across her, half pitifully, what an incurable egoist he was after all. No one would ever be able to alter that.

She rose too, and stood facing him.

"If I were to take you at your word,"

she said, after a slight hesitation, "there is something—not a little thing, perhaps—that you could do now to help me."

She paused.

"What is it?" he asked eagerly. His voice sounded more boyish in its earnestness than anything she had heard from him before. "Only give me the chance."

"This," she said. "I ask you not to do as you say—to go away to-morrow. You are right in thinking that others would suspect then something of what has happened, and it would spoil for them—for my own people, I mean—this time that they have been so long looking forward to. Will you, for my sake, stay and help me to conceal it from them? There are only a few days more."

As she ceased speaking she gave him a look of half-wistful anxiety. Yet there was hope in it, too. It was a strange look, at which William would have wondered had he seen. His own face had clouded.

"As you say," he answered, "it isn't a little thing. But I would do more than that to show you—to help you in anything you care for. Yes, I will stay."

"Thank you," she said gently.

The thing was over, and at the same moment they saw Ernan coming along the path in search of them.

"There you are," he cried. "You've been a precious long time talking about it, whatever it was. I came to say that tea is ready, and that"—here he slightly raised his voice, and turned his brown eyes curiously upon William—"that Colonel Moberley has come back with the Scotch gentleman."

In spite of himself William could not resist a sudden glance at Olive. He saw that she had reddened again, ever so slightly, at Uncle Henry's name.

"So it was his doing after all!" he thought.

When they returned to the lawn they found that in their absence several more guests had arrived. Professor Doeg was already deep in conversation with Lady Appleton, and Uncle Henry was walking with Mr. Moon. Under the great cedar on the terrace the maids were setting the tables for tea.

As Olive and William reappeared, Uncle Henry glanced keenly at the latter. "Umph!" he thought to himself, "there is something behind that elaborated unconcern. I fancy she has already refused him. So much the better."

William's bearing, however, would have deceived most people; it surprised even himself. He went over and began to listen quite naturally to Mr. Moon.

"Ah, Wyse," said the tutor, "your uncle (whom I remember well at St. Mary's when I was an undergraduate) was speaking of my old friend the Bishop of Porchester—a most earnest man. I don't know whether I ever told you of a curious incident that happened to me once when I was staying at the Palace?"

"I can never make her believe me," thought William; "never, never."

V.

IT was a party of persons with very various emotions that, under the leadership of Uncle Henry, mounted the staircase to the great hall of Christ Church on the following evening. This dance, one of the first of the Commemoration Week festivities, was also expected to be the most brilliant. Royalty, now staying at the Deanery, were to be present, and in consequence the hall was thronged with a company which a learned professor (who, under a strict *alias*, contributed to the halfpenny Press) described next morning as "fair women and brave men."

But to William, who, true to his promise, had remained in Oxford and was carrying out the programme of the week with what outward unconcern he could assume, this evening was the most bitter drop in his distasteful cup. He had looked forward to it, seeing Olive and himself as betrothed lovers, and now——! As the company formed into two lines between which the Royal guests were to enter, he found himself gazing with a strange detachment at the faces of his friends, and wondering how this occasion appeared to them that for himself was such a mockery.

Of Uncle Henry, there could not be

much doubt; from the crown of his head to the rosettes upon his twinkling shoes the colonel radiated happiness. He was standing beside Olive, at whom, ever and again, he glanced with an expression of complacence of which William could no longer disguise from himself the meaning. He knew that there was at least one person in the room whom his demeanour —assumed in justice, be it remembered, far more for Olive's sake than his own— was powerless to deceive. "William," Uncle Henry had said, drawing him aside for a moment, "I don't inquire if anything happened yesterday, and I don't want you to volunteer the information. All I ask is that, if so, you will remember our compact. Where one may have failed, another may at least try, eh?"

"Yes," answered William, dully. He could not say more. Even at the time it seemed to him that the words, and the look of but partially concealed triumph with which Uncle Henry spoke them, were an uncalled-for cruelty. Then he had remembered that they were just part of what he had pledged himself to endure because it was all that he could now do for Olive to prove his penitence. Very decidedly this was a changed William from the self-confident lover of the picnic! Beyond Uncle Henry, Muriel and the Dean of St. Mary's stood together. William, watching them with the quickened sympathy that was part of his own altered mood, had little difficulty about their feelings. That, too, he thought, was one of the unexpected results that had surely grown out of Uncle Henry's visit. He recalled the morning of the arrival, and the alteration that it had made in the dean almost at once. He smiled too at his own forebodings and the different fashion in which they had been realised. How much had changed since then! Opposite to the dean and his partner were Lady Appleton and Professor Doeg, and further down the same line he could observe Mr. Moon, resplendent in fine linen, leaning forward to bestow a loyal smile upon the Exalted Visitors; it was evident that for him this occasion would be the setting of anecdotes yet unborn.

And Olive—William looked at her last, but his eyes, once they rested on her face, could not be torn away. She was not looking at him, had seemed indeed studiously to avoid meeting his glance; but this, perceptible only to himself, was the sole sign of anything unusual. Her smile was as bright, her manner as natural, as ever. What was passing in her mind? He could only guess.

Then came the little ceremonial of entrance; in a moment the brief procession had passed, gracious and bowing, towards the upper end of the hall, and there followed the figures of a quadrille for which the dancers retained their positions facing each other in the two lines in which they had saluted the arrival.

Thus William, in spite of himself, had to join hands with Olive, who was immediately opposite. He had not intended this additional trial. As their fingers touched, the thrill of the contact ran through him like electricity; yet how often they had met and he been all unconscious, before she was lost to him!

When the quadrille was finished, William retired as quickly as possible to an obscure corner, where he could await the time when he might slip away unnoticed. Presently, however, he was observed by Lady Appleton, who beckoned him to sit beside her.

"Why are you not dancing?" she said with kindly severity. Then when he had murmured some excuse, she added—

"Mr. Wyse, I think I shall let you into a secret, which you will be the first to hear; if, indeed, you have not guessed it already." She paused and looked at him smiling. "Muriel is engaged to the Dean of St. Mary's," she said.

"I am very glad," said William. He tried hard to put some enthusiasm into his tone, but the matter seemed strangely unimportant, as though it concerned people in a different world.

"So am I. I believe they will be very happy. The odd part of it all is that the whole thing is owing to your uncle. If Colonel Moberley had not laughed him out of the idea that he was too old, he would never have had the courage to speak. Christopher told me so himself."

"Christopher?" said William.

Lady Appleton laughed. "Mr. Deighton," she explained. "I am endeavouring to get used to it! As a matter of fact, Muriel adores him; so, you see, your uncle has been quite our guardian angel!" William was silent. Mentally he wondered if his companion knew to what lengths the guardian angel might at that very moment be carrying his theories of rejuvenation. Then Professor Doeg joined them, seating himself on the other side of Lady Appleton. "Now," said she, smiling, "I refuse to allow one old woman to monopolise two men, so I insist on Mr. Wyse immediately leaving us to fulfil his obvious duty."

Then they turned the corner, and there sat Olive alone.

She gave him as she spoke a glance that was full of kindness, and held, too, a little curiosity, as though she had half expected some equal confidence on his side. William saw that she suspected nothing as yet.

He rose obediently and moved away, determining in his own mind that the moment was now propitious for his escape. He was making for the door, when amongst the crowd that the cessation of the music had just released he came face to face with his uncle.

"I was just looking for you," said he. "Are you engaged for the next dance?"

William stopped and hesitated. "No," he said after a moment; "I am not engaged." He foresaw what the elder man was about to tell him, and felt that he might as well hear it now as afterwards; indeed, suddenly he did not seem to care very much what happened to him.

"Then come with me," said Uncle Henry. William followed him, and together they threaded their way through the hall and down the staircase, till they reached the cloisters. In the great quadrangle and about the fountain in the centre thousands of little coloured lights were burning, but here, under the arches, it was almost quite dark. Uncle Henry found a couple of basket-chairs sheltered behind a folding screen; he seated himself and motioned his nephew to do the same. Then he lit a cigarette.

"William," he said, "I must ask you to bear with a little personal explanation, which I feel is owing to both of us." The light of the match flared for a moment upon his face and showed it radiant.

William felt that he already knew what the explanation would be. "I

think I understand," he said, "and of course I congratulate you!" He paused, then added, "It is perhaps unnecessary for me to say that I've been an utter fool from the beginning."

"Quite necessary," retorted Uncle Henry blandly. "Indeed, I don't know that I would put it in the past tense, even yet!"

This was more than William felt himself called upon to endure. He got up. "Haven't you said enough?" he asked. "Of course you've been laughing at me all along. I see that now, but you can hardly expect me to be overjoyed at the result!"

"Sit down!" commanded Uncle Henry, "and listen. Said enough! Oh! William. When I think of the things I might say I am amazed at my own moderation. It didn't much matter your being a fool —most of us begin that way—I should not have minded that; but you have been that far less curable thing—a prig. When you met me that day at the railway station, I confess I was aghast! Certainly you were a kind of prig; the all-round, cock-sure-of-everything kind; that was new since my time, but the symptoms are the same; and in you—you, from whom we all hoped so much—they made me blush!"

"Why do you tell me this?" said William. "I've found it all out for myself since then."

"No, my lad, you have not," retorted Uncle Henry. "I had to teach you. And," he added, in a kindlier tone, laying a hand upon William's knee as he spoke, "thank heaven, you've learnt your lesson. Well, I saw, too, that by your own folly you were spoiling the greatest good fortune that could come to you, the love of a woman who would help you to be your best self. That is the love that is never gained without an effort, so—well, I made you try!"

"Try!" echoed William bitterly. "Yes—and fail! You secured that result well enough. Olive refused me yesterday; I suppose she has just said 'Yes' to you."

"Certainly," answered Uncle Henry with emphasis. "That was her answer to a proposal I made not ten minutes ago. As you suggest, also, I had (or I flatter myself) something to do with the young lady's change of attitude. Your irritation as to that is pardonable. Still," he added slowly, "perhaps it was not entirely for selfish ends that I may have advised this very successful little comedy."

His words sounded strangely full of meaning. As William heard them he started. He sat bolt upright in his chair; doubt, suspicion and a wild hope striving within him.

"What—what do you mean?" he said; "I don't understand!"

"No?" Uncle Henry's voice was that of one who relishes to the utmost the climax of some secret entertainment. "Perhaps before very long you will. Yes, as I was saying, I think I may congratulate myself and you—upon the result. The stipulation that you should remain in Oxford was a stroke of genius! I had demanded some sacrificial atonement, and that fulfilled all my conditions most happily. You have come out better than I dared to hope. I am proud of you."

He stopped, for at that moment the silent cloister had become filled with faint music. To the end of his life William could never hear that music without a throb of memory.

"Listen!" said Uncle Henry. "There is the next waltz beginning. We must find our partners."

He sprang up, and began to move away, but not in the direction of the Hall. As in a dream, William followed him. What Uncle Henry had meant he hardly dared to guess. His heart seemed to be thumping painfully somewhere in the region of his throat; his knees trembled; a mist swam before his eyes.

Then they turned the corner, and there sat Olive alone, just as cunning Uncle Henry had left her. Her head was bent on her hand, but at the sound of footsteps she glanced up quickly, and in that look, taken at unawares, was visible all that her bravery of indifference had sought to hide.

"Miss Olive," said Uncle Henry, in a brisk, matter-of-fact manner, "When I proposed to find you a partner for this

dance, you were good enough to say yes——"

He got no further. The mist had cleared for William at last. Forgetting Uncle Henry, he strode past him towards the girl, holding out both his hands.

"Olive—Olive!" he said.

"I'm in the way again, as usual, I suppose," observed Uncle Henry. He turned and went softly back towards the staircase, a smile of supreme contentment on his face. At the foot he almost ran against the professor.

"Doeg," he said, "come and sit this out with me."

"Richt ye arre!" assented the professor. "Is it a whisky and soda, or Pommery '82?"

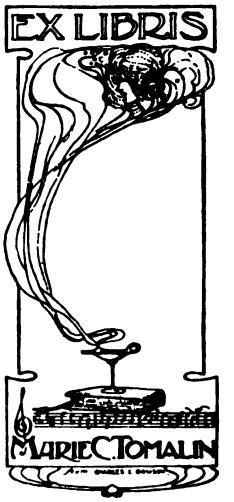
"Neither," said Uncle Henry decisively; "This Indian summer of ours has been very well in its way, but I begin to weary of it. Having conducted a love affair—two love affairs—from beginning to end, and all but had to do the proposals myself, I'm about to resume the responsibilities of my age. Give me a glass of port!"

THE END.

Romsey Abbey, on the river Test, of which a view appears on our cover this month, dates back to a foundation at least a thousand years old. Little remains, however, of the old structure except the church, the architecture of which is undoubtedly of the Norman period, with additions and renovations of a later date.

A BOOK-PLATE is a somewhat significant guide to character. It was not always so, nor, indeed, is it always so now. To-day the heraldic book-plate is scarcely more significant than a mere tag or label to distinguish ownership. Once it would have been held presumptuous in any one not entitled to bear a coat-of-arms to acquire the dignity of a book-plate. That was the prerogative of a great family or a great library only, quite too exclusive a privilege to be shared by the ordinary lover of books. But it is long since book-collecting has been a pursuit of the rich and the great libraries alone. Culture has become democratic, and to the truly cultivated person his books are among his most precious possessions. A library of even a hundred volumes has dignity of place if it reflects its owner's taste, and, at the least, it is dignified by his pride of possession; and he becomes naturally jealous that his books should share with the most priceless collections whatever adventitious aid to distinction he is able to bestow upon it.

A most obvious of these aids is a book-plate, for it links the book-lover's tiniest collection to the literature of all the ages. It is a patent of nobility conferred upon his volumes; it is a password recognised by the whole craft of genuine readers. But with its translation into democratic uses its character is changing. It is no longer a mediæval trade-mark but a personal declaration; it no longer belongs to a family but to an individual; it may even be a badge of personal idiosyncrasy, and to whatever extent it does this it is significant of character.

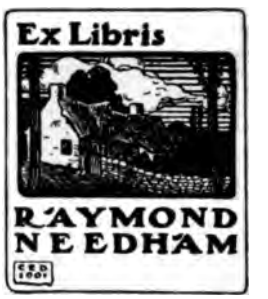


The modern designer of book-plates who aspires to practice his art in the modern spirit must have a sympathetic and versatile imagination, as well as a deft command of the means of expression. He must have humour as well as taste, a broad mind no less than facile craftsmanship. We reproduce on these pages a few examples which seem to us to illustrate these qualities. The artist-designer, Mr. Charles E. Dawson, is well known in other fields of applied art, wherein a commercial age may aspire to refinement without losing, but rather to the advantage of, its commercialism. As a designer of posters and pictorial advertisements, of stained-glass and other architectural embellishments, Mr. Dawson has done most acceptable work,

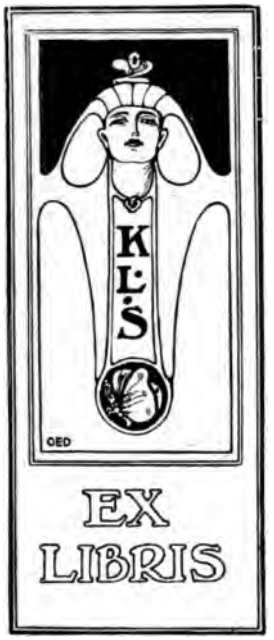
and it is a pleasure to observe the same care and fidelity to artistic ideals employed in the less imposing, but no less exigeant, art of designing book-plates.

In all these examples some touch of the personality of the client is introduced, however diverse those personalities may be. In that bearing the name of Eric Danks the white umbrella serves the double purpose of intimating the modest self-effacement of the owner and the tropical temperature of his habitat, the latter fact further accented by the oriental architecture, while the linked volumes and the saddle horse point to favourite occupations. The dry humour of this plate has a contrast in the punning fancy of that designed for John W. Woodthorpe, where a distant thorpe is seen between the twisted boles of the wood. Each of the distinct methods employed in these two plates is equally remote from the graceful charm and flowing lines of the "Ex Libris" of Eileen Crawford Scott, where spring-time, youth and joy and a singing heart and dancing feet are so happily expressed. Or again contrast this with the more stately picture of young motherhood in the Arthur Blomfield plate. Consistently the designer has here adopted a dignified architectural border; the landscape is more mature like a promise richly fulfilled, and is as suggestive of the summer-time of life as was the former of the budding season.

Allegory is effectively treated in the plate bearing the initials "M. S." which are those of Her Grace the Duchess of Sutherland. The love-god soars towards the sun, bearing the cross of self-sacrifice, and leaving behind the tangled thorns and broken glass of Time. Less obvious, perhaps, is the symbolism contained in the plate of "K. L S," but to those who know the lady for whom it was designed, the Sphinx and the butterfly may seem the appropriate emblems of a nature inscrutable in its deeper moods, but of enticing beauty and waywardness of imagination. And again how great a contrast is the "Ex Libris" of Raymond Needham, designed in the old wood-cut style, and a triumph of sympathetic adaptation. On the whole we feel sure that by giving these examples we are extending interest in a delightful art that deserves encouragement.



The designer of book-plates must share with the portrait painter some of that fascination which is inseparable from the study of character and even of idiosyncrasy. Mr. Dawson is a portrait painter, so that he will not resent



our adding that of course the less exacting craft admittedly moves on a lower plane. But, with this limitation understood, it is clear that to successfully endow the book-lover's mark of ownership with something of his own personality implies a power of realising that personality mentally, and that is also a necessary achievement in the successful portrait painter. Our illustrations point, furthermore, to the value of imagination, and a nice feeling for appropriate allegorical expression. Humour is another qualification without which the modern book-plate would lose much of its distinctive character. There is ample field for the exercise of all these capacities, and it becomes increasingly evident that their variety imposes on the designer yet another, and that is a fine selective judgment; and this again is based on a more or less instinctive reading of character. We would not imply that the designer of book-plates consciously asks himself on each occasion whether this or that class of subject is most appropriate to the particular client who asks his services. Doubtless the selection is more instinctive than reasoned; but all the same, the sound judgment lies as surely behind the one as the other. It is safe to say,

furthermore, that the designer probably gets little or no help in the way of suggestion from the client who consults him. Most of us are wofully lacking in imagination, or in even a just estimate of our own more distinguishing characteristics.

To him who embodies the qualities we have thus inadequately summarised the designing of book-plates must be a fascinating employment. The field is unlimited; the range of public expression as wide as the variety of personalities; each new commission involves a fresh and interesting excursion into the multifarious forms character takes, and the result is achieved, not by a long and trying process, but at a stroke, as it were, by a single happy conception promptly put upon paper. All the same, we should not advise every draughtsman to imagine he has in him the making of a successful designer of book-plates; we hope we have made it clear that the art involves something more than dexterity.

By HEBER K. DANIELS.

Author of "Doña Rufina," "Digby Ravelyn," "Dol Shackfield," etc.

X.

JIM GOING WRONG. HE CATCHES A TARTAR.

I WAS ten years old when I commenced my 'prenticeship to Mr. Trapley, and I worked in all nearly six years for him under Jim before I knew enough to be trusted alone to do a job properly, and not to hurry over it. At the end of that time my wages came up to eighteen shillings a week for the fifty-four hours I worked; but Mr. Trapley he booked it down: "Plumber's mate, 54 hours at 8*d.* per hour, £1 16s." He always showed the hours and what he paid the men, so as to look candid and open-like; and if so be the client found out that it was too much according to plumbers' wages, then he said it included profit as well. Whatever Jim booked had got to be charged up, seeing that he was paid the time by Mr. Trapley; and I never knew Mr. Trapley to give in an inch over it to a client, 'cause he said if the time was wrong, how come Jim to have booked it. There was no getting over that nohow.

I paid Jim out of my wages for my lodgings and keep, and spent the rest in clothes and boots, andsettrer. So I was in all nearly sixteen years old, and learned to smoke and talk like Jim did, and you could almost see my moustaches if you looked close.

As regarding ages, I never knew for certain how old Jim was exactly, nor he didn't either, on account of their forgetting to register where he was born; but I think it must have been somewhere about fifty, judging by how he looked. He himself mostly averaged his age by the way he felt, like he read it in a book once. But it didn't always work well that way, 'specially after he'd been on a buster. He used to say then that if he was to go by his feelings, he ought to have been dead thirty years ago.

My mate's wages were very good for a plumber even, averaging as they did from three to four pounds a week, and more sometimes, when working late and putting in double time on Sundays. Better wages, I've heard say, than many gets that have to go about their work in offices, trying to look as if they were gentlemen. But Jim he never saved a farthing out of his money to put by for the rainy day to come, when p'rhaps he'd be out of the hunt, with no son to help him through, and no future before him but the workhouse.

He always gave so much regular to his wife every Saturday night for the house, and then went and blewed the rest at the "High Admiral." The biggest share always went there, as we knew to our sorrow many's the time. Not, mind you, that Jim hadn't got one or two good points about him for all that, seeing that he spent his money all round at the "High Admiral," like as if he was a lord. But the bad points weighed them all

down, and made him, when on the drink, worse than the worst devil that ever took the shape of a man.

All the preaching in the world didn't do no good towards turning him the right way. He used to say it *couldn't* be done on account of the craving that came on him at times, which he 'herited from their feeding him on gin when he was little. And education was worse than poison to him, the same as it was to father, only more so.

The clergyman of the parish he done all in his power to convert Jim and make him drop the drink, and actually did persuade him so far once as to sign the pledge for three months; but Mr. Hillyard's clerk, that was a vegetarian, got him to sign for that, too, and between the two of them they overdid it and busted the thing up. Jim said himself that he never felt better in health than during the first week it lasted, and reckoned he was only about twenty-five years old, he felt that dapper and frisky; but after that, what with the cabbage puddings and potato steaks, and the ginger beer, and tea, andsettrer, he felt he was getting that short of blood that he'd have bound to have died if he didn't swear off of it again, and be quick about it, too.

So he swore off it, and made up for the back time he'd been and lost, and laid all about the town as if no one owned him. And he didn't come home for a fortnight after that—not until we were nearly starved to death through the supplies being stopped—and then he was brought from the hospital in a cab, all plastered up, through quarrelling with a party that turned out to be the champion heavy-weight dressed respectable.

When he got well he went back on his old lines as bad as ever, and wouldn't tolerate no one, not even the parson, coming nigh him to try and convert him again. He laid it all down to the cold water and vegetables his being licked like he was, and said if he'd been on his regular diet he wouldn't have got walked over so easy; and the whole time he was in bed he took it out in growling and swearing at me and his wife and Mary for siding in along with the parson agin him. And he wouldn't allow me to go to work neither the whole of the time for fear Mr. Trapley would promote me into his place; 'cause I knew how to wipe a joint and lay a service as well as he done himself. So his wife she was 'bliged to put away all the wearing things in the house except what was on our backs, to get food and coal for the week and to pay the doctor that 'tended on Jim. It was a miserable time for all of us while he was sick, and I don't know what we'd have done except for the few shillings I'd got put by in the penny bank, and the bread and tea and dripping that Mrs. Hippleston loaned us to carry on with.

You'd have thought after all this that Jim would have had sufficient to have lasted him a twelvemonth and more, without interfering with strangers whose pedigree he knowed nothing about; but no, nothing must satisfy him but to get up a bother with the new plumber that Mr. Trapley had got in his place tempor'y, while he was away. He was a long draw'd-out, curly-haired chap, with a soft, slouched hat, and the quiet, easy-spoken ways of a parson almost; and never spoke to any of us except to pass the time of day, or a chisel, or a soldering iron, or to say grace, maybe, before and after meals, which he always done as regular as a clock, if it was only a sangwidge.

It didn't take us long to find out that the new plumber was a most extraordinary religious man, though, at the same time, not one of the sort that tried to shove it on to anyone else, whether he wanted it or not. He always kept what he had to himself, and never so much as once invited me or Jim to take a hand in with him over a hymn or anything. So Jim he hated him worse than poison, and called him a Young Man's Christian Association, and a disgrace to his perfession, and a lot more besides worse than that; and when it came to referring to anyone that he was prejudiced against, no one could touch Jim for style and language. The 'bus driver that lodged opposite to us always gave in to my mate when it came to a regular flow of eloquence. When *they* two started to pass the compliments of the day over almost nothing, I've seen the times when the

neighbours they'd have to go indoors and stay there until it was all over. Some said the 'bus driver was the quickest and loudest in answering back, but they all reckoned that for general staying power, and for carrying the furthest, he wasn't a patch on Jim.

Well, my mate he'd never let a moment go by but he'd have a dig at the new plumber some way or another. At one time, maybe, imitating his drawly voice, or, at another, taking off the mincing way he had of getting about his work, and generally insulting the poor chap most outrageous at every turn, and trying all he could to get him worked up for a fight.

But the new plumber he wouldn't pay the least notice to him, let alone to take any offence at whatever my mate said or done to him, but went about his work as quiet and inoffensive as if they were only compliments and nothing more; and Jim he felt that contemptuous for him he could hardly hold himself in, and I began myself to almost pity the man for being such a coward.

Mr. Trapley he didn't hold with him much neither, owing to the exact way he had of booking up his time, and his particularity over the materials, as if they were gold. So he was under notice to leave as soon as me and Jim came back; and it was on the very Saturday he was to go, and as he was having his breakfast in a corner of the shop, that my mate he came on him all on a sudden reading a book that we all knew was the Bible, from his always carrying it about with him wherever he was.

"Hello, Exeter!" says Jim, 'luding to the Hall. "What've you got there a-reading of now?"

The new plumber he gave him no answer except to drink from his tea-can and go on reading where he'd left off.

"Y'hear!" says my mate, a-winking at me and firing a hank of oily waste at t'other one's head, playful-like. "What's that you've got there a reading of, I asks you?"

"The Word of God!" says the new plumber, looking quietly up at the two of us. "And I'll trouble you not to heave no more greasy waste this way again, as might get into my tea and spile it."

"Spile it!" Jim laughs out in his dry, sneering way. "Think yourself lucky if I don't spile *you* before the day's out, you pusillanermous son of a Methody Chapel. Show me the book that you've got there. Hold it out so I can see it," and before the other could draw back or offer to stop him he'd lifted it with his boot right clean into the skylight and then stood by laughing fit almost to split himself.

At that the new plumber he got down from off his bench as easy and slow as if he was only just getting out of bed, and he drank off the tea that was left and put the can away with the dinner things into his locker, just for all the world as if Jim had never spoken a word to him in all his life.

Even my mate was that disgusted he couldn't say nothing after he'd done laughing, but stand staring at him till I thought he'd have gone daft. I thought myself he was about the softest man I ever see in *my* born days—until he'd got the things put by and turned towards us again. Then I noticed that he was as pale as death, and his eyes flashing all over Jim like serpents, and I began to think p'rhaps I didn't know him yet.

We watched him hang up his hat and begin to peel off his coat, and after that his waistcoat, and roll them up and stow them away that careful you'd have thought he was getting back into his bed again. And all the time he never took his eyes off my mate for one second.

I see now there was trouble coming for certain, and Jim he see it too, and begun to get ready himself, a-smiling all the time at me like he'd have said: "Just you stand by and watch me qualify somebody for the nearest accident ward."

When the new plumber was ready, he stepped over close up to Jim, and, says he, looking him straight in the eyes and almost hissing it:—

"I thought to have been able to have left this place without the shedding of blood, and held out as long as I could while that there book was nigh me to teach me to 'void angry words and blows. But now you have been and done the only thing that would have drawed me on to lift my hand against a fellow creature in anger. You've been and insulted

that book, and insulted the memory of them that wrote it. Jim Pinnegear, you're a drunken, sacrimonious blackguard, and as such you've got to be punished."

I never see anything done so sudden and straight out from the shoulder as what came after that. It took Jim fair and square under the right jaw and lifted him clear off the ground and on to the vice bench behind him before he knew who had done it; and I could have laughed myself to see the look my mate gave when he found out what it was, only the same time I got a clip over the ear that set all the bells in the parish ringing and made me cry instead.

"That was for laughing *with* Jim," the new plumber said.

"Then he 'tended to Jim again, and dodged the shifting spanner that my mate throwed fair at his head, and let it go through the glass partition into Mr. Trapley's office and smash up a clock and a dozen sample globes inside. And he 'taliated on my mate by landing him four times about the head so quick that it looked like once, and flung him into the ashpit with a backhanded Cumberland throw, and slammed me on the top of him.

When me and Jim crawled out again the new plumber he was ready and waiting for us, and started to belt my mate all round the shop till he fairly hollered for mercy, and when he'd finished with him he threw him under the hand-cart, and went after me with a piece of rope-yarn.

I begun to see then that Jim wasn't able to give him sufficient to keep him occupied on him singly, and I went out through the shop window without opening it, and fell into the cucumber-frame on the other side and cut my thumb nearly off; and I bled almost as much as my mate did. I never see anything so like a real battle all the time we were at it. Me and Jim was the French and the new plumber was the British, winning easy every time.

I waited ten minutes outside until it was all quiet, and then I went round and looked into the shop through a knot-hole in the door; and I see Jim in a *corner curled up* on a bag of waste, and moaning away like when you hear a dog dreaming out loud. And the new plumber he'd got his things on again and was sitting on the bench, turning over the leaves of the book and looking for the place where he'd left off reading.

By-and-bye Mr. Trapley he came in, and when he see the damage done in his office he went on like a lunatic, and came out reckoning to lay it all on to the new plumber, and make him pay for it. But when he see me outside, and I told him all what had happened in the shop, he said maybe it wasn't anyone's fault after all, and went away to catch a train, so he said.

After that, Jim he done another week in bed, and we parted with the clock and the best of the under-linen to keep the establishment going until he got well and could earn some more money again.

And all the time my mate was in bed, the new plumber he kept calling at the house regular every morning to hear how he was getting on. And Jim he told us to let him up, so he could speak to him, 'cause he said he didn't bear any animosity against him, seeing it was all done fair and open. That was one of Jim's good points.

So the new plumber he came up and sat down by the bedside and talked so beautiful, you'd have thought it was a young girl of fifteen just fresh from school, it was that innocent and cooing-like.

Jim said it came nearer converting him than anything he'd ever experienced before; and when the new plumber was getting up ready to go away for the last time, he took him by the hand, and drawing him close down to the pillow so he could hear him whisper, he says, says Jim:—

"Mate, if I only knowed how to work the thing same as you done it on me last Saturday, I'd—I'd turn religious to-morrow." And we all see he meant it.

XI.

PROFESSIONAL SECRETS. BOB ANTHONY. TELFER *versus* TRAPLEY AND HILLYARD.

WHEN my mate was recovered sufficient to be 'llowed to tonic himself without always having to go to a 'pothecary's shop for it, Mr. Trapley he set him on tempor'y to

sup'rintend all his out-door jobs until such times as he got his proper health back again; so Jim he had no call to take off his coat for over two months.

It took Jim fair and square under the right jaw.

Every once in a while when trade was beginning to fall off a bit and the profits getting too low to keep all hands going comfortable, Mr. Trapley he'd charge up the foreman's time and fares sup'rintending, no matter if he only looked at a job. If Jim visited half-a-dozen jobs in one day, he'd book up his full ten hours a day on to each, and p'raps more, according as the other hands booked theirs. This mostly always brought his time up to nearly two hundred and

eighty-seven hours per week over and above the fifty-four hours he got paid for doing next to nothing. Mr. Trapley he always reckoned that those extra hours were a clear net profit, free of all rates and taxes.

If so be any of his clients kicked against it and said the profits on the men's time and material ought to cover all the superintendence that was wanted, he pacified them by telling them confidential-like that he never charged them anything extra for his *own* time and fares, taking particulars and estimating to get the work. He gave them that free gratis for nothing, and always reckoned it to be a dead loss out of his own pocket. They could prove it, he said, if they'd only look into the details of his 'count, which was true enough so far as not seeing his name mentioned on it, but the young man in the office he told me, with a wink, it was charged up all the same as a "andsettrer."

Whilst my mate was about sup'rintending, I was put on tempor'y to work mates with Bob Anthony, that was a casual relation of Jim's on the off-side. He was a first-class plumber was Bob; a leetle bit too slow maybe over a job to suit them that were prejudiced against what they called "the British working-man," but for all that as good a mechanic in his perfession as ever I met with. What Bob lost in time he made up in thoroughness. He was the surest man Mr. Trapley ever had in *his* shop, and the most conscientioust. I've seen him when it came to wiping an awkward joint, knock off for the rest of the day on purpose to think it over with Jim at the "High Admiral," so there'd be no doubt about its coming off all right the next day. He was a born plumber, Mr. Trapley said, and one of the old school that was fast dying out, and he respected him for it. He had a brother, too, that used to work for Mr. Trapley once—Saint Anthony they called *him*, on account of his language—a better hand, so I've heard, than even Bob was himself; but do all they could, neither Mr. Trapley nor his brother was ever able to keep him from going crooked, and in the end he turned religious on a sudden and started to work for the Stores.

The client that me and Bob worked for went by the name of Telfer—Samuel Charles Telfer, in full—a party that had made his pile in the undertaking and monumental line, and was retired independent. The job we had to do for him was to put a new wing on to his old house, and see generally to all the drains and services throughout. Mr. Hillyard he got the building and decorating part of it, and Mr. Trapley the plumbing; and it was to be a contract from beginning to end. Not, mind you, through any over anxiety on Mr. Hillyard's or Mr. Trapley's part to do it at a price, but you see, Mr. Telfer, having been all his life in a profession that didn't, for decency sake, hold with giving estimates, money had never been no object with him in carrying out work for *his* clients, and now, seeing that he was a client himself, he reckoned he knew what was what, and wasn't going to 'llow himself to be done by any plumber or builder that was ever born. That was how we come to work it by contract. Mr. Trapley he'd put in for the plumbing at next to starvation, trusting, as was his custom, to Mr. Hillyard to help him out with it before the job was over. But Mr. Telfer he brought up a small jobmaster that only worked for his bare living, to estimate against Mr. Hillyard, and cornered him so on his own specification, that he was tied down in black-and-white and couldn't move himself to help no one. So there was nothing for it, Mr. Hillyard said, but to go ahead with the work and trust in Providence. But Mr. Trapley he said he never trusted even in himself, let alone anyone else, and he proceeded to instruct Bob Anthony in accordance.

A week or so after we had made a beginning, Mr. Telfer he came around during the work, and Bob, taking the opportunity of getting in his say, started throwing out suggestions about how the services could be altered and improved to give out better results than they ever could as they now were. That got Mr. Telfer interested, and Bob, seeing it, drawed him on gradual and gradual till

at last he forgot all about there being any contract, and 'llowed he'd have a slight alteration or two made in the way the pipes were laid, seeing there couldn't be any harm arise from it, and he asked Bob to do it, and Bob he done it.

Next morning up comes Mr. Trapley himself in a regular tear, and lets Bob and me have it awful, right before Mr. Telfer, for departing from his orders and throwing the whole thing out of gear. He told Mr. Telfer he couldn't now consider it to be a contract no longer, seeing that the plans had got mixed up so and been added to, and said, too, that he was bound to lose on it unless it was made a day-work job of, and the kitchen boiler and hot water apparatus thrown in afterwards as an extra.

At first Mr. Telfer he made a show of holding out against what he said was a gross imp'sition, but Mr. Trapley he lashed himself up into such a regular fury and seemed so in earnest about having his rights as a free-born Englishman, that Mr. Telfer he gave way and said all right, he supposed he'd have to chance it.

Then came Mr. Hillyard's turn. He said that owing to Mr. Telfer's interfering and fussy ways, and giving verbal orders to Mr. Trapley's men, he'd got *his* portion of the contract so mixed up with the plumbing and sanat'ry system that unless he was 'llowed to charge up the job on its own merits, Mr. Telfer could take his coat off and finish the work himself. So there was no help for it but for Mr. Telfer to chance the building and decorating part as well; and he done it with a show of language that it was perfectly scandalous to stand by and listen to.

After that, of course, we were able to take our time and do the work more thoroughly than we would have been able to have done if Mr. Telfer had been firm and held us down to the 'riginal contract; and I never see anyone so pleased as Bob was at not having to hurry over the job and p'raps spoil it. He said it would have laid as heavy on his conscience ever afterwards as a cookery-school dumpling.

Towards evening Jim he'd put his head in through the open window and sup'rintend us, saying as it might be: "What'cher, Bobby! 'Ow goes it my pretty?" "Middlin', James," my mate he'd reply, laying down his tools and signing to me to knock off, "only middlin', considering the late dry spell, and the dust there's flying about."

"That's so," Jim he'd say, getting out his sheet and booking down his ten hours to Mr. Telfer's job for sup'rintendence. "That's so, my hearty, and seeing that it's the wrong end of the week p'raps you ain't no good for nothing, neither?"

"P'raps," Bob he answered him, getting out *his* sheet and booking down *his* ten hours and mine along with it—"p'raps I am, and p'raps I ain't, seeing it depends on how you're goin' to foller suit." And then Jim he'd go on over the way to the corner house, leaving Bob to give Mr. Telfer the go-bye, and foller on after him; and I'd hide myself away out of sight until such times as he came back again, and we'd go off home together.

So the job it went on and went on, and kept growing and growing, until in the end you believe me it just costed something. And at the finish it was never what I might call a properly carried-out job, owing to some small leaks going on in the old part of the house that hadn't shown themselves yet to the naked eye, and that only wanted time to soak through the brickwork sufficient to give Mr. Hillyard and Mr. Trapley a job in the future putting it to rights. But Bob he said that was no part of our business, until we had orders from Mr. Trapley to 'tend to it. Says he:—

"Wot does a rat ketcher do when he gets orders to 'sterminate a house that's 'festered with 'em? Does he up and twist the necks of the last buck and doe rat he's been and ketched? Not he. Wot does he do with 'em, then?"

"Sells 'em for rat-baiting," says I.

"Sells 'em to your grandmother for stewed rabbits," says he, disgusted-like. "He turns 'em loose into that house again for the good of his trade, that's wot he does. Same with us, when we comes across a hidden leak or a 'proaching overflow, or a perspective bust, we lets it go rip for the good of *our* trade."

Even Mr. Trapley, clever as he was in 'splaining things away, hadn't the nerve to face Mr. Telfer over the details after he and Mr. Hillyard sent their 'counts in; so the two of them, they went off to Brighton, and stayed there nearly a whole week so as to 'llow Mr. Telfer to get over the worst of the shock before they ventured to call on him for a cheque.

And when they did call, Mr. Trapley's young man from the office that went as an extra witness in the case of an assault and battery, he said the scenery that took place between Mr. Telfer and Mr. Hillyard and Mr. Trapley was something that was to be remembered so long as he lived.

In the end Mr. Telfer he turned them all out of the house, and slammed the door almost on Mr. Trapley's nose, calling out to them afterwards—through the letter box—that he'd live and die in Holloway Jail before he'd pay them one farthing of their ill-gotten gains beyond the contract price. But he paid it for all that, just the same as the others had done before him, and it included fees to Mr. Gripps, too, for preventing its being made a criminal court business of, through his conduct to Mr. Gripps' clients at his house.

When I told Jim all about what had happened, he said it was only what was to be expected from a self-made upstart like Mr. Telfer, and he'd never looked for nothing else from him the moment he first set eyes on him. So far as his trade went, give him a man of blue blood, with half a dozen ancestors at his back, and he didn't care where the next client might come from. With them it was always a fair day's pay for a fair day's work, and no questions asked. As regards Mr. Telfer, he didn't believe he ever had an ancestor, 'cause he heard say that his father was only a bricklayer's labourer.

XII.

A HAPPY MOMENT. JIM STILL GOING WRONG. A CLIMAX.

AND all the years I stopped with Jim in his house my love for Mary grew stronger and stronger, till in the end I was bound to let her know of it or go into a decline, like the poets that Aunt Sarah used to read to me about. And when I told Mary what ailed me, she didn't carry on a bit like the young ladies in the penny journals does, but said, in a quiet, gentle way, and looking me honest in the face, that she always did like me ever since I noticed the cripple and her mother, that were all the world to her. And she'd have liked me better still, she said, if I hadn't tried sometimes to be like how her father was, and imitate his ways of speaking and slouching about, which made her doubt at times if I wasn't going to the devil straight, like he seemed to be, or would turn out all right in the end.

But I said I wasn't afraid of going there along with Jim now, seeing that I knew what I'd got to steer clear of; and I promised to try all I could to keep straight and lend a hand generally, helping to get Jim around as well.

So she agreed that I could be her lover till we both grow'd up and could marry one another without Jim putting his shovel in to try and prevent us. And then I kissed her on the cheek, and went off and got the keeper that I'd got put by me ready, and put it on her finger to wear for ever, till death parted us—except when Jim was looking. And so we was engaged.

Everything seemed bright and happy to me the whole of that day afterwards; and I could see that Jim's wife knew all about it, by the way she kept smiling to herself and looking pleasant, which was so seldom with her, poor creature. And I reckoned Mary told the cripple, too, 'cause he looked like he didn't know whether to be jealous or glad over it; and being tongue-tied, I couldn't get to know which it was for certain. Even Jim, when he'd cleaned himself and sat down to his tea, looked so respectable and fatherly, to my thinking, that I more than once thought I'd up and tell him all about it; but I recollected what he'd always said about marrying his daughter to a sanat'ry engineer, and thought p'rhaps, on second'ry consideration, I'd wait until I turned into one myself. Besides, I remembered, too, the bank holiday, when he see us together on the Common, and first got a notion how

I laid him out on the hearth as if he had been pole-axed.

matters were tending. He took me to one side that day, and whispered in my ear what he reckoned he'd do with me if he thought for one moment I had the impudence to 'spire after his daughter's hand.

I remembered all that well, and settled it in my mind to keep quiet and bide my time.

When I went to bed that night I couldn't hardly get to sleep for happiness, and tossed and tumbled about so that Jim's dog it kept coming out of its basket every now and then to see what ailed me ; and it was nearly morning and daylight when I dropped off to sleep at last. And I dreamed I was walking hand-in-hand with Mary along a lovely green meadow with daffodillys and cowslips and honeysuckles all smelling that sweet around us ; and far up above our heads I could see the purple and green mountains heaped up one above the other higher and higher, till they nearly touched the skies. And then it was night on a sudden, and the bright stars sparkling so near me in the blue heavens, that I fancied I could almost hear them crackling. It was lovelier than real. It was better than in a theatre even, and I was settling it with Mary to stay there for ever and ever and never go back plumbing again, when I was 'wakened by Jim shouting and throwing things at me 'cause I'd overslept myself and was keeping the breakfast waiting.

And when I told Mary where I dreamed we were, and asked her if she seen me there too, she said she never dreamed anything in all her life, as was mostly always indigestion through going to bed on a full stomach. And I said if it only acted like that in the daytime when I was awake and could stay in such places I wouldn't mind what I eat, not if it was shoe leather even. Then Jim he came along near us and we parted company for the rest of the day.

But my mate he had a quick eye, and I fancy he suspected what was going on too, by the straight way he kept looking at us every now and then when Mary and

I talked to each other; but he said nothing to either of us, not the whole of that evening.

Next morning going to the shop he hardly spoke a word to me good or bad, nor all the time we worked together and coming home again, and what little he did have to say was said that short and snappy it set me feeling quite uncomfortable.

That made me more certain than ever he knew I was 'spiring after his daughter again. So I told Mary to keep it as dark as she could, and got my weather eye open ready for Jim the next time he was on the drink, 'cause then he always let out what was most on his conscience, and talked his mind freely the same as a child would; and if so be he had any prejudice against you, he was bound to out with it then or bust.

So the time went on and on, and Jim he went down and down, and showed what a wreck the drink can make of a man when once it gets a firm hold of him. He changed his drink from gin and beer to brandy neat, 'cause, he said, he was getting so used to the other two that they didn't seem to have any effect on him scarcely, and made him feel like being a teetotal again. And he went oftener to the "High Admiral," and less times to the shop than he ever done before, and came home savager and more violent every time he didn't go to work.

He got fonder, too, of quarrelling with his wife ever since he was beaten by the new plumber. It was safer, seeing that she was never 'tempted to answer him back or 'taliated on him when he raised his hand against her in one of his drunken fits.

She had been a handsome young woman, so the neighbours said, when Jim first brought her to stop with him in Battersea, and was reckoned quite a bell down in the country where she came from, and where she had the misfortune to first set eyes on my mate. But then, you see, he was a good deal different in those days, before he took to being dissipated, to what he was now; for I often heard father say that he was as smart a young chap as you might wish to see in a day's march.

The same time, you might find many a worse looking woman than Jim's wife was, even now, for all the ill-treatment and trouble and starving she suffered from his hands; and I've seen the time when the thoughts of her old home and her father that still lived there would change her face on a sudden to as pretty a picture as you'd ever wish to look at.

How my mate could have brought himself to act towards her in the way he done, with that poor thin face and the big brown eyes with their hunted-down look 'pealing to him so piteously, was something that I couldn't fathom nohow. It made me more disgusted with him every day the further I could see and understand the badness of it; and if it wasn't for Mary's sake and my wanting to be always near her, I'd have had it out with him long ago and parted.

With Mary and young Jim he hardly ever had any dealings one way or the other, 'cause, as I said before, he had almost a sort of fear of his daughter on account of her goodness and being liked by everyone, and the way she faced him to protect her mother like as if he was a mad dog. And the cripple *being* a cripple, he never noticed him from morning to night, drunk or sober. He wasn't no more account to him than a piece of furniture that had to be moved about here and there according as it was in the way.

And so things went jogging along from day to day with a general tendency to get worse, until at last, one Whit-Monday, Jim he managed to overdo it to such an extent that he broke up the family circle, so that it couldn't ever be got properly together again.

That morning he took his black-and-tan with him and went on an excursion to the seaside, to have a blow on the beach and get a regular change of climate, so he said; and he got drunk at the "High Admiral" before he started, and stayed drunk all the way down in the train till he reached the seaside. And when he got there he met a party in the station that said he knowed him well and was out of a job.

So they went across the way to the

corner, and kept it up the whole of the day, piling it in, and piling it in, till my mate he missed his train back again, through being that unsensible he couldn't stand or sit. And the next morning when he woke up in a strange house he couldn't find his coat nor his boots, nor his money and watch ; and when he whistled on the black-and-tan it didn't show up nowhere. He said afterwards he was never so properly stranded before in all *his* life.

Next morning after that we got an unstamped letter from Jim, telling us how it stood with him, and asking his wife to send him down his fare and expenses to get back with again. And she done it with what the sewing-machine and a pair of blankets fetched, and Jim he came back the next day in his shirt sleeves and slippers, and as savage as a gristly bear.

He hadn't found his dog, neither, though he hunted for it high and low, and went round to every sausage-shop there was in the town. And the first thing he done when he got the money was to put a notice in all the papers, offering a reward for it, and describing the party whose company it was last seen in, and who, he reckoned, was the one that sneaked all his things. I don't know what he wasn't going to do to him if he ever met that party again. It made you all goose-skinned to hear him talk about it even.

I never see anything prey more on a man's mind than the loss of that dog did on Jim's. It seemed on a sudden to have changed all his life.

That night, when he came in from stopping at the "High Admiral," I see he was so far gone through drowning his sorrows that he wasn't safe to go near, let alone to reason with. He remembered about me and Mary, too, on a sudden, and said *he'd* let me know if I was going to tamper with his child's 'fections that was his own flesh and blood, without so much as asking his leave or his licence. *He'd* learn me, he said, something I'd remember all my life, if I came any more of my hanky-panky nonsense about his house, and tried to crow it over him, 'cause I *did* happen to to know a little about geography and grammar and such like; and so on and so forth, and a lot worse than that besides. And all the time he said it he kept edging himself nearer and nearer to me till he almost touched my nose with his fist, he got so close.

I think he'd have let me have it fair at last if his wife hadn't come in at that moment from looking for him, and that took his 'tention from me on to her.

This suited him better than I did, and he started at once on to her, calling her everything that he could think of for taking everyone's part against him all along, and being the cause of all his misfortunes, and losing his self-respectability. I never see a man take on so bad before as he done, nor notice such a wicked look as came over his face all on a sudden.

It set her off in tears as it always done when he said hard things of her that weren't true, and that, of course, made him worse.

"That's it," says he, mocking at her in a way that was hateful to look at; "that's all you're good for, is to snivel, and worry, and fret from morning till night, until a man's life isn't worth the living. You're enough to make a respectable working man turn grey with your complaining, and bully-raggings, and back-talkings, that's what *you* are. I never see such a woman in all my whole life. What do you mean by it, anyhow? Do you want to wear me out and kill me by slow degress, so as to get after somebody else and kill *him?* Is that what you're wanting to do?"

She made no answer except to keep on crying worse than ever.

"Now, stop it, I tell you!" he shouts out in a threatening voice, and taking a step or two nearer to her. "Y'hear! Stop it this moment or I'll beat the life out of you. Oh, you won't, won't you? Then take that——"

But he didn't reach her, not by a yard he didn't; for the next moment his daughter was standing in between his wife and him, her eyes blazing up like diamonds and her face as pale as wax, And she had one arm around her mother's waist, pulling her to one side out of his way.

He was clean staggered for a second or two, and then he roars out :—

"Come out of it!"

"No, father!" says she, in the same quiet, easy way she always spoke, though more firm than I ever heard her voice before. "No, father, I can't, and I won't; there! I've stood it now until I can't stand it no longer. Not a finger do you lay on her to hurt her while I'm here to prevent it. Not if I've got to die for it!"

And I says, "Hear, hear, hear!"

Jim he turns on me suddenly with the look of a mad bull, and says he :—

"All right, sonny. I'll 'tend to you presently when I've done with her."

"Will you come out of it?" he says to her again, doubling up his fists, and with the look of a thousand devils in his eyes. I heard my brain hissing inside my head.

"And let you strike her as you've done so often before!" says my brave girl, quieter and firmer than ever, and drawing her trembling mother tighter and tighter to her side. "Never!"

"And who are you that's got anything to do with it?" he fairly yells at her, and foaming at the mouth like a wild beast.

"Your daughter, and the daughter of her that looks to you for protection instead of blows!"

"Come out of it!"

"Never!"

"You won't?"

"No!"

"Oh, Jim! Jim!" screams the poor mother, trying now in her turn to shield her child from his drunken fury. "Don't do it, Jim; it's all my fault. I'll stand to it the same as I've always done. But not *her*, Jim. Not her, for mercy's sake!"

"Out of the way!" says he, with a fearful oath; and then, before I could reach Mary's side, he'd struck her.

I see the blood come. I see her turn away to hide it, and heard the awful cry that the cripple gave; and then I took up the poker in both hands, and, with all the strength I ever put into anything in my life, I laid him out on the hearth the same as if he had been pole-axed.

(*To be continued.*)

THE LOST LAND OF KING ARTHUR.

By J. CUMING WALTERS.

(*Author of "In Tennyson Land."*)

III.—OF ARTHUR THE KING AND MERLIN THE ENCHANTER.

"No matter whence we do derive our name,
All Brittany shall ring of Merlin's fame,
And wonder at his Arts."

The Birth of Merlin. Act III., Sc. 4.

"He by wordes could call out of the sky
Both sunne and moone, and make them him obey;
The land to sea, and sea to maineland dry,
And darksome night he eke could turn to day;
That to this day, for terror of his fame
The feendes do quake when any him to them does name."—*Spenser.*

THE fact that the name Art(h)ur does not occur in the Gildas manuscript has led to the inference that the king was unknown to that chronicler; and the assumption that he is alluded to as Ursus (the Bear) tends to confirm the theory of those who would affirm that he is no more than a solar myth. It must be understood that the Arthur of romance, as we now know him, is a character ever increasing in importance and prominence as the history was re-written and elaborated; at first a minor actor in the drama, he at length became the leading figure and the centre around which all the other characters were grouped. The Arthur of the historian Nennius is the original personage to whom all the famed attributes have been accorded by subsequent writers. With so much doubt and confusion involving the identity of the person himself it is inevitable that even more doubt and confusion should exist when we come to detailed events. Even the name of Arthur's father is variously given, a circumstance which caused Milton to question the veracity of the whole history; and the date of his birth, of his death, the age at which he died, and other smaller points, lead to nothing but endless contradiction. The number of his battles is variously given as twelve and seventy-six; he is said to have wedded not one but three Guineveres (Gwenhwyvar); his age at death varies from just over thirty years to over ninety; and the date of the last battle is 537, 542, or 630.* King Arthur's

* Arthur's career has been thus conveniently summarised:—"At the age of fifteen he succeeded his father as King of Damnonium. He was born in 452, had three wives, of whom Guinevere was the second, and was betrayed by the third during his absence in Armorica. Mordred concluded a league with Arthur's great foe, Cedric the Saxon; and at the age of ninety, after seven years' continual war, the famous king was defeated at Camelford in 543." Fuller compares him to Hercules in (1) his illegitimate birth, (2) his arduous life, and (3) his twelve battles. Joseph Ritson, whose

actual name may have been Arthur Mab-Uther; his genealogical line has been traced back to Helianis, nephew of Joseph; the year 501 is now usually given as the date of his birth; and St. David, son of a prince of Cardiganshire, is mentioned not only as his contemporary but as a near relative. If the Sagas were compared with the Arthurian romances numerous points of resemblance could be shown. Olaf is the Arthur of the story, Gudrun the Guinevere, and Odin is the Merlin, while the city of Drontheim serves as Caerleon. The story recounting how Arthur magically obtained his sword Excalibur finds an exact parallel in the story of Sigmund, Volsung's son; and even the emblem of the dragon is not lacking,* for in the story of the Volsung we learn that Sigurd's shield bore the image of that monster, "and with even such-like image was adorned helm, and saddle, and coat-armour." But again it must be remembered that Arthur's kingdom is reported to have extended to Iceland itself; in fact, the bounds of his kingdom were only set by the chroniclers where their own definite geographical knowledge ended.

"We cannot bring within any limits of history," Sir Edward Strachey has properly said, "the events which here succeed each other, when the Lords and Commons of England, after the death of King Uther at St. Albans, assembled at the greatest church of London, guided by the joint policy of the magician Merlin and the Christian bishop of Canterbury, and elected Arthur to the throne; when Arthur made Caerleon, or Camelot, or both, his headquarters in a war against Cornwall, Wales, and the North, in which he was victorious by help of the King of France; when he met the demand for tribute by the Roman Emperor Lucius with a counterclaim to the empire for himself as the real representative of Constantine, held a parliament at York to make the necessary arrangements, crossed the sea from Sandwich to Barflete in Flanders, met the united forces of the Romans and Saracens in Burgundy, slew the emperor in a great battle, together with his allies the Sowdan of Syria, the King of Egypt, and the King of Ethiopia, sent their bodies to the Senate and Podesta of Rome as the only tribute he would pay, and then followed over the mountains through Lombardy and Tuscany to Rome, where he was crowned emperor by the Pope, 'sojourned there a time, established all the lands from Rome into France, and gave lands and realms unto his servants and knights,' and so returned home to England, where he seems thenceforth to have devoted himself wholly to his duties as the head of Christian knighthood."

This is the very monstrosity of fable, the grossness of which carries with it its own condemnation. These facts, however, are not insisted upon by Malory, though such claims for Arthur were made by the credulous and less scrupulous writers. Romance has entirely remodelled his character, and has filled in all the gaps in his life-story in that triumphant manner in which Celtic genius manifests

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antiquarian researches are noted for their fulness and originality, came to the conclusion that though there were "fable and fabrication" in the hero, a real Arthur lies behind the legendary hero. He appeared when the affairs of the Britons were at their worst after Vortigern's death, checked the ravages of the Romans, and kept the pillaging Saxons at bay. Professor Montagu Burrows, in his commentaries on the history of England, argues that the Cymry of Arthur's time were a band of Romano-Britons who produced leaders like Cunedda to take command of the native forces left by the departing Romans. They remained more British than Gaelic, but were gradually driven, with their faces to the foe, into Wales and the Welsh borderland. "The Arthurian legends," he continues, "embody a whole world of facts which have been lost to history in the lapse of time, and form a poetry far from wholly fictitious." Renan declares that few heroes owe less to reality than Arthur. "Neither Gildas nor Aneurin, his contemporaries, speaks of him; Bede did not know his name; Taliesin and Llwarc'h Hên gave him only a secondary place. In Nennius, on the other hand, who lived about 850, the legend has been fully unfolded. Arthur is already the exterminator of the Saxons; he has never experienced defeat; he is the suzerain of an army of kings. Finally, in Geoffrey of Monmouth, the epic creation culminates."

* Ashmole, in his "History of the Order of the Garter," declares that, in addition to the dragon, King Arthur placed the picture of St. George on his banner.

ARTHVR DRAWETH THE SWORD
EXCALLBVR FROM THE ROCK

its power. The legendary Arthur is made to realise the sublime prophecies of Merlin, and as those prophecies waxed more bold and arrogant in the course of ages the proportions of the hero were magnified to suit them. Merlin had cherished the hope of the coming of a victorious chief under whom the Celts should be united, but the slaughter at Arderydd when the rival tribes fought each other, almost destroyed all such aspirations. Nevertheless the prophet foretold the continuance of discord among the British tribes, until the chief of heroes formed a federation on returning to the world, and his prediction concluded with the haunting words: "Like the dawn he will arise from his mysterious retreat." Mr. Stuart Glennie calls Merlin a barbarian compound of madman and poet, prophet and bard, but denies that he was a mythic personage or a poetic creation. He was, like Arthur himself, an actual pre-mediæval personage, and, as in the case of Arthur, we have no means of determining his origin, his nationality, or the *locale* of his wanderings. But if, as Wilson observes in one of his "Border Tales," tradition is "the fragment which history has left or lost in its progress, and which poetry following in its wake has gathered up as treasures, breathed upon them its influence and embalmed them in the memories of men unto all generations," we shall extract a residuum of truth from the fanciful fables of which Merlin is the subject.

Merddin Emrys, the Welsh Merlin, is claimed as a native of Bassalleg, an obscure town in the district which lies between the river Usk and Rhymney. The chief authority for this is Nennius; but according to others the birthplace was Carmarthen, at the spot marked by Merlin's tree, regarding which the prophecy runs that when the tree tumbles down Carmarthen will be overwhelmed with woe. What we know of Merlin in Malory's chronicle is that he was King Arthur's chief adviser, an enchanter who could bring about miraculous events, and to whom was delivered the royal babe upon a ninth wave of the ocean; a prophet who foretold his sovereign's death, his own fate, and the infidelity of Guinevere; a warrior, the founder of the Round Table, and the wise man who "knew all things." Wales and Scotland alike claim as their own this most striking of the characters in the Arthurian story. Brittany also holds to the belief that Merlin was the most famous and potent of her sons, and that his influence is still exercised over that region. Matthew Arnold, gazing at the ruins of Carnac, saw from the heights he clambered the lone coast of Brittany, stretching bright and wide, weird and still, in the sunset; and recalling the old tradition, he described how—

> "It lay beside the Atlantic wave
> As though the wizard Merlin's will
> Yet charmed it from his forest grave."

The Scotch Merlin, Merlin Sylvester, or Merlin the Wild, was Merdwynn of the haugh of Drummelziar, a delightful lowland region, where the little sparkling Pausayl burn bickers down between the heather-clad hills until it mixes its waters with the Tweed. He is said to have taken to the woods of Upper Tweeddale in remorse for the death of his nephew, though it is more likely that he lost his reason after the decisive defeat of the Cymry by the Christians of the sixth century. Sir Walter Scott records that in the "Scotichronicon," to which work however no historic importance can be ascribed, as it is notoriously a priestly invention, is an account of an interview betwixt St. Kentigern and Merdwynn Wyllt while he was in this distracted and miserable state. The saint endeavoured to convert the recluse to Christianity, for he was a nature-worshipper as his poems show. From his mode of life he was called Lailoken, and on the saint's commanding him to explain his situation, he stated that he was doing penance imposed upon him by a voice from heaven for causing a bloody conflict between Lidel and Carwanolow. He continued to dwell in the woods of Caledon, frequenting a fountain on the hills, enjoying the companionship of his sister Gwendydd ("The Dawn"), and ever musing upon his early love Hurmleian (The Gleam), both of whom were frequently mentioned in his poems. His

fate was a singular one, and has been confused with that of the Merlin of Arthur. He predicted that he should perish at once by wood, earth, and water, and so it came to pass; for being pursued and stoned by the rustics—others say by the herdsmen of the Lord of Lanark—he fell from a rock into the river Tweed, and was transfixed by a sharp stake—

"Sude perfossus, lapide percussus, et unda,
Hæc tria Merlinum fertur inire necem.
Sicque ruit, mersusque lignoque prehensus,
Et fecit vatem per terna pericular verum."

The grave of the Scotch Merlin is pointed out at Drummelziar, where it is marked by an aged thorn-tree. On the east side of the churchyard the Pausayl brook falls into the Tweed, and a prophecy ran thus:—"When Tweed and Pausayl join at Merlin's grave, Scotland and England shall one monarch have." And we learn accordingly that on the day of the coronation of James VI. the Tweed overflowed and joined the Pausayl at the prophet's grave. The predictions of this Merlin continued for many centuries to impress the Scotch, and he seems to have had a reputation equal to that of Thomas the Rhymer. Geoffrey of Monmouth was the first to introduce a Merlin into the Arthurian romance, and whether that Merlin had for a prototype Merdwynn Wyllt, or whether there was in reality a Merlin of Wales, remains an open question. All that can be said definitely is that similar deeds are ascribed to both, that each occupies a similar place among his contemporaries, that their rhapsodical prophecies partake of the same character, and that their mysterious deaths have points in common. But it is contended that the *vates* of Vortigern and of Aurelius Ambrosius, the companion and adviser of Uther Pendragon and of Arthur, was Myrdin Emrys, who took his name from Dinas Emrys in the Vale of Waters, whose haunt was the rugged heights of Snowdon, and who knew nothing of the Merlin Caledonius who wandered about the heathery hills of Drummelziar, who was present at the battle of Arderydd in 573, and who lamented in wild songs the defeat of the pagans and the shattering reverse to the Cymric cause. These poems, which bewail the fortunes of this unfortunate race, seem to have found their way into the famous Ancient Books of Wales, thus tending further to confuse the two Merlins, and resulting in the old chroniclers ascribing the acts of both to the Myrdin Emrys of King Arthur's court. The late Professor Veitch's poem on Merlin contains some specimens of Merdwynn Wyllt's verse, and sets forth his faith in nature, tinged a little as it was by the Christianity of the era.

The Merlin of King Arthur was reputed to be a native of Carmarthen among other places, and at three miles' distance from the town may be seen "Merlin's Cave," one of the traditional places of his mysterious entombment. Merlin's birth formed the subject of one of the apocryphal plays of Shakespeare: the weird magician and worker of enchantment would have been worthy of the master's own depiction. In the romances he comes with mystery and awe, and he departs with mystery and shame. "Men say that Merlin was begotten of a devil," said Sir Uwaine; and the maid Nimue (Vivien) on whom he was "assotted," grew weary of him, and fain would have been delivered of him, "for she was afraid of him because he was a devil's son." In that wondrously rich drama of 1662, "The Birth of Merlin," the popular tradition is taken up that the arch-magician was the son of the arch-fiend. The story introduces Aurelius and Vortiger (Vortigern) the two Kings of Britain; Uter Pendragon, the brother of Aurelius; Ostorius, the Saxon general; and other historic characters of the era. The chief point of the plot is the search for and identification of Merlin's father, and, that matter settled, the dramatist treats of Merlin's supernatural skill, his prophecies, and his aid of Vortiger in building the castle which hostile friends broke down by night as fast as it was built by day. Merlin is represented as born with the beard of an old man, able to talk and walk, and within a few hours of his birth explaining to his mother that he reads a book "to sound the

depth of arts, of learning, wisdom, knowledge."

"I can be but half a man at best,
And that is your mortality; the rest
In me is spirit. 'Tis not meat nor time
That gives this growth and bigness. No, my years
Shall be more strange than yet my birth appears."

He prophesies forthwith, recognises his father, the Devil, at a glance, gives proof of his miraculous powers in many ways; and proceeding to Vortiger's court baffles the native magicians, and shows the king why his castle cannot be built by reason of the dragons in conflict. He foretells that the victory of the white dragon means the ultimate victory of the Saxons—"the white horror who, now knit together, have driven and shut you up in these wild mountains," and that the king who won his throne by bloodshed must yield it to Prince Uter. The prediction is verified, and after Vortiger's death Merlin is sent for to expound "the fiery oracle" in the form of a dragon's head,

"From out whose mouth
Two flaming lakes of fire stretch east and west,
And . . . from the body of the star
Seven smaller blazing streams directly point
On this affrighted kingdom."

The portent causes terror, until Merlin, as interpreter, tells of revolutions, the rise and fall of nations, and the changes in Britain's state which it signifies. Aurelius has been treacherously slain at Winchester by the Saxons, and Prince Uter is to be his avenger. The passage in which Merlin relates what is to come is one of singular dignity and impressiveness. The seven rays are "speaking heralds" to the island. Uter Pendragon is to have a son and a daughter. The latter will be Queen of Ireland, while of the son "thus Fate and Merlin tells"—

"All after times shall fill their chronicles
With fame of his renown, whose warlike sword
Shall pass through fertile France and Germany,
Nor shall his conquering foot be forced to stand,
Till Rome's imperial wealth hath crowned his fame
With monarch of the west; from whose seven hills
With conquest, and contributory kings
He back returns to enlarge the Briton bounds,
His heraldry adorned with thirteen crowns.
He to the world shall add another worthy,
And, as a loadstone, for his prowess draw
A train of martial lovers to his court.
It shall be then the best of knighthood's honour
At Winchester to fill his castle hall,
And at his Royal table sit and feast
In warlike orders, all their arms round hurled
As if they meant to circumscribe the world."

This is a noble passage, and sums up the leading points in King Arthur's history, as related in the Fabliaux, and at the same time serves as evidence of the power of divination and eloquence of Merlin The matter of the prophecy was obviously taken from Malory, but the dramatist introduced one strange variation in his story. Merlin, indignant that his demoniac father should strive to harm his mother, uses his art and magic spells to enclose the Devil in a rock—an idea suggested, no doubt, by Merlin's own fate. Furthermore, finding himself called to aid Pendragon against the Saxons, Merlin conducts his mother to a place of retirement called Merlin's Bower, and tells her that when she dies he will erect a monument—

"Upon the verdant plains of Salisbury—
(No king shall have so high a sepulchre)—
With pendulous stones that I will hang by art,
Where neither lime nor mortar shall be used,
A dark enigma to the memory,
For none shall have the power to number them."

Here we become acquainted with the superstition that the megalithic wonders of Stonehenge were Merlin's workmanship, and that the mysterious structure was his mother's tomb. Another idea was that it was the burial place of Uther Pendragon and Constantine. The drama, so far as it relates to Merlin and Vortigern, closely follows the popular tradition, though there are several variations of the story of the castle which could not be finished, and its site, as might be expected, is the subject of many contradictory declarations. The allegorical meaning of the story is quite clear. To the heights of Snowdon, it is said, Merlin led King Vortigern, whose castle could not be built for meddlesome goblins. The wizard led the monarch to a vast cave and showed him two dragons, white

SIR TRISTRAM SLAYS THE GIANT TAUREAS

and red, in furious conflict. "Destroy these," he said, "and the goblins whom they rule will cease to torment you." Vortigern slew the dragons of Hate and Conspiracy, and his castle was completed.*

The story of Merlin's death has again led to much speculation upon the recondite subject of the situation of the tomb in which his "quick" body was placed by the guile of Nimue, or Vivien, one of the damsels of the lake. Malory distinctly avers that it was in Cornwall that the doting wizard met his fate. He went into that country, after showing Nimue many wonders, and "so it happed that Merlin showed to her a rock, whereat was a great wonder, and wrought by enchantment, that went under a great stone." By subtle working the maiden induced the wizard to go under the stone to tell her of the marvels there, and then she "so wrought him" that with all his own crafts he could not emerge again. Some time afterwards Sir Bagdemagus, riding to an adventure, heard Merlin's doleful cries from under the stone, but he was unable to help him, as the stone was so heavy that a hundred men could not move it. Merlin told the knight that no one could rescue him but the woman who had put him there, and, according to some traditions, he lives to this day in the vault. Spenser, in the "Faerie Queen," describes the tomb as—

"A hideous, hollow, cave-like bay
Under a rock that has a little space
From the swift Tyvi, tumbling down apace
Amongst the woody hills of Dynevowr."

The Tyvi is now better known as the Towy, and Dynevowr is Dynevor Park.

"There the wise Merlin, whilom wont, they say,
To make his wonne low underneath the ground,
In a deep delve far from view of day,
That of no living wight he might be found,
When so he counselled with his sprights around."

Others say that the guileful damsel led her doting lover to Snowdon, and there put forth the charm of woven paces and of waving hands until he lay as dead in a hollow oak. Sometimes an eldritch cry breaks upon the ear of the climber as he nears the summit of Snowdon: it is Merlin lamenting the subtlety of his false love, which doomed him to perpetual shame.

There is the Carmarthen cave, and there is a "Merlin's Grave" four miles from Caerleon, both of which are shown as Merlin's resting-place. But the ancient bards told a very strange tale of the fate of the "boy without a father," whose blood had once been sought to sprinkle upon the cement for the bricks of Vortigern's castle. They declared that the enchanter was sent out to sea in a vessel of glass, accompanied by nine bards, or prophets, and neither vessel nor crew was heard of again—which is not surprising. But Lady Charlotte Guest, in her notes to the "Mabinogion," boldly transports the scene of Merlin's doom to the Forest of Brécéliande, in Brittany, one of the favoured haunts of romance and the delight of the Trouvères. Vivien, to whose artifices he succumbed, is said to have been the daughter of one Vavasour, who married a niece of the Duchess of Burgundy, and received as dowry half the Forest of Briogne. It was when Merlin and Vivien were going through Brécéliande hand in hand that they found a bush of white thorn laden with flowers; there they rested, and the magician fell asleep. Then Vivien, having been taught the art of enchantment by Merlin, rose and made a ring nine times with her wimple round the bush; and

* Mr. Glennie thinks the scene is in Carnarvonshire, to the south of Snowdon, overlooking the lower end of Llyn y Dinas. Here is Dinas Emrys, a singular isolated rock, clothed on all sides with wood, containing on the summit some faint remains of a building defended by ramparts. It was of this place Drayton wrote—

"And from the top of Brith, so high and wondrous steep
Where Dinas Emris stood, showed where the serpents fought,
The White that tore the Red; from whence the prophet wrought
The Briton's sad decay then shortly to ensue."

On the south of Carnarvon Bay is Nant Gwrtheryn, the Hollow of Vortigern, a precipitous ravine by the sea, said to be the last resting-place of the usurper, when he fled to escape the rage of his subjects on finding themselves betrayed to the Saxons.

when the wizard woke it seemed to him that he was enclosed in the strongest tower ever made—a tower without walls and without chains, which he alone had known the secret of making. From this enmeshment Merlin could never escape, and, plead as he would, the damsel would not release him. But it is written that she often regretted what she had done and could not undo, for she had thought the things he had taught her could not be true. This, however, seems to be an interpolation. Sir Gawain, travelling through the forest, saw a "kind of smoke," and heard Merlin's wailing voice addressing him out of the obscurity. The wonders of the Forest of Brécéliande were sufficiently believed in of old time that we find the chronicler Wace actually journeying to the spot to find the fairy fountain and Merlin's tomb. Another variation of the story is that Merlin made himself a sepulchre in the Forest of Arvantes, that Vivien persuaded him to enter it, and then closed the lid in such manner that thereafter it could never be opened. Matthew Arnold, sparing and reticent in speech, as is his wont, describes Merlin's fate with subdued force and subtle charm, putting the story in the mouth of desolate Iseult, who told her children of the "fairy-haunted land away the other side of Brittany, beyond the heaths, edged by the lonely sea; of

"The deep forest glades of Broce-liand,
Through whose green boughs the golden sunshine creeps,
Where Merlin by the enchanted thorn-tree sleeps."

Very cunningly and mystically has the poet told of Vivien's guile as she waved a wimple over the blossom'd thorn-tree and the sleeping dotard, until within "a little plot of magic ground," a "daisied circle," Merlin was made prisoner till the judgment day. Celtic mythology, Renan tells us, is nothing more than a transparent naturalism, the love of nature for herself, the vivid impression of her magic, accompanied by the sorrowful feeling that man knows. When face to face with her, he believes that he hears her commune with him concerning his origin and destiny. "The legend of Merlin mirrors this feeling," he continues. "Seduced by a fairy of the woods, he flies with her and becomes a savage. Arthur's messengers come upon him as he is singing by a fountain; he is led back again to court, but the charm carries him away. He returns to his forests, and this time for ever."

"La forêt de Brocelinde," writes Emile Souvestre, in that fascinating and half-pathetic work "Les Derniers Bretons," "se trouve située dans le commune de Concoret, arrondissement de Ploërmal. Elle est celebrée dans les romans de la table ronde. C'est là que l'on rencontre *la fontaine de Baranton, le Val sans retour, la tombe de Merlin.* On sait que ce magicien se trouve encore dans cette forêt, où il est retenu par les enchantements de Viviane à l'ombre d'un bois d'aubépine. Viviane avait essayé sur Merlin le charme qu'elle avait appris de lui-même, sans croire qu'il pût opérer; elle se desespéra quand elle vit qui celui qu'elle adorait était à jamais perdu pour elle." (This statement is not confirmed in the English romance, and is opposed wholly to the sentiment of the story as conceived by Tennyson and other modern writers.) "On assure que Messire Gauvain (Gawain) et quelques chevaliers de la table ronde cherchèrent partout Merlin, mais en vain. Gauvain seul l'entendit dans la forêt de Brocelinde, mais ne put le voir." The district of Brocelinde, or Brécéliande, is rich in antiquities, dolmens and menhirs being found, together with other relics of early times and the mysterious workers of the stone age. To add to the scenic attractions of the locality there are ruined castles, the remains of machicolated walls, ancient chateaux, and churches dating back many centuries. It is fitting that here, therefore, romance should maintain one of its strongholds and that traditions of the master-magician should linger.

There is yet one other legend which should be noted. It represents the magician as perpetually roaming about the wood of Calydon lamenting the loss of the chieftains in the battle of Arderydd; while yet another tells of a glass house built for him in Bardsey Island by his

companion, the Gleam, in which house of sixty doors and sixty windows he studies the stars, and is attended by one hundred and twenty bards to write down his prophecies. Never was such a confusion of traditions and fancies, never so many deluding will-o'-the-wisps to lead astray whosoever would strive to investigate the truth of Merlin's story. Merlin's story with its abundance of suggestion makes us think of the apt words of John Addington Symonds, who said that the examination of these mysterious narratives was like opening a sealed jar of precious wine. "Its fragrance spreads abroad through all the palace of the soul, and the noble vintage upon being tasted courses through the blood and brain with the matured elixir of stored-up summers." One needs some such consolation as this for the vexation of finding seemingly inextricable confusion.

Warrior though he was, and all-powerful by reason of his supernatural gifts, Merlin is yet represented as being a peace-maker and as paying allegiance to a "master." He ended the great battle between Arthur and eleven kings, when the horses went in blood up to the fetlocks, and out of three score thousand men but fifteen thousand were left alive. Of this sanguinary battle of Bedgraine, Merlin gave an account to his master Blaise, or Bleys, journeying to Northumberland specially to do so and to get the master to write down the record; all Arthur's battles did Blaise chronicle from Merlin's reports. Attempts have been made to identify Blaise (the Wolf) with St. Lupus, Bishop of Troyes. The more impressive part which Merlin plays in the Arthurian drama is as prophet and necromancer. His sudden comings and goings, his disguises, his solemn warnings, his potent interventions, all these combine to strengthen the idea of unequalled influence and of awesome personality. He figures prominently in the story of Sir Balin le Savage, and it was his hand which wrote the fitting memorial of the two noble brothers. Merlin it was again who counselled the king to marry, and who brought Guinevere to London from Cameliard, darkly predicting at the same time that through the queen Arthur should come to his doom.

An ancient Cornish song, to be found in the original dialect, but in reality a Breton incantation which has come down to us from the far ages out of the abundance of Armoric lore, describes Merlin the Diviner attended by a black dog and searching at early day for

"The red egg of the marine serpent,
By the seaside in the hollow of the stone."

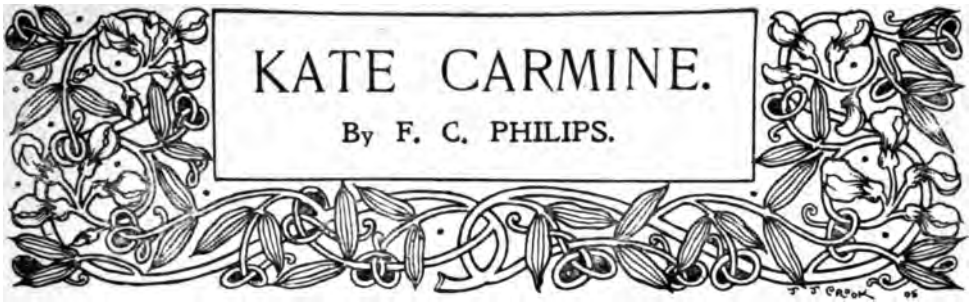
Asked whither he is going he responds:

"I am going to seek in the valley
The green watercress and the golden grass,
And the top branch of the oak,
In the wood by the side of the fountain."

A warning voice bids him turn back and not to seek the forbidden knowledge. The cress, the golden grass, the oak branch, and the red egg of the marine serpent are not for him. "Merlin! Merlin!" cries the voice,

"Retrace thy steps,
There is no diviner but God."

There is no doubt that Merlin's death, which is no death, but a blind grovelling and eternal uselessness, was the mark of scorn put upon the magician who might have been prepotent, but who prostituted his powers—a feebleness and a degradation which were intolerable to the sturdy race who prized courage above all other qualities, and were incapable of realising the meaning of defeat or despair. That the counsellor should himself turn fool, and that the man of supernatural gifts should be prone to the weakness of nature, would be obnoxious to the Celtic imagination, and have its sequel in ribald allusion and endless taunts. The disaster which overtakes Merlin is one fitting for the coward or the buffoon, and is a fate altogether foreign to the ancient idea of that which was fitting for the hero, the bard, or the sage. It is noticeable that all the former services of Merlin are forgotten in judging him upon the closing despicable episode in his career and consigning him to timeless indolence and impotence. Shorn of his strength, a prisoner, living but "lost to use and fame," Mage Merlin in his cave, victim to his own folly and a woman's wiles, awaits the last doom.



KATE CARMINE.

By F. C. PHILIPS.

MISS KATE CARMINE was in a furious rage. In the first place she had just received her milliner's bill, which was preposterously extortionate. In the second place she had declined a part she wanted to play in a forthcoming comedy simply and solely because of her engagement to marry Captain Golightly of the "Blues." Last, but by no means least, the morning's post had also brought her a letter from Captain Golightly pleading to be released from the engagement and set free. She ground her teeth, and the matutinal roll and chocolate was tasteless to her.

They had been engaged for six months. Now, in reading between the lines, it was plain to see that he had set his affections on someone else. He had been staying at a place in Berkshire lately, and Miss Carmine had little doubt that it was there that he had met the lady who had supplanted her.

His letter had been addressed to her flat in Regent's Park, and forwarded, to the rooms she was occupying in Brighton. She had opened it in bed, but a bed was too small to contain her after the perusal, and she proceeded to make a hurried toilette.

She had scarcely entered the sitting-room when there was a knock at the door. Her visitor was a charming little blonde who was staying with her mother on the floor below, and with whom she had established rather friendly relations.

She was very young and innocent and sentimental—the young lady downstairs, not Miss Carmine—and, on the principle of extremes meeting, they had taken to each other from the hour of their first *rencontre*. The young lady thought it "so romantic" to be an actress, "so strange, and lovely"; and the actress, on the other hand, found it not unpleasant to be regarded as Minerva, and worshipped by a member of her own sex. She slightly patronised Miss Mildren, and Miss Mildren, who had often admired her from the stalls, was flattered by her notice. *Mrs.* Mildren, to be sure, raised certain objections to so "undesirable an intimacy," but then Mrs. Mildren was old-fashioned and "Methody," and had "year one" ideas on many points. As her daughter often said, she would have liked to see all her children marry curates.

"I can only stop the merest moment," exclaimed Miss Mildren, "but I just ran up to return your song. Thanks awfully."

"That's all right," said Miss Carmine. "How does it suit you?"

"It is charming, but of course I am not able to sing it properly. One wants to be a professional actress to do it justice."

They drifted, as they generally did drift, into a conversation in which Nellie Mildren asked innumerable questions about the stage, and Miss Carmine gave discreet replies. On the whole the latter lady was not sorry for the interruption to her reverie. Her thoughts had been far from agreeable, and anything that tended to dispel them was welcome. At the same time, she concocted between her responses an imaginary note designed to bow Captain Golightly to the dust.

She was convinced she would not marry him now, though he entreated her to do so on his knees; but she felt

also that to revenge herself for the slight he had put upon her was the one thing that could make life still worth the living.

Said Miss Mildren, continuing her interrogatories:

"When are you going to act again, Miss Carmine?"

"Oh," answered Miss Carmine, "I don't know, child. Soon, I daresay."

"It must be very delightful!"

"You think so?"

"Indeed! To be applauded, and say witty things, and wear half-a-dozen lovely frocks in an evening!"

"One can wear lovely frocks and say witty things off the stage too, goose."

"Ah, but not act! It is really the acting I should like best of all, though I daresay you think I am frivolous, and only envy the gowns and applause. I would give my ears to be such an actress as you are, and I believe I *could* act if I were in a theatre."

"What?" asked Kate Carmine, "one cannot act off the stage, did you say? And you a woman!"

Miss Mildren laughed.

"Of course I mean really act. We all pretend; but to positively take people in—to appear to be somebody we are not—the scenery and the footlights, and the rest of it, are necessary for that, Miss Carmine, you will admit it."

"I admit nothing of the sort," said Miss Carmine, sharply. "If you are an actress you can act just as well in a drawing-room as on the boards."

"Since you say so," murmured Nellie, "I can't deny it; but—" The ellipsis was expressive.

"Go on! You won't offend me."

"Well, I once saw you take the *rôle* of a circus girl. You spoke ungrammatically—that was the author, I understand that—but your manner, even your face, was not a lady's. You seemed to be an ignorant, low-bred little thing. In one act you were half-starved and beaten, and your features were attenuated. Your voice——"

"My voice was like this!" She spoke a line of the part with startling abruptness, and her companion clapped her hands.

"Oh, just like that. How clever you are! But could you sustain such an imitation for any length of time? You could not, for instance, be just as much the circus girl in a room."

"Indeed I could! I think I may safely wager that I could sit in a room, talking to you for half an hour without you having the faintest suspicion who I was."

"Not *know* you?"

"Not know me from Adam. What do you say to that, Miss Nellie Mildren?"

"I say you are more wonderful even than I thought—if you could really do it."

"Only you are not quite sure it isn't a boast? Well, I can't blame you for that, Miss Mildren. I will let you into a grave professional secret — nobody knows it but me: we players boast a good deal. Only, take my advice for this much, child: don't imagine if you can do nothing at home that you would be great on the boards, and that the theatre makes the actress; it is the actress makes the theatre—and, as often as not, the play," she added under her breath. "I daresay now if your mamma would let you, you would like to go and pay golden guineas for elocution lessons, and come out at a *matinée* as Juliet."

Nellie blushed, and hung her head.

"I used to wish it," she confessed, "but now—well, I have another kind of life to look forward to, Miss Carmine."

"You are going to be married? And you never told me."

"It is so new," murmured Nellie, "we have only been engaged a few days. I met him just before I came down here, and this week he wrote, and—and told me that he cared for me—and—and—oh, I am so *awfully* happy!"

"Let me congratulate you," said Kate Carmine, "you will make a dear, good little wife, I am sure. And you deserve a good husband."

"He is splendid," declared the girl.

"'He' always is! And is mamma agreeable—the course of true love runs smooth?"

"Mamma doesn't know him yet—I was staying with friends when we met.

"What time do you expect him?" she murmured.

But she *will* consent, I know; if she didn't, I think it would break my heart."

"So bad as that, eh?"

"As bad as that! Yes, a girl was never more deeply in love than I am—or happier, for I shall see him again to-day. He is coming to Brighton to be introduced to mamma this afternoon. Were *you* ever in love, Miss Carmine?"

"Once," said Miss Carmine, with an angry light in her eyes, "I was once in love very sentimentally indeed."

"And you did not marry him? Why?"

"Never mind me," said the actress, "tell me about yourself! What is your hero's name?"

"His name is Arthur, and he is in the 'Blues'—Captain Arthur Golightly. I don't know what I've ever done to deserve such a lover—a little fool like me."

"Captain Arthur Golightly," repeated the actress, "that is a very nice name, isn't it? And he is coming to Brighton to-day?"

She spoke with the utmost composure, and not a muscle betrayed the astonishment she was feeling. She had been fanning herself with the copy of the song the other had brought back, and she continued the movement steadily.

"What time do you expect him?" she murmured.

"I think he will be with us for tea; about five I believe the train gets in. Five-ten it is, I think. We are going out to order cakes and things now; that is why I said I could only stay a minute."

She delayed her departure, nevertheless, for a quarter of an hour more, dilating on her hero's nobility and perfections, and Miss Carmine listened to her patiently, and even encouraged her to pursue the topic. All the while in her own mind she was saying that Fate had delivered her enemy into her hands, and debating the most diabolical method of carrying out her vengeance.

Left alone, at last, she sprang to her feet, and commenced to pace the room excitedly. He had had the audacity, the

wickedness, to propose to Miss Mildren while he was still bound to herself. It was worse than she had suspected. He was engaged, actually engaged, to two women at once. Should she refuse to release him after all, and leave him to flounder out of the dilemma as best he could; or expose his falseness to Miss Mildren's mother? She had heard enough of the old lady to be sure of the reception he would meet with in the latter case. Really she was so entirely mistress of the situation that her only embarassment was *embarras de richesses*. What course should she adopt?

She stood at the window meditating, and saw the mother and daughter leave the house, and stroll away for their shopping and their walk. She drummed on the glass in perplexity, and beat her little foot in a devil's tattoo upon the floor. Then she stopped suddenly, with a short cry, for she saw Captain Golightly getting out of a fly in front of the door.

She had an inspiration. He did not know she was here, and he had never met Mrs. Mildren. She herself would play Mrs. Mildren's part, and give him in the person of Mrs. Mildren, but out of her own mouth, the dismissal he so richly deserved.

To fly downstairs, with the train of her *peignoir* in her hand, and capture the servant on the stairs was the work of an instant. To make that servant an accomplice by the gift of five shillings was no work at all. When Captain Golightly, after ringing the bell twice, was admitted, and inquired for Mrs. Mildren, he was shown respectfully upstairs into the apartments tenanted by Miss Kate Carmine, the actress, and left to amuse himself with the daily paper until his hostess appeared.

She appeared in something under ten minutes, but to put her dressing-room in order afterwards took the bewildered domestic an hour. She came in, a stiff, spectacled figure, with pepper-and-salt hair, and a wry expression that did not encourage the suitor in his task.

"Captain Golightly, I think?" she said dryly. "I must apologise, sir, for keeping you waiting."

"Not at all, my dear madam," said Golightly. "Er—er—not at all. I have looked forward to this pleasure very ardently."

He pulled his moustache, and wondered why she did not shake hands with him.

"I—er—you are doubtless aware, Mrs. Mildren, of the object of my visit to-day? I—that is to say, I present myself to—as your daughter has, of course, told you—to—er—she is quite well, I trust?"

"My daughter is in excellent health, Captain Golightly."

"Exactly," said Golightly. "I present myself, I was saying, to ask your consent to our engagement, and—er—to say that I hope you won't refuse to accord it."

"I refuse," said the old woman, "absolutely."

"To—? You refuse your consent, do I understand you to mean?" he stammered.

"Absolutely!"

"But—but my dear madam, may I ask why, on what grounds you so cruelly blight my—and I may venture to add *her*—dearest hopes? You—you stagger me."

"I refuse, Captain Golightly, on the grounds of your private character—your wicked and dishonourable conduct. Can you deny that at the very time you met, and commenced to pay your addresses to, my daughter, you were engaged to be married to another lady? More than that, wretched creature, that you are engaged to her now?"

"Good Lord!" said Golightly, and his face turned white. "I *cannot* deny it," he admitted after a pause, "it is true, and you have a right to say what you please to me. But let me also speak in my own defence, Mrs. Mildren. My engagement to the lady you mention was a huge mistake, and I have written to her explaining the change in my sentiments, and asking for my release. I love your daughter dearly—very dearly, indeed—and would make her a good husband. The only folly I am guilty of in the matter springs from my devotion to her—for I was mad enough to beg her to be my wife before Miss Carmine's release came."

"A painted Jezebel!" said the

disagreeable old woman "She never *will* release you, you may be certain."

"You are mistaken in that," said the young man; "she is too proud to attempt to force my affections in any way, and too honest too. She is by no means a bad sort, Kate Carmine."

"Yet she inveigled you, by your own words, into the engagement you regret."

"I never said so—I beg your pardon. The engagement was of my own making. Only it was a mistake. So far from blaming her for it, I shall always feel myself her friend."

"Poor old boy!" murmured the actress inwardly. "Almost he is making me sorry for him; this will never do!"

At the cry they both turned.

"I have heard quite enough, Captain Golightly," she exclaimed, rising. "By your own statement you have behaved badly to my daughter, and, by your own showing, you have treated the other woman like a brute. It only remains for us to bring a very painful interview to an end."

He picked up his hat awkwardly, moved to the door, opened it, and came back:

"Let me say 'Good-bye' to her?" he begged.

"I cannot permit you to see my daughter any more; and I forbid you, moreover, to attempt to address her. I am a plain-spoken woman by nature, and I see no occasion to pick and choose my words with you. Captain Golightly, you are a heartless, cowardly, unscrupulous villain. You have wrecked one woman's life, and, but for the knowledge I have gathered of you, I have little doubt that you would have wrecked my child's. Leave the house, sir, and never let me hear of you again."

"Arthur! what is it?"

At the cry they both turned, and there on the threshold of the open door, with trembling lips and frightened eyes, was Nellie.

"Arthur," she repeated piteously, "what is the matter—what are you doing here?"

Now whether Kate Carmine would under any circumstances have carried out her imposture to the end is one of those things which the historian, like the reader, can only conjecture; but it is a certain fact that at the sight of the girl's distress her heart gave a curious and distinctly compassionate thump. Then she looked at the man, and jealous as it made her, his love for the other woman was so visibly real that that affected her too. She had quite determined not to let them be happy with each other, but

she was, as Golightly had declared, a good enough sort. She went forward, and took Nellie's hand, and "vowing she would ne'er consent, consented."

"Who *is* this woman?" demanded Nellie Mildren. "What did she mean by what she said to you?"

"Who *is* she?" echoed the bewildered captain.

"She is Miss Kate Carmine, the actress," said the old woman, removing her spectacles and wig. "Not 'Hawkshaw, the detective,' but Miss Kate Carmine, who has to apologise to a perfect stranger"—she turned to Golightly as she spoke—"for a harmless jest. My dear sir, this little *fiancée* of yours was insisting half an hour ago that we players were dependent upon stage accessories for our art, and I promised to prove that I was able to deceive her in a room. I think I've done it! And now, if I'm forgiven, she'll take you downstairs and introduce you to the real Mrs. Mildren, whom you won't find so formidable. May I—congratulate you both? Bless you, my children; 'may you live long and prosper'! Nellie, you goose, if you don't leave off staring at me like that, you'll make me vain."

The girl never knew who sent Miss Carmine the basket of flowers that was a sight to see the following afternoon, and ever afterwards vowed she was the most wonderful actress in the world. This is the true and authentic narrative of the actress's only matrimonial engagement; but she did manage to turn it to account. She was, on reflection, so highly delighted with the dramatic part she had played, that she got somebody to write the situation up for her, and in the comedy evolved from it, she scored, as all London knows, her most artistic and tremendous success.

CROYLAND ABBEY, NEAR PETERBOROUGH.

The former glories and the dignified position of the Abbot of Croyland Abbey are described by Kingsley in his "Hereward the Wake." In its early days the Abbey was among the richest of the Benedictine foundations in England, and is one of our most ancient ecclesiastical monuments.

"SO DELICATE WITH HER NEEDLE."

From a painting by Miss Myra E. Luxmoore, exhibited in the Royal Academy.

THE ROMANCE OF EMBROIDERY.

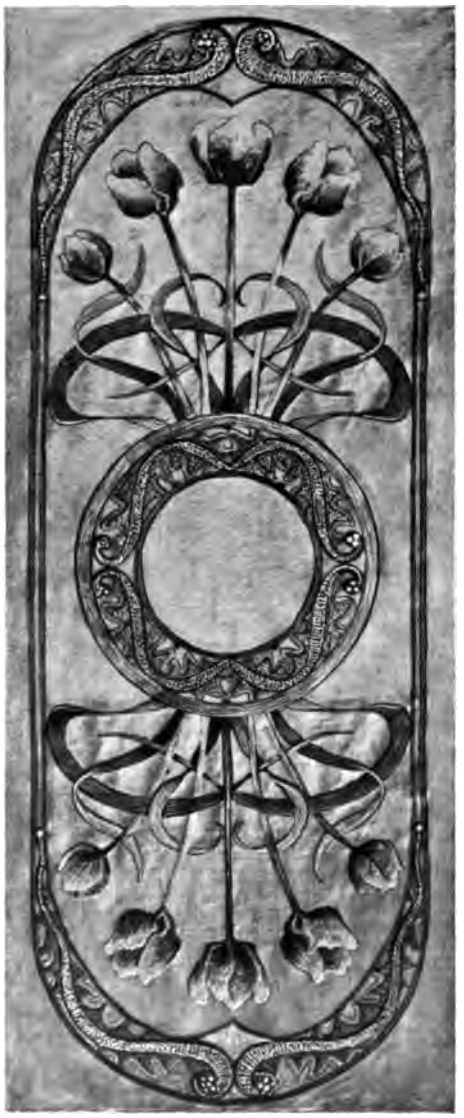
By ELIZABETH ELLIS.

IT was distinctly a pleasure to find that of purely feminine interest was the subject chosen for two pictures in last year's Royal Academy Exhibition. In each case the sentiment of the pursuit was aptly rendered, and two charming ideals of womanhood were shown with embroidery frames, filling quiet hours with beautiful expression of beautiful thoughts.

Years ago, ladies played the harp, an accomplishment much favoured by many who had but little taste for music, because the attitude was so becoming, and elegance of figure was shown to great advantage. The embroidery frame has the same charm. The spinning wheel we are accustomed to see as a picturesque adjunct to photographic portraits, and it has ever been voted that the spinning song and scene offer a fascinating relief to the weird gloom of the Olandese Dannato.

It is the sentiment of the thing—the pure womanliness at its best—that gives the charm, for while the music is delighting the ear, the inspiring consciousness of the doomed man's need is all the time present, and the devotion of the romantic Elsa gains brilliant reality from the monotonous burr of the busy spinning wheels.

That gives the true explanation of the charm to be found in the two pictures referred to above which we are able to reproduce in these pages. Work needs seclusion. Sentiment and imagination are the very breath of life to women, and the needle is the same background for



EMBROIDERED TABLE CENTRE.

thought that watching tobacco fumes is to many men.

"The Solace of Our Labours," gives this feeling well, for still there are some women left untouched by the restlessness of public life, the struggle to earn, if not money, fame of some sort—women who fill life with calm effort to beautify the home and cultivate thought, and so live in that house not made with hands, the realm of hope and imagination, where plans for the happiness of all she loves are dreamed of and made possible. Labour is indeed a solace when attainment of skill and experience enables the lady to produce good work with ease. "So delicate with her needle," that a beautiful design can be brought into practical realisation while thoughts are free to wander in the past and future and yet give an impression of indefinable beauty to the secluded *now*.

Yet, this is hardly true except as applied to certain stages of the work, where many even stitches of one colour or a mechanical outline has to be got through, and habit gives automatic action to the hand and freedom to criticising thought. Embroidery is an art, as much an art as painting, and the reply John Opie gave when asked what he painted with—"Brains, sir"—is quite as true of embroidery as it is of painting. Brains, skill, and that secret force which gives the last touch of beauty to all created work—*heart*.

"Blessed be drudgery," wrote a philosopher, to which his readers were constrained to say, "Amen," fully recognising the reason for its being blessed—the motive power love, and the result success.

Certainly embroidery is one of the most precious, as well as ancient, arts, valued on the level of precious stones and gold and silver work, devoted to the highest uses—the service of the Temple, the vestments of the priests, the robes of kings, and the reward of victorious heroes.

It is a strange fact that, in these days, a great fashion for embroidery has caused us to see it adapted to all sorts of uses, vile as well as noble; and the standard of real excellence is lower than it ever has been, though taste and the means of production are finer than we have seen them for many years. The reason is, we are told, that the passion for sport—out-of-door games, or in-door bridge—and the nobler art of painting have taken so prominent a place in the popular mind that the quiet pursuits that do not attract the *camaraderie* of men are shunned by the educated lady, and thus the level of excellence in production has sunk to the capacity of workers who are not required to follow Opie's receipt and

ROSAMOND.

"The queen this thread did gette
And went where Ladye Rosamonde
Was like an angell sette."

From a painting by Miss I. L. Gloag, exhibited in the Royal Academy.

use brains. Hence embroidery, as an art, has lost ground.

Yet the idea that the seclusion and the arts of home are prejudicial to the higher ambition of women, sympathy from men—that sympathy that leads the way step by step to that happy goal of life, the throne of a good man's heart and the queenship of a beautiful home—is absolutely untrue; for romance is not fostered in crowds of laughing companions, and in truth few women are seen to such advantage in the wild hilarity of competition for notice in crowded assemblies as they are when, with the charming background of a cultivated home, they have the undivided attention of such men as are seriously seeking a bride, and are far better able to judge her, appreciate her, at a solid

value when society flippancy is laid aside, and both girl and friend have time to be simply natural. What opportunity is more fruitful of result than the embroidery frame!

That quaint picture, exhibited some years ago at the Royal Academy by Miss I. L. Gloag, "Rosamond," gives just expression to this truth. At an embroidery frame the Lady Rosamond "Like an angel sette." What better effect can any fascinating girl desire than this?

To her work was a sweet solace, and no doubt added fury to the fierce jealousy of the queen, from the pure gentleness and refined skill of the delicate fingers, that could produce work worthy of royal approval; while with all the advantage of a throne, a court and legal right *she* could not charm her husband to allegiance. After all, that is the mysterious secret of success in every condition of life—charm; and, curiously enough, it is so delicate it defies imitation. Affectation cannot achieve it; self-assertion kills it. It is the fragrance of the gentle life and of most value when least sought after.

TWO EMBROIDERED FANS.

Rosamond possessed it, and her embroidery frame did not obscure it; rather did it give opportunity for pleasing dalliance and happy praise. Love delights in trifles that give excuse for expressing adoration, and the small adjuncts of a woman's work give opportunity for fancy and toying—trifles that,

"THE SWEET SOLACE OF OUR LABOURS."

From the painting by Miss Rose D. Bonnor, exhibited in the Royal Academy.

like wild flowers in the bank, beautify the prosaic road and invite wanderers to stay and gather, to make posies for each other.

"Like an angel sette." Beauty in her expressed the quality that gave her that mysterious charm which the stronger woman lacked. Yet Rosamond was no less strong. The quality of her courage was of the subtle feminine fortitude that shrinks from violence and blood, yet faces death without cringing fear. And this touches the curious inference that adherence to feminine accomplishments betokens weak intellect and lack of that physical robustness which rebels at quiet and clamours for violent exertion; a cruel inference, by no means just or true.

One fact is beyond contradiction: originality of idea carried into skilful realisation, no matter in what particular art or detail of art, is proof of brain and strength; for however bright the flash of invention may be, it is only a cultivated perception that recognises its meaning,

PAINTING WITH THE NEEDLE.

and only patient perseverance and a reserve of quiet strength that can reduce it to form and find the best means of adapting it to ordinary use, so that the many less gifted may be able to profit by it. This especially applies to the art of embroidery.

The term "needle etching" is a happy one, because it marks the line between mere decoration by gorgeous, yet often barbaric and meaningless, design, and the reproduction of beautiful Nature by needle, instead of brush; sometimes a flower, or perhaps a figure or a landscape, which necessarily infers that the embroideress has knowledge of drawing and also has taste as well as feeling for design and colour.

I was struck with this in a specimen of work that came to my notice at a great display of wedding gifts. It was only a sofa-cushion, white satin with a great bunch of roses upon it. It was the artistic merit that attracted me. It had that one thing, *charm*. The form was kept absolutely true to Nature, and the art of arrangement was so deftly concealed that it seemed impossible for the roses to have grouped themselves in any other way; and the colouring was so delicate it might have been painted. This was my first introduction to modern needle etching. I have not been able to get a reproduction of this charming work, for brides as a rule are on the wing, and this noble lady carried off her costly gift to a distant land and court. Still, I searched for the embroideress, who, so delicate with her needle, had produced the work that had won my heart. From her I obtained a few specimens of her work, which I now reproduce, only with one sad regret that, lacking colour, they by no means give the life, the delicacy and truth that, to my mind, make them unique. Thus I met in real life with a repetition of the Academy picture, and in the actual production of beautiful work I met with a confirmation of the theories I have expressed. To the worker herself, Miss Lucy Burton, the work here shown is quaintly significant of that immortal phrase "the survival of the fittest," for out of the absolute destruction of home and all she possessed in the great earthquake of San Francisco, she escaped with bare life and this little roll of work that she snatched up as she left the house that was being crushed beneath the falling tower of the City Hall. Only ten days had she been in the beautiful city on a second visit to friends in search of health and happiness; her

MISS LUCY BURTON IN HER STUDIO.

many personal treasures were hardly unpacked, when the calamity occurred, and the result of years of study and labour was lost in a few moments.

"I was sorry to leave San Francisco. The climate is so lovely. I feel so well and strong there, and I like the life. But now . . ." Miss Burton put a photograph of the ruins into my hand, and pointed out a chimney, starting apparently from the ground, as the last vestige of the splendid building in which she had lived.

It was difficult to realise that the fragile-looking girl, seated at her frame, had survived the hardship. At any rate she was well provided with strange incidents and experiences with which to vary the monotony of secluded embroidery.

"Indeed no," she replied to my question; "I find the interest of the work too absorbing for that. My father does not talk much when he is painting, and whether one is painting with brushes or needles it needs all the care that can be given, if you are to realise your ideal."

So we returned to the subject of work and the real meaning of the term "needle etching." Etching is done by lines and incised touches; stitches represent this sort of art very accurately, but with the added charm of colour. The great division between this and the embroidery of the schools and convents is the close following of Nature, both in design and execution, instead of working according to a given plan, where shading is according to rule and the standard of success often measured by its machine-like evenness and truth to tradition.

In Church work this is more evident than in any other; in fact, the symbolic flowers are made still more remote by being treated conventionally, and in many cases are mere symbols of symbols.

Needle etching should help to better things. A great many of the clergy of to-day would have their churches decorated with flowers perfect in their significance when true to Nature, but surely not more holy or reverent for giving a shorthand version of the thought they are requisitioned to express. I have known many who have wished to follow beauty rather than conventional tradition, but it is rare indeed for anyone to break through the rule of orthodoxy in the Church acceptance of flower form.

However, I know one priest who succeeded. He was a great man; a Doctor of Divinity, popular preacher, and in every way a most accomplished gentleman. He wanted a set of vestments and he had decided on the designs. He himself selected the silk and confided this commission to a noted school or convent to be executed, but he desired to see a specimen before the whole work was distributed for many workers to carry out.

One passion flower was duly sent down with leaves and tendril beautifully worked in close adherence to orthodox Church work.

"It is beautiful work," wrote the Rev. Father, "but not what I desire. Why that hard, solid ring of raised stitches in place of the fine thread-like glory?"

Rather an acid correspondence ensued; until the head of the work-room suggested as an unanswerable climax, that it would be well if the Rev. Father would do it himself. For answer, he quietly appeared at the school, and passed into the work-room.

"Ah," said he with a kindly smile at his own difficulty in placing a stitch just as he wished it to go, "pens, pencils and brushes are in my power; needles are intractable. I know what I want; I know what the ancient embroidery of my country is; but I cannot use the needle! Whereas you ladies are skilful indeed with the needle, if only you could see, could know—if I might be able to show you, what it ought to be. Kindly then take the needle and I will point with my pencil where the lines must be placed."

And he did it. With the great gentleness of a noble mind he watched with patience the attempts of the workers to follow his directions, and bore with their assurance that it was all wrong and could not be done. The result was satisfactory to some extent. But the old saying as to complying against your will leaving you of the same opinion still was evident in this case. The absurd raised ring that piety insists upon as correct for Church passion flowers was withheld and the corona of the good Father worked, and so some beauty of Nature permitted, and the curves of stalks and tendrils were followed, but the shading was done by rule, not taste, observation or brains. Regularity in the 1, 2, 3, or perhaps 4 and 5 shades of colour, in regular rows like a gimp, was the workers' ideal of perfection, and the excellence of uniformity in this mechanical art was so far reached that any design that came to their hands was quite sure of uniform treatment, much to the pride and joy of the Superiors or Royal Ladies, who believed in the necessity of orthodoxy.

The vestments when finished were exhibited, admired and commented on. But the Rev. Father sent the cope to Italy to be worked. The art critics commented favourably on the innovation, and the Convent Ladies had a flutter of conscious courage in achieving the more natural, almost heretical, embroidery, and there it ended. Uniformity won, and embroidery as much like machine work as poor human fingers can make it is still the boast of not only this convent but almost all the modern schools; and still obedience to tradition in stitches, and to the bare lines traced on the material and often not understood by the

workers, tends to bar the way to any progress in the real art of embroidery.

Surely the cultured public taste of to-day is sufficiently independent of South Kensington canons to judge for itself, and sufficiently discriminating to admit both the beauty and artistic quality of "needle etching" as exemplified in the reproductions given with this article.

But such work—such laborious and faithful delineation of not only the forms but the colours of Nature—implies of necessity the most efficient materials, and I asked Miss Burton where silks of such varied shadings could be procured, for I knew of nothing like the range of tint manifested in her work.

That, she assured me, was her discovery on the far distant California shore, and I speak of it because I am sure the women of England will be glad to know that one firm at least in the world manufactures such an infinitely slight gradation of tint in all colours that the subtle values of Nature can be reproduced with marvellous exactness. She produced for my delighted appreciation skein after skein of these glossy silks—some of opalescent quality, some as fine as a hair, others of substantial thickness, silks suited for every possible description of embroidery work. It was truly a revelation.

Here, then, are the materials for a new development in art embroidery—or rather for a return to the principles which controlled design and execution before the absurd restrictions of the "conventional" school came into vogue; but materials of a quality and range for which the most skilled embroiderers of old doubtless sighed, but in vain.

Embroidery, like all else, needs a liberal education, not so much an apprenticeship to a Bounderby of facts, as the sweet discipline of joyful observation. That sympathy that can give vitality even to heraldic bearings, banners and family badges, and beauty to altar frontals and cloths, by letting the emblematic flowers, the corn and grapes, the lilies and the roses seem so true to the form the Creator gave them that to some faint extent they witness the truth of that grand phrase, "All Thy works do praise thee, O God," and the beauty of the work, the material and the generosity of the givers, complete the verse, "*and Thy people give thanks to Thee.*"

But embroidery is a lovely art. Painting cannot supplant it any more than embroidery can take the place of painting. Each has a worthy place in the service of the world and the interest of cultivated men and women. It has been neglected, because it has been forgotten and much misunderstood, though Holy Writ places it very high amongst work that is "precious," and poets even are not slow to praise it, not only as a pursuit for earthly enthusiasts, but as a reward of those blessed lovers, who may—

"Seek the groves
  Where the lady Mary is,
With her five handmaidens, whose names
  Are five sweet symphonies.

* * *

Circle-wise sit they, with bound locks
  And foreheads garlanded:
Into the fine cloth, white like flame,
  Weaving the golden thread,
To fashion birth-robes for them
  Who are just born, being dead."

HINDU TALES AND FABLES.

(*TRANSLATED FROM THE SANSKRIT BY HENRY FRANCIS.*)

III.

ON THE INFLUENCE OF POVERTY AND HUNGER.

THE Courtier said, "It is written: '*The mind even of the resolute is certainly influenced by circumstances. In words alone whoso places confidence will surely die like Chitrakarna.*'"

The Rajah asked: "How was that?"

The Courtier replied—

"There was in a certain jungle country, a lion named Arrogance. His attendants were a crow, a tiger, and a jackal.

"Now one day, as the latter were wandering about, they perceived a lame camel that had been left behind by a caravan.

"They asked the beast of burden: 'From whence have you come?'

"The camel answered with intelligence, and they led it to the lion.

"Then the lion gave the camel a pledge of safety, and the poor burden-bearer was given the name of Chitrakarna, or Wonderful Ear, and it remained there.

"So time passed.

"At length, it happened that the lion fell ill and was not able to obtain food; moreover the rains were heavy.

"Then the crow and tiger and jackal held a consultation.

"'This Chitrakarna must be killed for our master by some management; what have we in common with this thorn-eater?'

"But the tiger said: 'By our master the safety-word has been given and Chitrakarna has accepted of it; how then can the suggestion be carried out?'

"The crow replied: 'Our master is so emaciated with hunger that he will now commit any crime.'

"For it is said—

"'*A starving woman will forsake her male child. From hunger, a she-serpent will eat her own eggs. In famine time, what sin will not a wasting man commit when he becomes pitiless?*'

"Again it is written—

"'*The mad, the careless, the insane, the afflicted, the passionate, if famishing—the covetous, the timid, the hasty, the lustful, in like case—are not endowed with a sense of justice.*'

"These three having thus decided on a plan they approached the lion, and were asked—

"'Have you obtained any food?'

There was a lion named ARROGANCE.

"The crow replied—

"'Great King! we have not secured the least quantity.'

"The lion said: 'What can be done to sustain life?'

"The crow remarked—

"'By neglecting food that is in our power, all this trouble has come about.'

"The lion hastily exclaimed—

They led the lame camel to the lion.

The crow whispered into the lion's ear.

"'Ah! What food is in our power?'

"The crow whispered into the lion's ear: 'This Chitrakarna!'

"The lion, in dismay, at once touched the ground and then his ear, in memory of his oath.

"'By me,' he said, 'the safety pledge was given to Chitrakarna. How then possibly can this atrocious crime be done.'

"For is it not said—

"'*Not the gift of land, not the gift of gold, not the gift of cows, no, indeed, not the gift of food.*

The tiger tore open the camel's flank.

"'*As they speak, the most sacred gift of all gifts is the gift of safety.*

"'*The chief advantage of all, beyond the wish of the prosperous or the sacrifice of the horse, is gained by the refugee promised protection.*'

"The crow said: 'He need not be killed by my lord; however, by us it shall be so arranged that he himself shall assent to yield up his body.'

"Having heard this, the lion was silent.

"Then they seized the opportunity to make a plot, and having led the camel near, they approached the lion.

"Then the crow said: 'Great King, although we cannot get food yet, as our master is wasted with hunger, then now let him take my flesh, and let it be enjoyed.'

"For it is said—

"'*From the establishment of masters surely come all regal requisites. In his stock, as in the root of trees, a man becomes fruitful.*'

"The lion said 'Brother, better to lose life than to do such a deed as this.'

"Then the jackal made the same offer.

"But the lion said, 'Never!'

"Upon this the tiger urged: 'Let master live on my body.'

"The lion replied: 'This is not even to be listened to.'

"Whereupon, influenced by their offer, Chitrakarna, the camel, was inclined to say the same thing, and approached the lion.

"And the tiger came near to his side.

"Thus the camel, having his confidence raised by the language of the crow, the tiger and jackal, looked up at the throne and offered up his body.

"The offer being heard by the tiger, on the instant he tore open the camel's flank and killed it, and the leaf-eater was eaten by them all.

"Therefore I say—

"'*The mind, even of the resolute, is certainly influenced by circumstances. In words alone whoso places confidence will surely die like Chitrakarna.*'"

IV.

ON UNSOUGHT ADVICE.

THE Courtier remarked: "Moreover is it not said: '*As a drink of milk by snakes only increases their poison, so unsought advice to fools leads to anger, not to peace.*

"'*Give advice to the wise, by no means to the unwise.*

"'*The monkeys, impatient of advice, threw down the nests of the birds.*'"

The Rajah asked, "How was that?"

The Courtier narrated—

"There is on the shores of the Nerbudda, on a piece of land formed by subsidence from a hill, a very large cotton-wool tree.

"On that tree, in nests built for themselves, the birds dwell in comfort in the wettest weather.

"Now at a time, when the clouds were gathered all in a heap in the atmosphere, there was a very heavy fall of rain, and a great storm.

"Then, at the foot of this great tree the monkeys collected, shivering with cold, and the birds beholding them from above, were filled with pity, and cried out:

"'*Here! Here! You monkeys, listen to what we say. By us these nests were woven with our beaks only, and with a little straw collected with your hands and feet; you can do the same. Why are you thus forlorn?*'

"This being heard by the monkeys, it aroused their anger, and they muttered, 'Aha! the birds, comfortably ensconced in the inside of their nests, throw contempt on us! Let it be, until such time as the rain is over!'

"A short time after, the rain-water having dried up, the monkeys climbed up into the tree and broke all the nests to pieces, and threw down all the eggs of the birds.

"Therefore I say—

"'*Give advice to the wise, by no means to the unwise.*

"'*The monkeys, impatient of advice, threw down the nests of the birds.*'"

Photo by] [*Dover Street Studios.*

MISS MARY MOORE.

By OSCAR PARKER.

MR. ALFRED SUTRO has a happy facility for creating a situation which defies the most ingenious of auditors to predict with confidence the eventual solution. Both "The Walls of Jericho" and "John Glayde's Honour" (now running at the St. James's Theatre) hold the secret of their *dénouement* until the very last moment, and then solve the dilemma with a sureness of touch that carries conviction, an achievement that is of the highest dramatic value. Mr. Sutro's characters may not be heroic, but they are real men and women; they have red blood; they interest us in themselves and in their fates; they are very human. This must also imply that they are not mere nonentities, cut to a conventional pattern and turned out by the gross in Nature's workshop; they have the distinction of quality and are interesting apart from the conflict of will or temperament which creates the dramatic situation. But just here we are compelled to recognise a disconcerting parallel between "The Walls of Jericho" and "John Glayde's Honour," disconcerting because the parallel is distinct enough to prompt the cynical question whether Mr. Sutro's invention cannot escape from the marital combination of the single-minded man of affairs and the restless, butterfly woman of fashion. In both plays his chief characters, those about whom the drama revolves, are of these types. In the earlier play the Colonial millionaire, with his simple code of social and domestic honour, pits himself against the cheap morality and lax code of London society's fast set, from which he took his wife. He wins, but only through her love for their child. In the present play the American millionaire pits himself against the fascinations of Parisian frivolities which have captured his wife, and here he loses, apparently because they have no children. That is, if any statement of his mendacious wife can be trusted, she would have remained true to him if they had not been childless. Transpose the husband and wife of either play into the atmosphere and environment of the other, and they would not be inconsistent with the altered action and development. The types are the same; what they become depends on the play of circumstance. It is as though Mr. Sutro had purposely sought a theme as nearly allied to his earlier great success as he dared venture. It is, of course, absurd to suggest seriously that so close a student of

Photo by] [*Dover Street Studios.*

MISS MIRIAM CLEMENTS, MR. H. V. ESMOND AND MR. BEN WEBSTER.
In "The Palace of Puck."—HAYMARKET THEATRE.

human nature and so resourceful a dramatist could have only one theme and one set of characters to express it; but one resents the appearance of a limitation all the more keenly the more firmly one rejects it.

I greatly admire Mr. Sutro's courage in not flinching from the only possible solution of the story he puts before us. The situation on which the final curtain falls has all the pitiless logic of human frailty and human responsibility. The money-grubber who for years has had no time to give his wife anything but money; the neglected wife; the other man—Nature plays a straight game, in deadly earnest, and Mr. Sutro backs it. He must know, and Mr. Alexander must know, that the puling sentiment of a host of play-goers would have plumped for a fatal duel or a penitent and weeping wife on her knees in her best Paris frock—discomfiture of "the other man"—magnanimous condonement by the husband—"My fault, my dear. Dry your eyes. Santa Fé and Topeka Stock is just booming." Therefore "John Glayde's Honour" may not be so popular as "The Walls of Jericho," for the sentimentalists will not have Nature's way at any price. And there are certain trivial episodes in the course of the play, episodes which bear too slightly or not at all on the central theme, as though some padding was necessary, and too little thought had been given to its selection, but we can overlook much for the grimly logical treatment of the main theme. There Mr. Sutro does not falter. No uncertain or feeble strokes mar the characterisation of John Glayde and Muriel and Trevor Lerode. Even the lie by which Muriel tries to pacify her husband until she can get away is a masterstroke, so perfectly does it fit in the picture; and so is the artifice whereby the dramatist shows us by anticipation the inevitable disillusionment of the erring wife and her lover. The whole of the last act is dramatically sound, working legitimately to its perfect climax.

The boisterous *finale* of the second act of "The Palace of Puck," with its superfluous embroidery of black and white stockings so lavishly displayed, is not quite in harmony with the droll humour and the comedy vein of Mr. William J. Locke's "Fantasy." The play, to be sure, is always on the verge of delirium, keeping its poise by a kind of conscious effort; but in that scene it fairly topples over, and drops to banal depths with disconcerting swiftness. One is disposed to say—"Let it stay there"; but in that case we should miss the pleasant fooling of the third act, which restores much of the diverting humour of the first. I do not know whether that hosiery symposium is in the designated "business" of Mr. Locke's book, or a managerial sop to the supposed tastes of playgoers; but I am afraid the author cannot be held entirely innocent, for at least he leads up to the possibility of hysteria. Mr. Locke has a fondness for violent contrasts. He has a keen sense of the humour they involve. He employed them in "The Morals of Marcus," where a harem-bred girl of the East drops into the immediate environment of a studious recluse, gifted with the usual British phlegm. In the play at the Haymarket Theatre we have the temperamental duel in another form. The Palace of Puck is a French *château* peopled by artists, poets, dreamers, musicians—penniless, high-strung worshippers of Greek ideals and Bohemian licence. One, Widgery Blake, the host, is master of the revels in this unconventional Liberty Hall; and though he gives his subjects plenty of scope, and drives with a loose rein, he appears to know when to put on the brake. They all bear fantastic nicknames. Blake is "Puck," and Mr. H. V. Esmond plays the part with a luxury of abandon that is altogether admirable. But into this gaily decorated scene steps by accident—the accident of a disabled motor-car—a highly specialised specimen of British Philistinism, with his wife and daughter. Mr. Christopher Podmore is a Colonial broker from Mincing Lane, and habitually walks a dead level of conventional propriety. He also keeps his wife and daughter to the same drab path. Naturally he disapproves of everything he sees and hears in the Palace of

Photo by] *Dover Street Studios.*

MISS MARIE TEMPEST AND MR. ALLEN AYNESWORTH.

In "Truth."—COMEDY THEATRE.

Puck. Its denizens set out to humanise him—to make him feel that individuality is something better than a cut-and-dried system of human action. They take only a week to it, and then Mr. Podmore seems quite prepared to go back to Mincing Lane with revolutionary sentiments. He and his wife have learned that, if social conventions are not to be altogether despised, they are certainly not to be blindly worshipped; they have discovered that love is something to be declared and manifested, and that nothing is more truly fantastic than the hard, commercial view of marital and family relations. Mr. Locke develops his theme with much wit in dialogue and situation, but I am not disposed to forgive him that lapse into sheer madness in the second act. It is like a daub of garish colour on a moonlit scene, and alters the values. Of course the play is not to be taken seriously, except as an allegory. It is too fantastic for workaday mortals, but it has point and a meaning. Mr. Frederick Kerr makes an uncompromising Philistine in the first act, a carved block of British prejudice, and his curve into the Bohemian temper of his environment is an enormous arc, but he gets there finally by many diverting steps. "Compromising Martha" is still played as a curtain raiser at the Haymarket, a delightfully natural little comedy of life.

"When Knights were Bold" at Wyndham's Theatre presents a very good example of the finishing process which, in our day, is so frequently postponed till after the pulse of an audience has been felt at a few public productions. Especially if a play is a farce, the comedian who is its mainstay rarely feels the full capabilities of his part on the first or second night. Mr. James Welch, if not "a fellow of *infinite* jest," has imagination, invention and humour, and he has applied all these qualities to getting a good deal more fun out of the part of Sir Guy de Vere than was apparent in the early days of the production. Of course, there comes a smile to the lips at the mere suggestion of Mr. James Welch impersonating the modern representative of a long line of august and haughty ancestors. Knowing his methods as we do, we foresee the broad humour of the contrast he will give us, his banal modernity, his outrageous violations of all the sacred traditions of his House—all the trebly-panoplied reserve of aristocratic prejudice. Sufficient to say that he realises our anticipations. His Sir Guy de Vere is neither sturdy oak nor polished rosewood; it is very plain deal with no superficial veneer even. He is a plague, a thorn, a monstrous idiosyncrasy in the view of the other and normal de Veres. The antagonism is most diverting, but a little of it goes a long way, and too much is apt to become tedious without great inventive ingenuity on the part of the author in providing diversity of situation, and that ingenuity Mr. Charles Marlow has not sufficiently shown. The first act dragged a little towards its close in the early days of the play, but it goes better now. It has been tightened, and Mr. Welch has filled it out with a broader appreciation of its possibilities, and the play being a farce these liberties are justified. The second act is pure burlesque, the visual representation of a dream. Sir Guy is no longer in the twentieth century but in the twelfth. He is still in garb and speech and habits of thought and action a modern, but all his surroundings, his relations and friends, the very atmosphere of life about him, are of the time of Richard the Lion-hearted. The fun becomes uproarious, the absurdities side-splitting. Then in the last act we have Sir Guy awake again, but retaining so vivid an impression of the topsy-turvy drama of his dream that now the incongruity is shifted from him to his environment. He still breathes the air of a mediæval England, and his relations and friends are hopelessly modernised. Such is the frame-work of "When Knights were Bold," on which has been draped so many grotesque and laughable fantasies, that it becomes a kind of summer madness, not a thing to be written of seriously.

A little play by W. W. Jacobs and Herbert C. Sargent, called "the Boatswain's Mate," precedes "When Knights were Bold." It has the peculiar quality of

MISS JULIA MARLOWE AND MR. E. H. SOTHERN.
In "Romeo and Juliet."—WALDORF THEATRE.

Mr. Jacobs's well-known humour, the humour that devises unexpected rebuffs and most disconcerting routs for the schemers in his little stories, and serves its purpose admirably as a prelude to the evening's hilarious entertainment.

It was certainly not for lack of support that "The Great Conspiracy" was withdrawn after its brief run to make way for "The Royal Family" at the Duke of York's Theatre. The play is by Pierre Berton, and has been adapted by Miss Madeleine Lucette Ryley. It is of melodramatic texture, with some strong situations, but appears to suffer from over-elaboration of plot and, in consequence, a certain degree of obscurity. Moreover, there is a divided interest occasioned by the prominence given to Napoleon, in the second act particularly—a prominence that overshadows and subordinates the part of the hero, Captain Crisenoy. These are structural blemishes in a play of very considerable power otherwise. It may be said that they go to the root of the matter, and so in truth they do, for they compel a very moderate judgment of the drama as a unit of composition; but they did not affect the drawing power of the play—it ran to full houses. No doubt this was largely due to the fine impersonation of the first Napoleon by Mr. John Hare, but it was also owing in considerable measure to the strong dramatic moments in the development of the plot. The only characters that really count in the long cast are four: The First Napoleon, Captain Crisenoy (by Mr. Henry Ainley), Jeanne (by Miss Irene Vanbrugh) and the Marquis de Tallemont (by Mr. Aubrey Smith). Tallemont, an aristocrat and plotter against the life of Napoleon, has married Jeanne, but only to protect her, for she is wife in name only. A plot to kill the First Consul fails and Tallemont flies, after making Jeanne swear not to reveal that he is still alive. He is supposed by all others to have been killed in the attempt on Napoleon's life. Four years pass. Jeanne and Crisenoy, now an aide-de-camp to Napoleon, who has become Emperor, are in love with each other, but Jeanne cannot wed him because her husband still lives. Napoleon learns that Tallemont is alive and is still plotting against him, and believes that through Jeanne he can discover Tallemont's whereabouts; but Jeanne, true to her vow, will say nothing. Whereupon Napoleon determines to marry her to Crisenoy, thinking that so he will force her to speak. Jeanne goes through the wedding ceremony, and she and Captain Crisenoy are escorted to private apartments in the palace. Jeanne has now no escape but by confiding her secret to Crisenoy. At the critical moment the Emperor enters their room. Crisenoy refuses to disclose to him what he has learned from Jeanne, is put under arrest, and hurried away, leaving the distracted girl in a tempest of grief. This act is full of dramatic moments, but the third is less emotional and less convincing. That a personage so well known, as the head of a great family must have been, should be in the immediate entourage of the Emperor without being recognised is most improbable, but here we find the Marquis de Tallemont, still plotting and still enforcing silence on his wife. Moreover, the action of this act is spasmodic, the characters appear and disappear with disconcerting frequency; it is complicated, overwought, confusing, so that the really dramatic episode—the exchange of the snuff-boxes, whereby Jeanne saves the Emperor's life and wins his gratitude, while her husband finally disappears from the stage of life—fails to have its due effect.

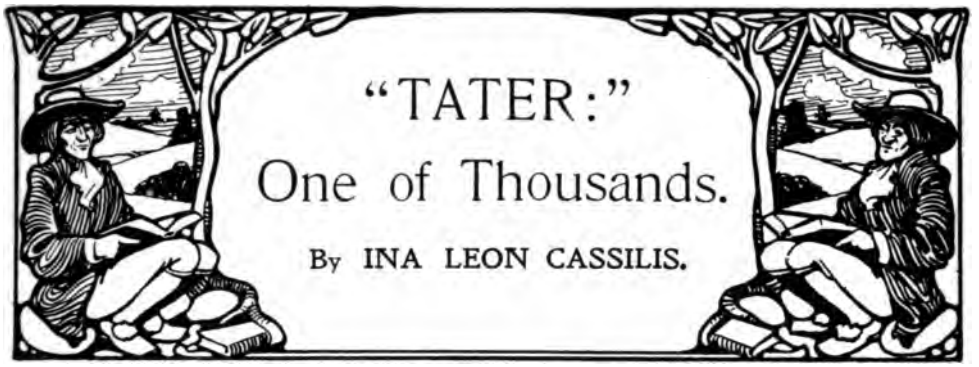
"My Darling," the first original production at the beautiful new Hicks Theatre in Shaftesbury Avenue, had but a comparatively brief run before being taken to the provinces. Neither Mr. Hicks himself nor Miss Terriss appeared in it, though Mr. Hicks is joint author of the piece, with Mr. Herbert E. Haines as composer. "My Darling" is neither better nor worse than the average musical play of the period. It is constructed on the familiar conventional lines of such productions, with a charming *primière*—in this case Miss Marie Studholme—a handsome hero, a rather rakish and frivolous-minded old man, a vindictive

MISS MARY BOLAND AND MR. ROBERT EDESON.

In "Strongheart."—ALDWYCH THEATRE.

and dangerous foe to the young people in an actress of the Folies Bergeres (why must all the frothy naughtiness be transferred to Paris air?), and, of course, the bevy of choral posturists, now introduced to us as "The Butterfly Girls," gay and seductive damsels in gorgeous gowns and prodigal of bewildering movement. But inasmuch as we get nothing new in each fresh production of this class, so it is impossible to write anything new of each. Of course the story, or such story as there is, is compounded of fresh situations, and the *mise-en-scène* differs from that of all the predecessors of "My Darling." In this case we have two very charming scenes in Paris, scenes full of colour and most creditable to their designers. And withal there is plenty of fun (and some buffoonery), many new and some very pretty songs, though the music as a whole is not so deep as a well, nor so broad as a church door. It is liquid, however, and in no sense ecclesiastical. More than one accomplished writer of lyrics has contributed to the *ensemble,* though I have no means of apportioning the responsibility—patriotic songs, sentimental songs, topical songs, funny songs—a bright, gay, ever-shifting kaleidoscope of dance and dialogue, music and mimicry. I suppose if we were not such strenuous livers by day, we should not—or so many of us would not—crave such light and frothy entertainment at night. Managers who provide this form of entertainment so lavishly look, no doubt, solely to the call for it and are indifferent to the cause of the call. Theirs not to reason why—Theirs but to heed the cry; and so we have seven West End theatres producing musical plays, and more promised, and heaven knows how many in the suburbs.

Melodrama is brought to fine flower at the reconstructed Lyceum Theatre in "Her Love against the World," the very title of which seems to exhale that pungent aroma by which we recognise this particular group of dramatic flora. Mr. Walter Howard, its author, has set up his easel in picturesque surroundings, and has laid on the colour in strong and vivid sweeps of his brush. Never was a more execrable villain, a more valiant hero, a more lovable heroine. Never did love have a thornier path to victory; rarely has hero achieved so much with such slender means. These superlatives may, however, convey the impression that "Her Love against the World" is rather of the transpontine or provincial type of piece, better suited to extremely strong digestions than to the somewhat cloyed and dainty appetites of West End playgoers. I must remove any such delusion. It is more closely allied to the type of melodrama that flourished for so many years at the Adelphi. It is beautifully staged and excellently cast. The situations are not so glaringly improbable as to bring the cynical smile to the lips of the sophisticated playgoer at situations meant to rouse a thrill or a sentiment of pathos. The appeal to human sympathy is direct and effective; the author is sincere, and the actors do him full justice. In Miss Nora Kerin the part of Princess Iris has a beautiful and sympathetic exponent. Around her moves the tumultuous action of the play, and in her attractive personality, her dignity and charm of manner, she justifies to an exacting eye the rival passions that contend for her possession. An exceptionally fine impersonation is Mr. Frederick Ross's Prince Othmar, and another impersonation which entirely captures the sympathies of an audience is Miss Valli Valli's pathetic and delightful rendering of the youthful Lionel. Mr. Norman Partriege, as the hero Eric, plays with fervour and a gallant bearing which never degenerates into tawdry swashbucklering, and Mr. Eric Mayne, who plays the villain of the piece, gives it full value without rant or over-emphasis. The comic element, usually considered so necessary as relief in a melodrama, is slight, and might be omitted without detriment, but the play as a whole is, of its kind, admirable. For these reasons, and also because the experiment of reduced prices in a West End theatre deserves every encouragement, it is gratifying to know that the public seems well disposed to support the Lyceum Theatre under its new management.



"TATER:" One of Thousands.

By INA LEON CASSILIS.

SHE wasn't in the least bit pretty, romantic, or interesting. She was ugly, ragged, half starved, and dirty; in age about ten—though she didn't know it; by heritage and habit a geniune London Arab. Her father and mother were costers, of the New Cut. When she was born, her mother's bed was a scrap of old sacking. Her father was a "Saturday-nighter"—that is to say, he got drunk every Saturday night, beginning at midnight; for up to that time he sold "eysters" in the streets of Lambeth. Her mother, when sober, which was unfrequent, sold flowers. She died when her luckless child was about seven years old—a knock on the head in a row with her husband. Six months for the husband.

When he came out of prison he took to himself another partner, and that lady promptly kicked out of doors the little ragamuffin, who, during her father's imprisonment, had been fed by one neighbour and another, or had picked up what she could in the streets. She did not know her name, and nobody else knew it. The only "necessities" her parents recognised were "beer and vittles"; baptism was a luxury. They had called the child any name that came uppermost—generally an abusive one. Her street companions called her "Tater" from some real or fancied resemblance of her head to that tuber; and as Tater she lived, and moved, and had her being—such a being as thousands have in all great capitals. She slept in odd corners, or in the passages, or on the stairs of the tenement houses, the doors of which are open all night. Sometimes she curled up on one of the benches of Vauxhall or Waterloo Bridge, and if "chivied" from there, sought a shadowy doorstep, or some nook which might escape the searching light and the keen eye of the "slop," who is the natural enemy of the street child.

Tater did not steal, because she was afraid of the "beak." She had no moral objection to annex anything that didn't belong to her. She lied more often than she spoke the truth. She fought frequently and fiercely, using hands, feet, and teeth; and was regarded by the young gentlemen of the streets as a formidable opponent. She swore as much as they did; she could shy stones as unerringly. She was passionate, sullen, and revengeful. It would be difficult to say that she had any good qualities; there was no difficulty at all in deciding that she had an ample crop of bad ones. She couldn't read, and didn't want to learn. She sneered at the school children; called them names, and, if she got a safe chance, threw mud at them when "they was rigged up smart." She liked hop-scotch, marbles, and any gambling game—some of these were played with stones and bits of wood and paper—and cheated whenever she could. If discovered, she was "whacked," and as she always hit back with a will, the result was a hot encounter, in which, in most cases, Tater scored. Her food was as scanty as her apparel. Breakfast was literally the breaking of a fast. Tater never had a meal. Sometimes a "doorstep" was all she ate in the twenty-four hours; or a few potatoes. Occasionally, she was able to treat herself to "a 'ayporth o' pudden," which

The "Ecker" boy made a disparaging remark on the personal appearance of 'Meliar.

meant a slab of dough pudding; if it was a day old she got a double allowance for her halfpenny. Her highest ideal of felicity was "pudden an' treacle an' a thrip'ny doss." She had twice enjoyed the first—once, in a fit of wild extravagance, paying for it herself, and starving severely for it afterwards, and once treated by a benevolent 'busman off duty, who saw her flattening her nose on the window of a "pudden" shop in Drury Lane. But the other ingredient of a perfect paradise—the "thrip'ny doss"—Tater had never enjoyed; she only pictured it from the glowing account of wealthy "kids" who had revelled in that expensive luxury. The nearest approach to a bed Tater had ever known was the bit of sacking she slept on "at 'ome."

Tater sometimes played with toys, and she once possessed a doll. You wouldn't have known it was a doll unless you were told, and then you had to take it on faith, as Tater herself did. Tater loved that doll with an intense and passionate adoration. She nearly got killed defending its life, and she avenged its death tragically. The doll was simply a roll of newspaper, with a dirty old kerchief pinned round it to represent an entire wardrobe. But Tater believed in that doll, which she called 'Meliar. She nursed it, kissed it, sang to it, talked to it, slept with it in her arms, defended it again and again from unprovoked assaults.

One day an unsympathetic *gamin*, who had sold his last "speshul Ecker," encountered Tater and her doll at the witching hour of midnight in the Strand. Tater's hours of retirement, like her meals, were irregular. The "Ecker" boy made a disparaging remark on the personal appearance of 'Meliar, and at the same moment grabbed at her. Tater retorted with a whoop and a blow. The "Ecker" boy snatched 'Meliar and dashed across the road. Tater, following swiftly, was as nearly as possible run down by an omnibus. In a twinkling she had caught up with the abductor of 'Meliar in Burleigh Street, and then followed a fierce tussle, in the course of which 'Meliar and her *multum-in-parvo* wardrobe were wrecked. Tater, mad with rage and grief, "went for" the "Ecker" boy, routed him, and then, panting and sobbing, sought for the fragments

of 'Meliar and her frock. Having discovered some, a good deal mixed up with mud, she sat down on the kerb to bewail its untimely death. Being presently "spotted" and duly "chivied" by a policeman, she retreated, carrying with her the remains of 'Meliar, which were buried in a little heap of dust in a back yard.

One of Tater's greatest delights, in the hot weather, was to paddle in the muddy water at low tide on the Surrey bank of the river; and one evening in late July she chanced to be indulging in this recreation with some other girls and a few very little boys. At this season town is declared "empty," all lucky people having departed to moor or forest, lake or river; but Tater had never seen anything more countrified than a London park, and she very seldom saw that. It is open to question whether she would have been able to give a cow its right name. To her all the delights of the country were represented by a mud puddle in the murky river at Lambeth. She "went out of town" among the barges and the slime; and, standing in the water, acquired the only stockings she had ever worn—a thick coating of greasy mud. Presently, her attention was diverted to a tiny ragamuffin of three or four years old—who, unattended by any older companion, was paddling in the water.

"Say you there, Neddie Grimes, look out, or you'll git drownded," called Tater.

"Say you there, Neddie Grimes, look out or you'll git drownded," called Tater. Neddie Grimes shouted back, "Yah!" and continued to splash up the black mud, going a little further out into the water, in sheer defiance. In an impulse of benevolence, Tater ran forward to pull the child out of possible danger; but before she could reach him, Neddie Grimes threw up his hands with a scream. He had lost his footing. The children on the bank echoed the scream in shrill chorus; but not an instant did Tater

hesitate. She dashed straight into the river after the poor baby, and succeeded in clutching his ragged frock; but even as she did so, the water caught her, and swept both her and her prize out towards the mid-stream. Tater uttered a cry of terror, but kept her hold on the child's garment till, suddenly, it gave way, and Neddie Grimes and his rescuer were parted. A bargeman, attracted by the screaming of the children on the bank, seized a long boat-hook, and, running to the side of his barge, tried to reach the drowning children. He managed to catch hold of Neddy Grimes, and soon handed the child, apparently dead, to his mate, who ran off with it to the nearest surgery. Then two men, who had hurried down to the bank, put out in a boat after Tater. She had disappeared, but presently came partly to the surface again, floating down on the ebb tide. The rowers soon came up with her, and one of them lifted her aboard. "Dead as a door-nail, poor little beggar," said he, apathetically. But he laid her down gently enough in the bottom of the boat, and they rowed back quickly.

"Quite dead," was the surgeon's verdict when Tater was laid out on a rough table for examination. Neddie Grimes had suffered little beyond a drenching and a fright. Perhaps Tater's lot was a happier one, considering the almost inevitable future of such children. The poor, skinny little corpse was removed to the workhouse to await an inquest. Tater, could she know it, would have thought it grand to be "inquiched." The Guardians made an effort to find someone who could be made to pay for the burial, but failed. Two girls were hunted up by the police, who gave different versions at the inquest of how Tater had got out of her depth, though both had been onlookers of the occurrence. So it was not very clear whether the poor little ragamuffin committed an act of heroism or was merely the victim of accident. Thus she was robbed of even posthumous fame; but posthumous fame is one of the things which are valueless to the owner, and Tater had no surviving friends and relations to cherish her memory. She was buried by the parish, in a grave already nearly filled with paupers. Nameless, homeless, friendless, in life and in death, she sleeps none the less soundly, and needs no pity now. It is not death, but life, that is terrible to such as Tater.

MONTHLY MATTERS MUSICAL.

By GEORGE CECIL.

The Opera.

THE season has opened under excellent auspices, and music-lovers of every description have reason to be thankful that the Syndicate has catered for tastes which are so widely different. Two cycles of the astounding "Ring" have made "Wagnerites" happy, and "Bastien und Bastienne," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," and "Hänsel und Gretel" have formed an agreeable (and welcome) contrast to the strenuous strains for which Wagner is responsible. Signor Caruso's mellifluous voice is again to be employed in singing Verdi and Puccini as he alone can interpret this alluring music. Signor Sammarco's much desired *rentrée* is about to take place; and "La Tosca"—with the *elegantissimo* Signor Scotti as the determined wooer, and Signora Giachetti as Floria Tosca — is amongst future operatic pleasures. Particularly gratifying is the re-engagement of Mr. Whitehill—whose fine, resonant voice makes his Méfiste so notable a performance, while Signor Scandiani—an admirable artist—can always be depended upon to do justice to the parts which he undertakes. Before long, we may expect to hear M. Journet in a number of the *rôles* with which he is so favourably identified — but not, alas! as Don Basilio. Perhaps next year (or next autumn) Rossini's most fascinating opera will be rescued from temporary oblivion. In the meantime, "Madamina, il Catalogo è questo" must console us for the absence of "La Calunnia."

Considerable interest is attached to the forthcoming revival of "La Gioconda," and those who have heard Signor Caruso

MR. THOMAS BEECHAM, THE CONDUCTOR OF THE NEW SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

MR. WHITEHOUSE, THE 'CELLOIST OF THE LONDON TRIO.

revel in the beauties of "Cielo e Mar" live in hopes that he will be the Enzo of the cast. Should Mlle. Destinn sing Gioconda, M. Journet Alvise, and Signor Sammarco Barnaba, a particularly excellent *ensemble* will be the result.

"Hoffmann's Erzaehlungen."

Musical persons cannot wish for anything better than Offenbach's "Tales of Hoffmann," which lately has occupied the boards of the Adelphi Theatre. For the score contains so many beauties, and the company is of such all-round excellence, that an evening at the Adelphi practically leaves nothing to be desired. The majority of tenors and baritones who come from the Fatherland to this country scarcely appeal to one, but those who are of the Komische Opera, Berlin, sing and act in a manner which calls for unqualified praise. Nor are the ladies of the company any less competent. In *Frau* Anna Willner, Frau Jassner, Frau Hoffmann, and Frau Francillo-Kauffmann we have a highly capable quartet of *prime donne*. Nothing could be finer than Herr Hofbauer's Mirakel and Dapertutto, for his smooth, effortless singing of the charming air in the second act shows him as an artist of the almost extinct *bel canto* school; while in the dramatic music of the next scene he rises to heights which make his performance as impressive as anything that the lyric stage can show. Praiseworthy, too, is the Hoffmann of Herr Raventos, for he exercises over a voice of singularly good quality an artistic control which easily enables him to distance his more celebrated tenor brethren.

Mr. Bispham and English Songs.

Everyone hopes that Mr. Bispham will soon give another recital, and those who care for music trust he will, when making up his programme, include in the English section only those airs which are worthy of a place therein. When an artist of Mr. Bispham's unique talent gives a recital, one looks forward to hearing compositions which are beyond the powers of the average London singer. Purcell's "I attempt from Love's Sickness to Fly," Hatton's "To Anthea" and "To Julia" would on Mr. Bispham's lips provide students with a most valuable object lesson, besides affording an unusual pleasure to the listener. The "Four Celtic Studies," which were heard at the last Bispham recital, though highly original in their dulness—and admirably sung—serve no good purpose.

French Opera Bouffe.

Should the manager of the Coronet Theatre (which is Notting Hill way) decide to make his season of French *opèra bouffe* an annual one, he will deserve the thanks of all who take a proper interest in this form of entertainment. 'Twas a happy thought of his to give our old friend "Les Cloches

de Corneville" and the famous "La Fille de Madame Angot," while "Les Mousquetaires au Couvent," "Le Petit Duc," and "La Mascotte" revived many pleasant memories. In fact, the series of performances took place at a singularly opportune moment, for "musical comedy" (London's substitute for *operette*) had been even more inane than usual—thanks to the reckless enterprise of those responsible for the singing, the "lyrics," and the music. M. Renè Debrenne's Company (of which M. Bonafous is an admirable *chef d'orchestre*) thus arrived in the nick of time, and if the various geniuses who were told off by their respective papers to attend at the Coronet preferred our home-made performers to the visitors, the French singers at least had the satisfaction of knowing that their artistic efforts delighted the appreciative audiences which nightly applauded them. It is to be hoped that they will soon be with us again—and at an early date—for to have to wait a year for this pleasure will indeed be wearisome work.

The Sassard Recital.

The Misses Sassard, whose recital is announced to take place at Æolian Hall late in June, are to be congratulated on the excellent taste displayed in the choice of their programme. Duets by Purcell (1658-1695), and airs by Beethoven, Saint-Saëns and Leroux are included, in each of which one may expect to hear the concert-givers to advantage.

Mr. John Coates.

Mr. John Coates has recently paid another visit to Germany, having had to fulfil various engagements to sing in opera. As upon former occasions, his intelligent treatment of the music and his unusual insight into the characters which he portrayed won for him the unanimous approval of the Press, while the public again received him with open arms. In the words of a performer in another line of business, Mr. Little Tich, we "could do" with a few more singers of the John Coates type. Fortunately for posterity the leading English tenor's *ménage* includes some sons.

THE MISSES SASSARD—DUETTISTS.

Poetry, or——!

Mr. Preston Wynne is a poet before whom the outbursts of all other spring poets fade into nothingness. Thus poetises Mr. Wynne in "Nightingale Song," a ditty which some hardy publisher has sent out for review:—

"You remember, love, 'twas here,
That glad night of all the year,

Where our secret first was told
'Neath a moon and stars of gold.
As we whisper'd love's sweet tale,
Softly sang the nightingale,
Echoing to the skies above
Our tender words of love.
Sing again, nightingale, etc."

According to the advertisement in the *Musical World*, these remarkable words

MISS AMELIE MOLITOR, WHO RECENTLY MARRIED MR. THOMAS MEUX.

have helped to make the ditty "the favourite of the Manchester pantomimes." The most severe critic on earth blushes for Manchester.

A Delightful Duet.

When Mr. Ingo Simon and Mme. Eleanor Cleaver Simon next give a recital they cannot do better than include in their programme the delightful "Per valli per boschi" of Blangini, which they revived at their recent concert. It is so fresh—and gay—that one wonders why it has so long remained on the shelf. Mr. and Mme. Simon interpret it in exactly the right manner, using just the necessary amount of voice and preserving the atmosphere of the music. The two artists have got together a particularly interesting *repertoire*, in which is to be found two quaint and fascinating ditties by de Machault and di Lasso, respectively, an air from Vaccaj's "Romeo e Giulietta" and Kücken's plaintive "La Captive." Mention also may be made of "La Belle Bourbonnaise"—a charming and distinctive song, which Mr. Simon interprets with the skill that comes of intelligent study.

Miss Florence Monteith.

'Twould be interesting to hear Miss Florence Monteith more frequently. After her last Covent Garden engagement she appeared at the San Carlo, Naples, at the Costanzi, Rome, and at the San Carlos, Lisbon, where her Elsa and other impersonations put her on the best of terms with critical audiences. Later, she was invited to sing Micaela at the Monte Carlo Theatre—*de luxe*. Miss Monteith's concert *repertoire* includes airs by Bemberg, Martini, Widor, Hahn, Massenet, and Faure, and in her choice of English songs she has been particularly discreet.

M. Maurel and his Admirers.

M. Maurel's adoring admirers are wondering in what way he next will astonish them. At his recent Queen's Hall "serio-comic" entertainment his rejuvenated appearance startled many people, and those who profess to know anything about voice production must have been amazed at the methods he employed when essaying portions of Iago's music. Truly M. Maurel is unique in every respect.

The Santley "Jubilee" Concert.

The chief feature about the Santley "Jubilee" concert was the singing of Mr. Santley. With the exception of Mr. John Coates, the other English performers who assisted scarcely showed to advantage, though Madame Clara Butt is to be commended for having improved slightly upon the strenuous methods which have brought her local fame. Herr Kreisler also appeared, playing to perfection the sympathetic "Airs Russes," in which fiddlers of every degree elect to be heard.

The New Symphony Orchestra.

Those who have been present at the orchestral concerts of rarely heard compositions which Mr. Thomas Beecham has given are looking forward to renewing their acquaintance with the music of Cherubini, Paisiello, Mèhul, and others who flourished at a time when composers justified their existence. The New Symphony Orchestra (under Mr. Beecham's direction) render the above music in a manner which leaves nothing to be desired.

ENID AND GERAINT. Rowland Wheelwright.

"Once she looked back, and when she saw him ride, more near by many a rood than yester morn, it well-nigh made her cheerful."

THE

English Illustrated Magazine.

JULY, 1907.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION OF 1907.

By PAUL NAUMANN.

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AGAIN portraiture holds autocratic sway. Portraits confront the visitor on nearly every wall of this spring's exhibition, and there is no denying their insistence. Landscape has the air of retiring abashed before the multitude of canvases that proclaim the majesty of man, his overlordship, his assertive personality. Is there any connection between this rage for portraiture and the furious dissection of private life and character which is so egregious a feature of modern interest, and to which modern journalism caters so lavishly? The question is instructive, the answer not so clear. But the fact is patent, whatever the cause may be; and our regret is not so much that portraiture is excessive, but that other subjects seem to be losing interest for the painter.

MR. ROWLAND WHEELWRIGHT.

This article, which deals with some of the work

MR. CHARLES E. BUTLER.

exhibited in the present show at Burlington House, is necessarily, owing to limitations of space, very fragmentary. Selection is imperative, of course, but the selection has not been made on any defined principle. We have, however, confined these notes chiefly to the younger painters and to those who are not yet academicians or associates. The Academy of this year is rich indeed in the work of artists who are in the earlier stages of their careers, who may or may not attain first rank in the future, but give high promise of renown. It is from among these that our illustrations are selected.

Mr. Rowland Wheelwright, whose romantic picture of "Enid and Geraint" forms the frontispiece to this number, is an Australian by birth, and was educated at Tonbridge School. Upon selecting art as his vocation in life Mr. Wheelwright began his studies in the artistic atmosphere of St. John's Wood, but he soon betook himself to the strenuous discipline of the Herkomer School at Bushey. This period of his art education completed, he took a studio in the village of Bushey, where all his pictures are painted. Besides his studio work he assists Miss Kemp-Welch in the school she has started at Bushey for figure and animal painting. Mr. Wheelwright was elected a member of the R.B.A. about two years ago, and the permanent municipal galleries of Preston and Oldham have both been enriched by purchases of his pictures.

His "Enid and Geraint" in this year's Academy is one of his finest compositions, distinguished as much by poetic fancy as by correctness of drawing and graceful composition. The wood-path is flecked with sunlight, which shines full upon the figure of the girl, strongly emphasised against the dark foliage of the wood. There is a pathetic beauty in the averted head

MRS. ERNEST E. SYKES. Charles E. Butler.

and a suggestion of wistfulness in the figure that touch the sympathies keenly.

Mr. Charles E. Butler, whose portrait is given on p. 304, was born in 1864, at St. Leonards-on-Sea, and he studied at the Hastings School of Art, later at the St. John's Wood Art Schools, under Calderon, and also at the Royal Academy Schools. His first Academy picture was exhibited in 1889, and among his other pictures which have been hung at Burlington House especially to be noted were the subject-pictures of "The Car of Lucifera, or Procession of the Vices" (1898), "Arthur" (1904), "Thena" (1893), "Fame and Shame" (1902), and "Siegfried Discovering the Dragon Fafnir." All of these paintings are now in private collections, and, in addition to these, his larger subject-picture, entitled "The Dawn of Peace—Her Triumph over War," which was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1901, was bought for the Durban Art Gallery in South Africa, where it now hangs.

THE WHITE HOUNDS. Miss Maud Earl.

"And the soul is as blown dust within the wood,
Wherein the white hounds move, where timeless shadows brood."

Mr. Butler has also attained distinction as a portrait painter, and we reproduce his portrait of Mrs. Ernest E. Sykes, hung on the walls of this year's Academy Exhibition—a portrait of exceptional charm and naturalness of expression. He has also painted portraits of Sir Wm. J. Lancaster, Sir Alfred Dryden, Bart., the Venerable Archdeacon Emery of Ely,

MR. FRANCIS BARRAUD.

'TIS BETTER TO HAVE LOVED AND LOST. Francis Barraud.

Dr. Wood, late Head Master of Tonbridge, and present Head Master of Harrow, Dr. Lathom, Regius Professor of Medicine at Cambridge University, Hamon le Strange, Esq., Provincial Grand Master of Norfolk, a presentation portrait, and many others. Mr. Butler's artistic versatility is evidenced in yet another direction: he is passionately fond of music, and for the past eighteen years has been organist in one of the large London churches.

Miss Maud Earl inherits her artistic tastes from her father, under whom she studied. As an animal painter she has acquired a high position, but her picture in this year's exhibition confirms her claims as an imaginative painter of no mean quality. It is entitled "The White Hounds," who pass in the nameless wood where the disembodied soul drifts aimlessly and hopelessly. There is a sense of mystery and of brooding melancholy in the picture, out of which the face of the hound stares like a materialised ghost which may presently fade again into a wandering shade. Miss Earl has exhibited in the Royal Academy since 1885, among her best-known pictures being "The Dogs of Death" (1900), and "On Dian's Day" (1901). As a painter of canine portraits she occupies a unique position, for assuredly no living artist can number so many "sitters" amongst the celebrated and uncelebrated pet dogs of the last twenty-five years. She has painted the favourite

AT THE DOCKS: ARTILLERY FOR THE FRONT.

James P. Beadle.

MR. LEXDEN L. POCOCK.

dogs of both the King and the Queen; most, if not all, of the chief prize-winners of Europe, and has held exhibitions of her own pictures in London, Manchester and Newcastle. Many of her engraved works are very popular, such as "The Absent-minded Beggar," "Terriers and Toys," "What We Have We Hold," and "I Hear a Voice."

Mr. Francis Barraud's painting, "'Tis better to have loved and lost," tells one of those pathetic stories in paint which appeal so strongly to our common human sympathies. It is the fashion among a school of critics to rail at "anecdotes in paint," but why, if they have technical merit and natural truth? Both qualities are to be found in Mr. Barraud's Academy picture this year. There is no forced sentiment in the treatment, and the pathos touches a universal chord. It rings true.

That military subjects should have a special interest for Mr. J. P. Beadle—perhaps an inherited interest—is natural, since his father, who retired a Major-General, saw long service with the Royal Engineers. The artist's Academy picture, "At the Docks: Artillery for the Front," loses in our reproduction from the necessity of so great reduction, for the canvas is one of considerable size. The picture is noteworthy in that it conveys so much more than is apparent to the eye. The figures are few and are in repose, and yet they suggest the advance guard of an army. The repose is the outward expression of that British phlegm which meets the call to duty without fuss or flurry, but with as calm a readiness for the immediate trial of patience as for the future call for courage. Mr. Beadle studied under Sir Edgar Boehm, Alphonse Legros, Slade Professor of Art at the University of London; afterwards at the Ecole des Beaux Arts,

THE PEDLAR MISSIONARY. (12TH CENTURY.)
Lexden L. Pocock.

under Cabanel, and finally under G. F. Watts.

In the water-colour room Mr. Lexden L. Pocock is represented by "The Pedlar Missionary," a picture which tells its own story in the furtive look of the young devotee, as he hands the forbidden book to the lady he seeks to convert. Our reproduction of this picture suffers much in the loss of colour inseparable from black-and-white work. Mr. Pocock was born in Gloucester Road, Regent's Park, London, and is a son of Lewis Pocock, R.S.A. He was the first student of the Slade School of Art to obtain a prize and silver medal. He also obtained the first silver medal for drawing from the life at the Royal Academy Schools, and a silver medal for a water-colour drawing, "Pensation," at the Crystal Palace. He studied for two years in Rome, and was elected a member of the Water-Colour Society while there.

Our reproduction of Mr. Fred Roe's painting, "A Ring of Harmony," is taken from a pen-and-ink sketch supplied by the artist, which in some respects affords a more satisfactory rendering than a half-tone from a photograph of the original. There is certainly more suggestion of colour in this sketch than we can usually get in the half-tone block. A group of musicians in seventeenth century costumes surround a table on which repose tankards and glasses of Bohemian design. Warm reds and blacks predominate in the colouring. The picture is a study of reflected sunlight and of facial expression, and, especially in this latter regard, is particularly happy. The air of joviality, of humorous enjoyment in their occupation, of wholesome content with life and its pleasures, is so admirably conveyed that it imparts to the spectator something of the same contented and jolly temperament.

A RING OF HARMONY. Fred Roe.

One is almost tempted to ask whether landscape painting is a decaying art in England, judging solely from the comparative paucity of examples in this year's exhibition. Among those which have a place on the walls are several which proclaim with sufficient emphasis that the study of beauty in the many moods of Nature can still command an ardent devotion and the power to interpret with faultless skill. Mr. Owen Bowen's "Valley of the Wharf, from Harewood Avenue" is a very faithful revelation of the artist's power to rouse the emotions which the beauties of Nature inspire directly—a power which only comes from an intimate communion with, and prolonged study of, the scene depicted. It is most interesting to hear Mr. Bowen himself relate his experience in painting this picture. The view is, in his opinion, one of the finest in the entire Wharf Valley, and was painted from a point within a mile of his home. The horizon is closed by the Orms Cliff Crags, one of the most important landmarks in Yorkshire. The artist commenced the picture in the early part of 1906, but the position he had selected for his point of view was so exposed that he found it impossible to manage

Photo by [*J. Bacon & Sons, Leeds.*

MR. OWEN BOWEN.

so large a canvas in the open. Every expedient was tried in vain, and finally he was obliged to lay the picture aside for that season and wait till the New Year, by which time he had brought to his assistance a specially constructed caravan, and by this means succeeded in completing the picture in time for the Royal Academy Exhibition of this year. Twice, however, his protecting caravan, which might be called a portable open-air studio, was overturned by the force of the gales that swept across the exposed position from which he planned the picture.

This is painting under difficulties, and the narrative assists us to realise how intimate must the artist's acquaintance with his subject become,

THE VALLEY OF THE WHARF, FROM HAREWOOD AVENUE.

Owen Bowen.

MR. JOSEPH CLARK.

and how profound his knowledge during his long and selective study of every feature of the scene he aims to portray.

Mr. Joseph Clark excels in scenes of homely life. He paints children with a rare feeling for the innocent spirit of childhood, its unconscious attitudes, its joyousness and also its pathetic moods. Among the best known of his pictures are "The Three Little Kittens," "The Return of the Runaway," "Hagar and Ismael," and "The Sick Child." The latter was his first Academy picture, exhibited in 1857. He was born in Cerne Abbas, Dorsetshire, in 1834, and, coming up to London at the age of eighteen, began the study of painting at the gallery of the late J. M. Leigh, afterwards becoming a student at the Royal Academy Schools. His picture this year, which is reproduced herewith, introduces no less than seven figures, representing, one is tempted to say, the seven ages of man, for they run the gamut from the baby scarce able to toddle to the aged grandmother. It is a picture of homely charm, instinct with life and truth to human nature. Two little wandering musicians are entertaining the family of the cottager, and the admirable grouping gives opportunity for careful delineation of the varying expressions on nearly all the faces. The light pours through the open doorway, throwing all the figures into strong relief, and it is evident that every detail has been carefully considered to give the most vivid reality to the composition as a whole. Mr. Clark has now completed his fiftieth year as an exhibitor at the Royal Academy. He is a member of the Society of Oil Painters.

One of the few pictures of a religious character hung in this year's Academy is "The First Easter Morn," by Mr. J. Doyle Penrose. The two Marys are before the open door of the tomb, from which an intense light issues, and in the midst of the radiance is dimly seen the figure of the angel, who announces to the astonished and perturbed women the resurrection of their Lord. A third figure is approaching the

FOR DAILY BREAD. Joseph Clark.

mouth of the tomb, but still hidden from the radiance. Thus, probably, Mr. Penrose purposes to indicate the doubt created by the discrepancies in the narratives as to whether the Marys were accompanied in their early visit to the sepulchre "on the first day of the week," or, if they were, as to who the third woman was. The interest of the picture undoubtedly centres in the very beautiful profile of the Mother of Christ, who kneels in awed adoration before the open tomb. The figure of Mary Magdalene may be a trifle theatrical in its pose, but it is almost impossible to avoid a tendency to over-emphasis in painting this subject. The same tendency may be observed in the earlier Italian masters, whose religious sincerity is not to be doubted. But the picture lacks nothing in spiritual significance. That quality is amply realised in the rapt gaze and adoring form of the Virgin Mary. Here breathes the very ecstasy of faith and worship.

MR. J. DOYLE PENROSE.

Mr. Penrose is in the prime of life and has, we may hope,

THE FIRST EASTER MORN. J. Doyle Penrose.

"He is risen; He is not here!"

many years of ardent work before him. He studied at the Kendal School of Painting and at the Royal Academy, and among his best-known pictures are "Margaret of Anjou and the Robber" and "The Last Chapter."

MR. JOHN B. NOEL.

Mr. John B. Noel is a son of the well-known landscape painter, Mr. David Bates, and assumed the family name Noel to avoid confusion, that his work might stand on its own merits. He has a distinct style, and has a strong bias in favour of special features of landscape which are often somewhat neglected by the modern school. He has a keen appreciation of the beauty of masses of clematis and woodvine trailing over hedgerows and brushwood; and his studies of woodland carpeted with primroses and bluebells in early spring, and of bramble and busy children blackberry-picking in the autumn, have met with favourable consideration at the exhibitions of the Royal Academy and the New Gallery. Obviously he paints such things *con amore*, and his unobtrusive, yet effective, rendering of them is invariably charming.

The title of Mr. Noel's present Academy picture is "The Birth of Spring," and, as might be expected, the artist's intense love of the exuberant outburst of flower and leaf when the frozen earth is unbound by genial spring declares itself and, indeed, revels in the full glory of opportunity. His canvas seems itself to be endowed with life and to feel the tumult of awakening energy—to be bursting into blossom and the faint green garment of renewed consciousness.

THE BIRTH OF SPRING. John B. Noel.

"The genial spring unbinds the frozen earth,
Dawns on the trees, and gives the Primrose birth."

MR. J. L. WIMBUSH.

Mr. J. L. Wimbush has a fondness for somewhat melodramatic effects, which he indulges with no little gusto in his painting of the excise officer's discomfiture, to which he gives the title of "Quits." The precise interpretation of this caption is, doubtless, that the smugglers are now at last "quits" with the man who has made their business anything but a sinecure. The treatment is vigorous and even, the only touch of that exaggerated quality which justifies the term melodramatic being found in the attitude of the excise officer, who is apparently to get short shrift and does not take it in a spirit of resignation. The figures of the four men who guard the officer are admirable in their unstudied dignity and unruffled composure.

Mr. Wimbush was born at Warwick fifty-seven years ago, and at the age of 16 commenced to study at South Kensington School of Art, working in the modelling-room, but he soon abandoned that branch of art and took up colour. When he was 21 years of age he went to America, where he engaged in portrait painting and scene painting for the theatres. The Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts was just opening, and he joined the life class there. No fees were required, and all classes were free to the student who passed the examination, the Academy being supported at that time by two millionaires, Mr. Claghorne and Mr. Fairman Rogers. Mr. Wimbush speaks very highly of this school, and avers that, of all he has seen, he never knew one so well fitted as this; and he heartily acknowledges a deep debt of gratitude to the school and its most able Professor, Thomas Eakins. Mr. Wimbush returned to England after five years' absence, and immediately went to paint for a London dealer at Pont Aven in Brittany. After two years he returned to London and started drawing for the illustrated Press, designing theatrical show cards and posters, &c. During the winter months he would run over to Paris and have three months' grind at Julian's Academy under M. Bougerau, but when in England he drew every night at Heatherley's Art School. His studio was then at 8, Fitzroy Square, and fortunately J. McNeill Whistler took the studio over his, and Mr. Wimbush had the great privilege of watching Whistler paint from day to day. Mr. Wimbush has in his possession a chair which once belonged

MR. ARTHUR A. DIXON.

QUITS. (SMUGGLERS AND EXCISE OFFICER.) John L. Wimbush.

MR. ARTHUR J. W. BURGESS.

to Mr. Whistler; the two artists in fact exchanged chairs. Mr. Wimbush having one that Whistler wanted to introduce into a picture he was painting, presented it to him, and in return got one of Whistler's chairs on which the famous artist had painted a butterfly. All through his life Mr. Wimbush has made it a rule to attend a life school if possible, and so keep from rusting. Mr. Wimbush lives at Dartmouth, where most of his pictures are painted.

Mr. Arthur A. Dixon's imposing canvas, entitled "The King's Daughters," is well hung in the large gallery of Burlington House. It is extremely decorative in composition and treatment, and at once arrests attention by the boldness of the conception and the moral efficiency of the contrast presented with such directness of effect between the women who labour and the women who simply enjoy. The king's daughters are passing by a field in which the toilers are laboriously pulling up the root crops. Some of them pause in their work to contemplate the gay cavalcade of royal ladies and their attendants who leisurely pass along the highway, chatting and making merry, while a richly decorated canopy is held over them to protect them from the sun's rays. The tall, gaunt figure of the woman who has just risen from her task and, holding the gathered swede still in her hand, stands looking with stern, set features—which bear the marks of a lifetime of ceaseless labour—on the gay butterflies of fashion passing her by, is extremely effective.

Mr. Dixon was born in London in 1872. He studied at a school of art for a few years, obtaining numerous medals and scholarships, and afterwards continued his art training at the Slade

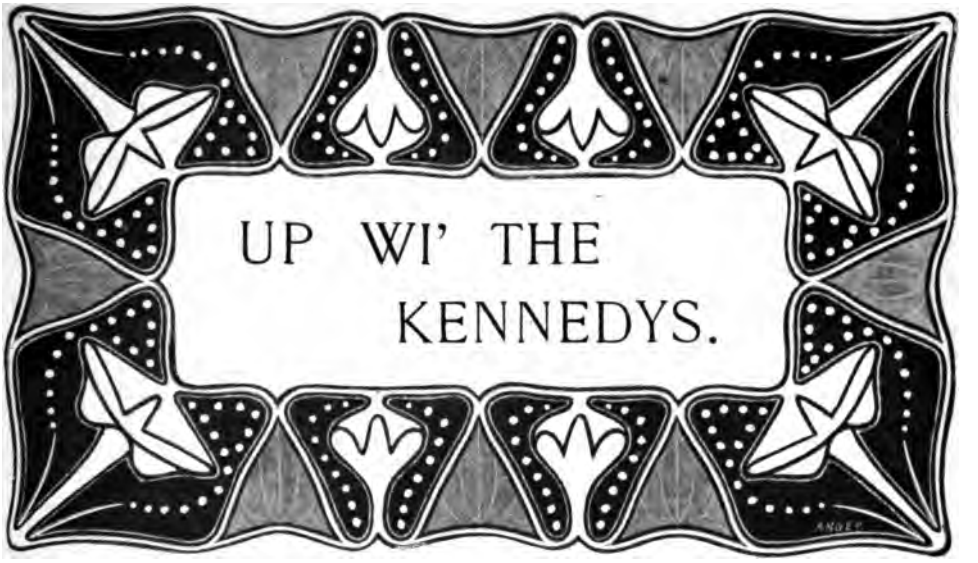
TIMELY ASSISTANCE. Arthur J. W. Burgess.

THE KING'S DAUGHTERS. Arthur A. Dixon.

School and the Arts and Crafts. Then he betook himself, to use his own words, "to the wilds of Sussex" where he has since remained, diligently following his beloved vocation. His first large picture, "The Pied Piper of Hamlyn," was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1898. This was followed by other paintings in the same series, and by the "King's Garden" and other works, shown from time to time either at the Academy or the New Gallery exhibitions. Most of these are now in the hands of private collectors.

In dealing above with the work of Mr. Beadle we ventured to trace his devotion to military subjects to the influence exerted by his father's connection with the army, and in like manner it is impossible not to think that Mr. Arthur W. Burgess has been led to adopt the sea, and especially naval subjects, as his *metier* by either inherited fondness for the sea or through early association, since he is the son of a retired naval officer. He was born at Bombala, New South Wales, in 1879, and came to England in 1901, where he studied at St. Ives, Cornwall. During the past four years he has had the *entrée* to naval dockyards for the purpose of studying battleships and gathering his material from first hand. He first exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1904, the title of his picture being "Bulwarks of the Rising Sun." "Britannia's Glory" was shown in 1905 and "Hopeless" in 1906. This year his Academy picture is inscribed "Timely Assistance," a reproduction of which we give on page 316. Mr. Burgess has also exhibited at the other chief London and provincial exhibitions. He has been for some years a working member of the Langham Sketching Club and of the Royal Art Society of New South Wales.

"BURLINGTON HOUSE." Joseph Longhurst.



By JAMES L. MACKENZIE.

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"NO, your leddyship—neither will he drink your wine, he says, nor take your money in payment o' the music, till he speak a word in your ear; and he bids me tell your grace forbye that he comes frae Spain."

"Spain!" echoed Lady Cassillis, her face white with a sudden resurrection of thoughts and fears.

"Beware o' gipsy gangrels—I rede your leddyship beware," continued Effie Kinniemont, her bowerwoman. "A pack of singin', flutin', sornin' thieves—they've come about the house for nae guid, I'se warrant."

"Tell the man," faltered Lady Cassillis, a look of far surmise in her eyes, "tell him that Spain engages no interest of mine."

Effie retreated to the end of the long and shadowy tapestried room. In a deep embrasure of the wall was a high narrow window that gave but faint outline to the furniture where a thin shaft of sunlight fell. Peering on tiptoe through the casement she held a brief talk with the man from overseas who stood on the green below in front of the house.

Presently she came back to her young mistress with a face between wonder and timidity. "Ech! he's a fine spoken man," the bowerwoman exclaimed, "the mair's the pity that Egyptian bluid creeps in his veins."

"Is that what he says?"

"He says he kens fine that Spain has nae concern for your leddyship; nevertheless it behoves to hear his message, and he engages his honour nae harm shall be done you by his frien's or himsel'."

"Give me my mantle, Effie; I will step out-bye to the green and see this man."

"Mass, my leddy—!" the bowerwoman cried, falling back a step, her face illumined with remonstrance.

"Make no mention of mass in my hearing, woman," said Lady Jean, with a calm severity that well dissimulated the tumult surging round her heart, "my Lord Cassillis would be extremely wroth to know so polluted a word had been uttered within his walls."

"Your leddyship desires your mantle," replied Effie Kinniemont simply, and left the room.

What implication lay in this rejoinder that the blood should flee to Lady Jean's face—that face, white and red, the very

bread and wine of love—and burn fiercely upon her cheeks? Strange conjectures eddied through her brain. Was the man the bearer of some farewell message from her dead lover?—for her brother not long since had written to tell her that their erewhile playfellow had been killed in a duel at Madrid; and now she was the girl wife, ringed if not wooed, of stern John Kennedy, sixth Earl of Cassillis in the peerage of Scotland, a chosen vessel among the Covenanters, a sword in the hand of the Lord for the destruction of His enemies.

Perhaps Effie was in the right of it, she thought. The wife of Earl Cassillis to peril herself at the word of a stranger, a tatterdemalion vagabond—(you are to remember those were days when abducting was as common as kissing)—might prove but a fool's bargain. She should not go forth; she should only step to the window and take a peep at this mysterious visitant, who with his wastrel companions had come singing and fluting on the green and then asked to see her; and when Cassillis returned with his men from the affairs that had called him away for a week she should ask him to leave her in future a better safeguard than her maids; for, indeed, what sort of protection was the old serving man Willie Goldie, or the scattered tenantry who lived nowhere within immediate call?

She threw a look to the upper end of the room, and then, in a sudden access of resolution, stepped swiftly to the high window.

Drawing a footstool under it—she was not very tall, though of elegant carriage—for a moment or two she baulked herself, a hand raised to the ledge of the window, the closed knuckles of the other pressed doubtfully against her upper lip, her foot on the stool, and her gaze aslant on the floor; then raised herself to the level of the casement and looked out.

The man on the green below made an impulsive step forward—their eyes encountered—a hoarse whisper of joyful recognition arose from the tattered gipsy.

Lady Jean did not hear the whisper, or, if she did, the words but intensified the mist that overcame her senses; she reeled against the wall, the room swam away in a whirl, her hand lost its hold upon the ledge; and Effie, when she returned with the mantle, found her mistress prone in a swoon on the floor.

"Lack the day! lack the day!" whinnied the dame, scurrying to her help and down upon her knees. With a handy cordial to the lips and sundry beseechings to "Win up! win up!—rouse, my doo, my heart!"—and endearments to "Slocken your throat wi' the cordial," a streak of colour came into the stricken features; and in a while Effie brought the little countess round from the faint into which her spirit had so swiftly withdrawn.

Lady Jean opened her eyes and turned them to the face of the bowerwoman cherishing and bending over her. A miserable agony of a smile writhed across Lady Jean's countenance as she gathered her stifled breath and said feebly: "Saw ye ever the like of this, Effie?"

"It's juist a bit dwam, my leddy—the mother at your heart is ower much for ye." Lady Jean smiled again wanly and drooped like a broken lily. For womanhood was about her and the comforting words of Effie were as bitter herbs. Effie, in her own superstitious mind, put the mischance down to some unhallowed spell or glamour the gipsy was casting upon her.

Suddenly a sharp and startling tap came ping-g! against the high window.

Lady Jean rose to her elbow.

"Bide ye, bide ye!" begged the affrighted serving woman. They could see, sticking to the outside, a dart made of a twig. In the cleft of the dart a small piece of folded paper was wedged.

Effie stood at a pause, her gaze travelling from the dart to her lady's face, and from her lady's face back to the dart. "Here's unsanctified doings!" she exclaimed under her breath.

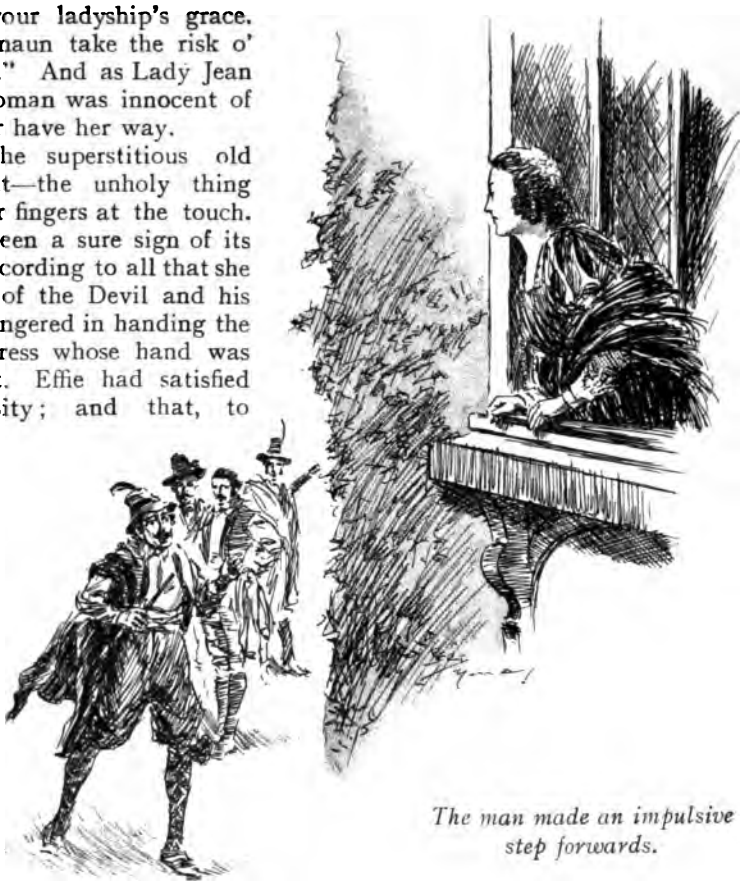
"It'll be the gipsy," said Lady Jean, and she was for rising to take the missive herself.

"Na, na," interposed Effie hastily, "a wrunkled auld limmer like mysel' is mair sib to gipsies and *him* we winnae name"—crossing herself at mention of the Evil

One—"than is your ladyship's grace. Effie Kinniemont maun take the risk o' handlin' the thing." And as Lady Jean knew her bowerwoman was innocent of reading, she let her have her way.

Strangely—so the superstitious old dame considered it—the unholy thing did not blister her fingers at the touch. This would have been a sure sign of its nefarious origin, according to all that she had been taught of the Devil and his underlings. She lingered in handing the billet to her mistress whose hand was outstretched for it. Effie had satisfied her own curiosity; and that, to any woman, is enough.

"Dinnae fyle your fingers wi' this," she pleaded, in deferential yet maternal anxiety; "e'en bid me tear it up; hae nae trock wi' thae Egyptians—the tree has lang blossomed that waits their hangin', the rogues."



The man made an impulsive step forwards.

But Lady Cassillis insisted, with a spasmodic twitching of her outstretched fingers, and the bowerwoman, gulping her misgivings as best she might, resigned the twist of paper into her ladyship's hand. Effie's brisk eye saw the features of her mistress pass, as she scanned the writing, into a blank of absorption; and it was in a far-away voice that Lady Jean, after a silence, requested her to bid the gipsy come again at evenfall.

"It's the glamerie, sure eneuch!" exclaimed Effie, now thoroughly aghast; "never foot o' mine stirs to set a tryst between your leddyship and ony Egyptian born. They came frae the land o' darkness at the first, and darkness is the portion o' a' that meddle wi' them."

All dizzied, like one in a dream, Lady Jean was writing across the face of the letter.

Kindling into a more assertive note (since she thought it was a duel for an immortal soul), Effie ran on: "The gipsy randies have pleasured your leddyship wi' their music; if they winnae be quit wi' a sup o' wine an' a piece o' gowd, let them shank it back to Spain, say I, if that's their calf-country, an' try their whillywha's on the ears o' the gentry there. Keep me!"—digging her fists akimbo into her ample waist and working up a fictitious bravado, her face defying the fatal window—"they're bonnie birds to be flutterin' leddies wi' letters an' sic black arts."

Without answering a word to her woman, Lady Jean took a pounce-box, sprinkled a little sand upon the paper to dry what she had written, shook it clean, and inserting it again in the dart, went to the window and threw the arrowy missive out into the air.

Effie patted her hands distressfully together at this, and—"Oh, my hinny

will ye sign yourself awa' to the Enemy?" cries she.

"Effie, you're gaun gyte," laughed Lady Cassillis, in the vernacular, but the voice trembled hysterically in her throat.

"Gude kens there's madness in the air, onyway," said Effie.

Lady Jean brooded upon her bowerwoman. "What! for telling the gipsy minstrels to pipe again at e'en?"

"Your grace, besure, wadnae dance to their hellicat tunes?"

"Effie, you will please to remember you are my bowerwoman and not speak that fashion," said the countess, pretending an air of cold dignity that was far from her fevered emotions.

"Ill fa' me to come in your leddyship's displeasure," replied Effie, with an undergleam of tenacity; "but worse be my lot the day I stand aside to suffer God's Adversary hae his will o' ye!" And at that the old dame passed out of the room.

Alone, on the green before Cassillis House that evening, stood the man from overseas. A recorder which he played—an instrument akin to the flageolet—poured forth the notes of a plaintive melody. Thrice had he repeated it without charming a sign from the house. But he was fortified with more than patience. Had he not Lady Jean's reply, her hand across his, that she would speak a word with him?

It was not till the sun had dipped behind the woods, leaving glittering arabesques of gold playing through the topmost branches, that there stole out——

No—not Lady Jean, but her maids.

The gipsy's music faltered with his breath in the middle of a phrase. What should this trooping forth of her women portend? Was it a mock at him? Had she tricked him and set them to laugh and flout at a faithfulness that had been drawn to the imminent verge of danger? Rage and invective gripped his impulsive heart. But these angry passions changed at a stroke when presently after, through the gateway, he espied a petite figure coming down the stair, demure and stately. Conspicuous at her waist was a sash of the Kennedy colours—her husband's. To think she should have come to be called by any other name than his own made his soul fall dead within him.

Lady Cassillis was threading her way to the front of her women when a voice at her shoulder brought her to a stop at the edge of the green.

"I rede your grace tak' tent," were the words (it was Effie, her bowerwoman) that slid into her ear; "beware, there's a spy upon you."

"A spy?" Lady Jean was red as shame.

"Yes."

"Who?"

"Yourself—your leddyship's ain conscience."

A vague pensive smile curved the corners of Lady Jean's mouth and her hand instinctively sought Effie's arm. "Stay by my side," she said in a fluttering note and gazing abstractedly where the gipsy stood; "you shall be my conscience-keeper in this matter."

"I'll hae naebody's conscience in keepin' but my ain," replied Effie; "the Egyptian is blearin' your leddyship's een—weary on me that had nae jealousy o' his cantrips at the first!" and she pursed her lips tightly together and glared at the ambassador of evil who had now approached within a few paces.

"You have a message for me?" began Lady Cassillis in so clear and indifferent a key that all could hearken, but addressing the air over his head rather than the man himself.

The wanderer bowed, his hand to his breast.

"It's ill talking with a dry throat," said Lady Cassillis, with spurious geniality, her eyes looking mistily about her till they lighted upon a serving maid who stood with wine and a silver cup upon a salver.

"By this, madam, I see you make the messenger as welcome as his tidings"; and before she knew what she could frame for a reply to that, he had filled the cup and was proffering it with the compliment: "In Spain there was a man bragged the red wine could be seen through your throat when you drank, of so delicate a texture was your beauty."

"I drink to that man's memory," she replied, in an uncertain modulation; and having put the cup to her lips was returning it when the gipsy's hand drew back and remained suspended.

"To his memory?" he echoed curiously. "The man lives."

There was no mistaking the meaning of her measured words to that. "They told me it had pleased God to call him aside. To me, the man is dead."

"Madam, they lied—lied most cruelly," he exclaimed, and spilled the red wine upon the grass, "so may their blood answer it!"

"And whase son may ye be, that ye dare sic language before her grace?" intervened Effie. All that had been said had been a riddle to her.

Keeping a constant face, Lady Jean bade her maids, who stood clinging to one another, to retire out of earshot, and it was with leaden feet that Effie, upon a commanding look, likewise left the side of her mistress.

"Jean, is this the way of it?" began my lord rapscallion, in hurried accents of old familiarity; "am I come hither to be received—by your maids?"

"How else can the Countess of Cassillis speak openly with a gipsy?" she answered, with a frankness that did not ring true. "Why do you come with a stained face and wearing these rags?"

"Is it taunting me with that, you are?" said he, a searching eye upon her. "Never that, sure? Was I to come heralding myself as Sir John Faw, the castaway lover of Lady Jean Hamilton?"

"I thank you for that. I am only fit then to be visited by gipsies," and she held her chin a thought higher.

"Jean——"

"I am no longer Lady Jean Hamilton," keeping up the fiction of numb indifference.

"Meaning, what cares the Countess of Cassillis for John Faw? You drank to his memory, said you. Am I then to be clean gone from you for ever?—be nothing but a remembrance?" As he paused, a dead leaf fell between them from the autumn branches overhead. "A like enough sign," he sighed bitterly, "dead leaves—dead loves."

Lady Jean withdrew her gaze from its distant abstraction. Her look sickened as she spoke, and a tear brimmed upon her eyelid. "My father engaged himself to Cassillis, after you went to Spain, that I should be his wife, and then," her mouth distraught, "we had news you were killed in a fight there."

"And believing me dead, you thought yourself obliged to consent?"

"Johnie, there's no service in saying it that fashion," lifting her drawn face in appeal. But his was inexorable in its domination over her.

"Your father's a braw lawyer, and a shrewd—none better to be King's Advocate, as he is, than Earl Haddington. The dregs of Papistry stick fast to his ribs. To secure himself from the attentions of the prevailing party in the State, by giving you to their leader Cassillis, was deep."

At these grim words the heart of Lady Cassillis became a mirror to all the emotions that a woman can sustain.

"And Cassillis—does he love you, Jean?" His eyes penetrated her as if they would read the answer unspoken, for she kept silence, and groped in the dark of bewildered thoughts, and only looked at him in something between shame and reproach, till the rebuke came to her lips——

"Johnie, there are things sacred between man and wife."

"And you—you love Cassillis? But there needs no answer—I see it at your waist."

It was her sash of the Kennedy colours.

"Why should you ask? Is he not my husband?"

"Husband!" Sir John Faw breathed in hot scorn. "With what coin did he purchase the dignity? He is a thief—he has robbed me of that which was mine."

"With him lies no blame," said Lady Jean, gathering a confidence that carried her along almost without knowing what she was saying; "our hand-fasting, yours and mine, was secret—he could wit nothing of you. Earl Cassillis is a gentleman well-kenned, and wrongs not any man."

"Then let no wrong be done him!" Sir John's face craned close to hers, and

he ran on in a hurry of words: "Jean, you are deceiving him; you shelter under his roof, but your heart can never dwell there—to one man alone you can be true; we swore to each other upon the open gospels—with the truth of my right hand did I marry you; Tyningham Wood witnessed our plighting—can you stand at the Great Day a perjured soul?"

As she stood there like a snared fawn, Lady Cassillis wondered what had been the fascination in Sir John Faw when she first met him that should have so controlled her mind. This man, with his poisonous entreating, had no identity with the proud and handsome lover drawn in her discoloured romancing of two years ago. Abject, indeed, had been her mistake. The feet of the idol were clay; he was seeking to drag her too into the mire, and even with this repellent thought the shadow that had overcast her pure and undivided love for her austere husband was lifted for ever.

But too late she recognised the folly of the frenzied moment that had prompted her to give him this meeting, even with the protection of her maids; and ere she was aware of the movement Faw had drawn her gently towards him, and was kissing her upon the hair. Perhaps he mistook the stony blankness of her face for an absence of that feminine instinct which supplies the place of those more definite and reasoned checks of conscience in the minds of gentle and pliable natures.

"Wud ye lichtlie the Countess o' Cassillis?" half screamed Effie, stepping up, and fairly shivering in wrath at the masquerader.

Faw had no words to spare for Effie. Looking her up and down, he patronised her with a droll smile.

Effie transferred her outraged gaze to her mistress, whose features seemed to betray no lively sense of what was happening. Effie made up her mind all at once. Bodily to carry Lady Cassillis back into the house was the only way of it, if the bedevilments of the gipsy were to be foiled.

On the instant Effie cast her ample arms round the fragile girl, and caught her up with the lightness of a feather.

"Hooly and fairly!" exclaimed Faw. He saw her simple plan in a twinkling, and whipped between Effie and the house. "This is but a cumbersome dance you would lead your mistress"—(Effie trying to evade him)—"let's have a tune to spirit up your ancient shanks."

Thereupon he began a lively lilt on his recorder; his glance, as he did so, hovering expectantly towards the wood, where he seemed anxious the tune should carry.

Effie Kinniemont, with Lady Jean in her arms, and the gipsy skipping nimbly to his own piping, frustrating every step the bowerwoman took, made so ridiculous a picture that the clinging women in the background, not knowing well what was the reason for this strange manœuvre, began to snigger and tee-hee, and break into such a peal of merry laughter as had not astonished the walls of Cassillis House for a generation before.

Then it was Lady Jean's voice that sang out. "Have done with this foolery!" she cried, planting her hands against the matronly chest of her dauntless bowerwoman, and struggling like a linnet in the grasp of its captor.

The laughter of the maids sank away.

"Madam, an' ye cannae look to yoursel', I maun e'en do it for ye!" Effie rejoined, tightening her grip. "It seems puir Effie has got to be keeper o' mair than your leddyship's conscience," and she shot a furious eye at the gipsy.

That moment an accident supervened.

At the edge of the green, where it was fringed by clumps of trees, the advanced guard of the forest to the rear, were suddenly seen the lurking figures of two or three men—gipsy tatterdemalions of apparently the same breed as the man from overseas. Between the trees could be seen horses. At a sign from Faw the men crossed the grass hurriedly, and two of them with no gentle hands caused Effie to unclasp Lady Cassillis, who sank to the ground in a huddle. She had swooned for the second time that day.

"Eh! ye deevil's buckies, I'se see ye a' hangit for this villainy!" wept Effie wildly, her fists aloft in imprecation; and then, swinging round upon the other women, who with one mind were fleeing

for the safety of the house—" Will ye see her grace hirsled aff this gate? It's a ploy to kidnap her!"

And kidnapping it was, sure enough; for Sir John Faw had swept the inanimate form into his arms and was striding to the trees. Effie dashed upon Sir John and made a last despairing clutch at Lady Jean—in the bowerwoman's hands came away the sash of the Kennedy colours.

"Bid your Earl of Cassillis take it for a token," grinned the abductor. And the next of it was, Sir John Faw in his stirrups, the unconscious Lady Cassillis before him on the saddle, and the whole crew clattering off at a round trot along a path into the recesses of the darkening wood.

Scarce two hours later, and the night fallen but bright, Earl Cassillis, attended by his "tail" or bodyguard of retainers, some ten men strong, was cantering within a few miles' ride of Cassillis House. His affairs at Dumfries had come to a speedier adjustment than he expected; and, in as lively a spirit as the severity of his mind permitted, he cast his thoughts forward to the greeting of surprise with which Lady Jean should receive him. Presently the posse of horsemen rounded the corner of the highway and debouched along a straggling path into the obscure wood that stretched across country to the House. Within the verge of the sleeping trees, at some distance from the highway, the path opened out into a dell. Fitful moonshine stole down in waxing and waning patches through the foliage overhead—a place where imagination might conceive and bring forth weird shapes and airy phantoms, elves and brownies and wee men a thumbspan long.

Suddenly, from the inner bosom of the dell, a figure came clap upon the startled eyes of Earl Cassillis and his men. At a sharp halt they drew their weapons, and several long-barrelled pistols were pointed with uncertain aim against the apparition. To the minds of the Earl's men the spectre, which had also stopped, changed in a twinkling into another vague and monstrous form—an animal rearing on its hind legs.

"Who goes?" Cassillis sang out, in a voice vibrant enough to have shaken the trees from their dreams.

"Is that your grace's sel'?" came a shivering voice in reply.

One of the retainers—he was withdrawing the charge from his pistol to reload it with a silver coin, the only metal ever known to lay fiends and warlocks low—whispered the Earl not to answer. A wrack of thin cloud cleared that moment from the face of the moon; her shine, coming through the branches above, intensified upon the glinting barrels of the levelled weapons, and the flow of light delineated the riders huddling together.

"Godsake, dinnae fire!" cried the apparition in an extreme of terror, "I'm Willie Goldie—does your honour no ken your honour's ain serving man? The wark in hand 's black eneuch without murder clapped on the back o' it."

In the brighter light the awesome shape had resolved itself into a man mounted upon a restive Galloway nag.

"And what wants serving man o' mine to be stravaiging the woods at this hour?" Cassillis demanded.

"Sair news, your grace—sair news!" And bringing his horse nearer the party Willie Goldie, in a few hurried words, told the happenings at Cassillis House. Effie the bowerwoman had despatched him hotfoot for Dumfries to inform the Earl. "But, praise heeven," concluded Goldie, fetching breath, "my labour's saved and your grace stands on the threshold o' your ain sorrow. It was aye my mind"—this with smug complacency—"that nae guid ever came o' trockin' wi' Papishers."

This round allusion to the suspected religion of Lady Jean's father (and, by implication, of Lady Jean herself) fell on stony ears. Cassillis wound himself up for instant pursuit. But whither? Goldie could give no notion of the gipsies' line of flight.

There was nothing for it but to push hurriedly for Cassillis House; and the Earl and his men were thundering within the hour at the gateway.

Effie was copious in her account of the

beguiling of her mistress. Cassillis heard it all like a stricken statue. When Effie came to the detail of the sash, passion drank up his blood at a draught —he went white to the lips, and his heart beat as furious a rub-a-dub-drub as ever summoned a man's spirit forth to defend his honour.

There was an advantage of three hours to be overcome against the kidnappers. "They shall have the taste of death in their mouths ere the set of to-morrow's sun!" vowed Cassillis, sitting his fresh mare Meg like a turret.

Upon his left arm, above the elbow, he had bound his wife's sash.

Of the first stage of the pursuit Cassillis took no note. He felt lost in some mad phantasmagoria, and the dull drumming of hoofs upon the leafy mould as the horses bored their way through the gloomy bewilderment of moonlit trees, commingled with the jostle of broken thoughts and conjectures that scurried through his brain. Beggars on horseback—it was this that puzzled him. The more his mind fastened upon it, the more it confirmed him that the men who had carried off Lady Jean were of a very different mettle from roadside tinkers. Was it ransom they wanted? Was it the first stroke of revenge for some private enmity? Turning these and other possibilities in his tortured mind, Cassillis was baffled for a clue to the identity of an enemy. Presently he found himself staring into glittering water. It was the Doon, along which they were fetching rapidly. Not a word passed among the riders as they raced and chased, sometimes upon the level, sometimes skirting the brushwood and bushes fringing the river.

All of a sudden a suppressed cry of mutual apprise went round the horsemen; yonder, against the sky line, in the far distance, could be descried a small troop. They were on the opposite bank, striking to the north-east, doubtless for the Edinburgh road. The ridge of a hillock, over the crest of which the runaways were going at an easy pace, brought them into clear profile. Two figures sat one horse—the Earl's face prophesied death to one of them.

It was now a case of stalking the quarry at a wily hand-gallop, to get as close as possible without alarm. Accordingly Cassillis led his men in single file, taking advantage of every shaw and clump of scroggy whinbush that might serve to screen their advance.

"We can ford the water where yon bush hangs ower," suggested one of the retainers, directing attention to a point along the river bank.

"Ay, lad!" said Cassillis, with extraordinary blitheness, putting a hand on the croup and turning half round to the speaker.

"If we cross there, your honour, we can wheel round that hill there awa' and head them aff."

"A good observe," the Earl agreed; "but we'll let them win across the top of the hill first."

Presently after, the last of the figures tipped over the distant bent, and the pursuers immediately shot for the ford. By omitting its advantage the abductors had, as it were, taken two sides of a triangle in a long detour to pass the very point where Cassillis and his men must now confront them. More by token, thought Cassillis to himself, they are strange to this countryside or they would have known the ford.

With a splashing and a swim of a yard or so where the water ran deepest the Earl's horses found foot upon the opposite bank and scrambled out. Cassillis led in the burst forward, the chest of his black mare soon clotted with foam, and his knees grasping her like a vice as she rose to each touch and fled before the spur. Onward they galloped over the dull springy turf in a welter together. Round the further shoulder of the hill, and they should rush smack upon the gipsies face to face.

But when they drew up at the edge of the highway there was not a sign of the runaways, high or low; nothing but the blank moon staring down the empty road, and all hush and quiet, save for the heavy panting of their own animals.

Cassillis slipped off his mare and laid his ear to the ground for an intense half minute.

"They're down-bye," he said, coming

to the erect again, his eyes glistening like live coal.

One of the riders dismounted. Applying his ear to a rocky boulder he kept still awhile; then a swift nod of the head confirmed Cassillis.

"Crockett, take a cast down the road on foot—warily, ye ken, and spy the land." This to the man who had dismounted.

Dumb as statues they sat their horses till he came slinking back with word that the earl was right—the kidnappers were putting up for the night at an old ruined tower that snuggled under the lee of the hill.

"They are at your honour's discretion," said Crockett, in a note of suppressed excitement, "the tatterwollopers are clean aff their guard."

"Then let's get ready for dunts—we'll storm them sword in hand," said Cassillis, loosening his own in the scabbard; "gipsies are kittle cattle. How many did you count, Crockett?" There was a meaning fixity in the earl's glance as he asked the question.

"As near as I could come by, seven o' them," Crockett said heavily, evading the look; though the truth was, he believed he had spotted "somebody the very span o' her leddyship's grace in the oxter o' ane o' the blackguard billies," as he whispered later to another of the party.

Leaving their horses in charge of one of their number, they set off down the road, silent and stealthy as shadows, till they came within sight of the ruined keep. Some half-dozen horses were tethered outside the walls. A light was guttering low—seen through the gaping walls of the place—it shot up, sank down again, and seemed to fade away; when presently its feeble reflection showed itself through a crumbling lancet window at a higher point. Evidently one of the gang was seeking the least decrepit of the owl-haunted chambers wherein to rest. The face of Cassillis became hard-set and black as judgment. His directions were brief and hasty; the main point being that he intended himself, and alone, to deal with the occupants of that upper chamber.

Primed for the tussle, they made the dash together. Not a sound did they utter, as they crawled, stomach to earth, as the French have it, up the bent of the hillock. It was not till they were fairly at the doorway, the hinges of which had long been bereft of strength by time's rusting teeth, that they shouted the old fighting cry of "Up wi' the Kennedys!" and surged in upon the gipsies.

Then the clash began. Never was there such a surprise as to find these kettle-menders so flown with intrepid resistance, so ready of hand for swashing blows; swords and rapiers—how tinker loons should be thus accoutred was as great a marvel as their possession of horses—seemed to grow into their hands. The weird moonlight threw a confusing illumination on the *melée;* and, startled by the outcry, the hobbled horses of the gipsies joined their whinnying notes to the sudden turmoil.

While all this dust was being raised, and laid with blood, a *rencontre* of another sort was happening overhead. At a glance Earl Cassillis had seen that his surmise had been correct—his wife was not among the common herd. Weapon in hand, he stumbled up a narrow spiral staircase of rough uneven stones leading from the lower chamber till he came to a door which he spurned open with his foot.

By the flare of a spluttering torch, stuck in a rusty ring upon the opposite wall, his eyes hunted the place round.

At the moment of the earl's entrance, Lady Jean's hand was gripped in that of Faw's. She had thrown herself the whole length of her arm from him, her face petrified with terror.

"Well?" ripped out Faw, releasing Lady Jean on the instant and edging for his rapier which lay, the hilt showing, in the folds of his cloak that had been cast to the floor.

Cassillis with a rush at the cloak kicked the rapier far apart to the other end of the chamber. But the kidnapper had not lived and fought among Spanish soldadoes without buying the knowledge of a trick or two. Retreating in two paces to the wall, he seized the torch from its socket and flourished it before him.

"It's a bad light," Cassillis ground out, "but you'll recognise this token you left me," and he laid a finger on the sash bound round his arm.

"Ay, they're the colours of a psalm-smiter who slipped in Judas-ly between a better man and his betrothed."

"Betrothed?" Cassillis' brows knit together formidably. "Frontless scoundrel! you will best find your account in submitting."

"And that again must be to a better man than myself, and him I fail to see," Faw retorted, and enforced his disdainful words with another little flourish of the spluttering torch that caused the smoke of it to jet into his opponent's eyes and wring them with its pungency.

"What bairns' game is this ye'd play?" cried Cassillis at the mountebank stratagem.

"Then let me have my weapon to play the man."

"Play the man!" Cassillis laughed grimly. "Doesn't the thought come rather late, you hedge-thief?"

"Hedge-thief in your teeth!" exploded Faw. "It sits with no man's safety to speak of me under the style of less than John Faw, knight of the shire of Haddington, be the man earl or churl."

"How comes John Faw, knight of the shire of Haddington, whose name and style I hear for the first time in an evil hour, to be pillaging honest men of their wives?"

"Am I to disturb your intelligence, Cassillis, by asking you to think?" Faw was keeping an adroit line between his victim and her husband; and addressing an eye over his own shoulder to the distraught figure of Lady Jean in the lurid shadows behind him, he added—"Tell him you were mine before you were his!"

For an instant the desire to cut him down flamed in the Earl, but his voice moderated to a slow and iron emphasis as he said: "Lady Cassillis, if what this fellow says be the truth, step and give him his blade into his hand."

She did not stir. In the suspension her breath was drawn through her teeth in a long ooze, like a woman in physical agony.

"See how you frighten the lady," sneered Faw glibly, though conscious that the Earl had put him to a nonplus; "she cannot even do me the poor service of picking up my rapier. But one brand's as good as another, I trow—you with steel and I with flame," and he threw himself with much bravado into a posture of defence again, the reeking torch as his weapon.

It was a strange sight, this. Lady Cassillis with her face and arms prone against the wall, an attitude in other circumstances that might have suggested some fair daughter of Jerusalem agonising in prayer for the restoration of Zion; the Earl, sword in hand, the corners of his mouth drawn back and his lips apart, and his brows drawn level upon Faw; the latter, poor Signor Satan, holding a torch to his own imminent peril from the weapon of his adversary; and over the whole scene the weird pallor of the moonlight stealing through the ruined window.

"Up wi' the Kennedys!" was apparently commanding victory in the chamber below. Less and less grew the cries and shouts with which the abductors were inflaming each others' courage. Cassillis, with a sweep of the hand towards the staircase, indicated the significancy of this to Faw and called on him to surrender. "This clean sword of mine deserves better than easing the veins of foul treachery."

"You refuse me the right of equal arms," Faw demanded from behind his torch.

"There can be no equal arms between a ruffian and a man."

"As you say," Faw grinned between his set teeth; "and you lay so small value upon Lady Jean that you will not risk a fair fight."

Cassillis plunged at Faw.

My gentleman skipped aside. At the same movement he thrust the torch full into the face of the Earl. Lady Jean screamed—the first articulate sound that had escaped her lips, and her clenched hands flew to her temples in horror. Stung by the flame, Cassillis reeled; one hand clapped across his eyes, and the point of his blade fallen to the floor, a

man at the mercy of his antagonist, if ever man was.

Nothing behind his advantage, Faw made a rush for his own rapier near the top of the staircase. He snatched it up and swung round with a cry of triumph; flame in one hand, steel in the other, a double argument, and a blinded man to face him.

The story ran afterwards that Sir John Faw meant to spit Earl Cassillis through the heart, and that he openly avowed it. But, whatever his intent, the issue of that strange encounter fell out otherwise.

For when Faw wheeled round, there, in front of the disabled Earl, stood the fragile Lady Jean, her husband's blade in her hand, and in her face a look that showed she was prepared for the hazard of death.

In front of the disabled Earl stood the fragile Lady Jean.

This brought Faw up like a man at a wall. He stood spellbound. Before his supple mind could bend itself to the situation, a pair of burly arms had

wrapped themselves round him from behind, pinioning his own down as in a vice. This sudden attack made the blood rush through Sir John Faw's veins in a devil's riot, for despite the routing of his friends below, he had hopes of finding some loophole of escape from the tower, once he had settled his reckoning with Cassillis.

Gripped as he was, he tried to hack aimlessly at the legs of his unseen captor. The torch, with its smoke and fume, embarrassed himself as much as it did his new enemy, and he had to drop it perforce, to be trampled out in the struggle. Presently the knuckles of his sword hand were torn across by the rowel of Crockett's boot (he had made for the rescue at Lady Jean's scream); the rapier slipped from Faw's bleeding fingers, and with it slipped his last hold upon the dignity of a man, for in at the door leading to the staircase rushed several others of the Earl's men, the signs of stern fighting upon them, but their teeth set with victory.

Ere many moments had passed, John Faw, knight of the shire of Haddington, found himself trussed like a fowl; his arms locked behind him over his own rapier, and his wrists bound one upon the other. Down the stair they hustled the kidnapper—the last he saw of Lady Cassillis was her weeping and passioning on the breast of her husband, and his arm thrown over her.

"*Surely the bitterness of death is past,*" were the fervent words that escaped Cassillis. Agonised as he was, his seared eyeballs were not so blinded but what they had let him know at his moment of peril that Lady Jean had set her life in defence of his.

"I am a shame to you," came brokenly from her quivering lips. He felt the wet tears on her face.

"Hush, lass. It does not befit a man should hear such words from his wife. What the villain bragged was false"—(Lady Jean shrank within herself; he felt the tremor, and cherished her closer)—"he lied, Jean, he lied!"

The appeal in his accent was piteous.

"God forgive me!" she wailed.

"Tell me!" said he, with a fierce hoarseness.

There was a stumbling clatter on the staircase. It was Crockett.

"The lads wait your grace's word," he said, coming into the dim moonlight of the room.

Without stirring from the spot where he held Lady Jean in his clasp, Cassillis gave the order to carry Faw and his rufflers back to the house.

Crockett retreated below.

"Tell me!" Cassillis repeated, in his former key of poignant urgency.

A few convulsive words gave him the truth of Lady Jean's brief acquaintance with Sir John Faw.

"That was but a bairnly troth, Jean," said Cassillis, at the end of it; "to pursue a wedded wife with it was black malice."

"I am an ill woman," was all she could cry, her forehead against his breast.

"Tuts, lass," he replied cheerily, and patting her back as a mother soothes a child. "Surely you and I ken each other the better for this night's splairge. If there's a fault, it is mine. Wedding before wooing is a parlous venture. I was avaricious for you—I hungered after you as the Sweet Singer did after the Shulamite. Is it too late for me to make amends?"

She drew his face down to hers. It was not words that passed between their lips.

Sir John Faw and his accomplices did not come to a summary end next morning on the "dule tree," in front of Cassillis House. How they escaped the vengeance of Earl Cassillis, whose authority under Government would have condoned any extremity he might have inflicted, cannot now be known; but certain it is, from historical documents in the national archives, Sir John Faw made his end years later at the Cross of Edinburgh, for quite another of his escapades.

THE DELIGHTS OF A CAMPING HOLIDAY.

By CHARLES E. BRANCH.

"DID it ever strike you, John, that we have been wasting money on our holidays?" asked my wife.

"My dear," said I, "if you look at the matter in that light, I'll put up with the inconvenience of going alone, and, miserable though I shall be, I won't reproach you for staying at home."

In a few well-chosen words she soon made it apparent that it was not this she meant at all.

"In paying railway fares when we have our bicycles, I mean," she later went on to explain, "and paying for lodgings when we could find accommodation for nothing."

I admitted the former in half measure, not forgetting, however, to remark that we did not have to push the train. But where did the free, gratis, and for nothing lodgings come in?

"We camp out," she said. "It must be delightful. It would be such a novelty—such a change. I'm sick of the sea. It's always the same; always wet, and rough or smooth. When you've seen one stretch of it you've seen all. With the country it's different. Every moment reveals a fresh and pleasant scene."

"But that's just the beauty of the sea," I pointed out. "It gives the brain a rest. It doesn't fill it up with things that want thinking about, appreciating, applauding."

"And two weeks need not cost us more than thirty shillings," she went on, ignoring my interruption.

That was the statement that gave me pause, for, as she was well aware, I had contemplated a thirty pound holiday.

"Thirty shillings?" I asked incredulously.

"Fifteen shillings each per week," she corrected.

"Who said so?"

"It's all here," she answered, "in this little magazine; an article on 'The Delights of a Camping Holiday.'"

I took the little magazine, read the article, and studied the photographs which illustrated it. I had done a little cycling, but as regards camping out, I was innocent. I had never slept under canvas in my life. I shall never try to again; but I would condemn the writer of that article to pass the rest of his nights camping out. It is the one punishment that would fit the crime he committed in putting pen to paper on the subject.

In the light of experience it is clear to me he never had camped out, never had attempted the holiday he recommended to others. He wrote the delusive article simply to carry several equally delusive photographs which the editor of the little magazine wanted to print because they were pretty pictures. The delights of camping out were painted in such

colours that they made one yearn to enjoy them, and were substantiated by snapshots all taken when the sun had shone, that showed no wind nor rain, no morning mist or evening chill.

"Why sit in a stuffy railway carriage, sweltering and uncomfortable, breathing an atmosphere reeking with bacilli, when you can pedal leisurely amidst the beauties of nature, shaded by tall trees, and drink in the fresh clean air of heaven?" asked the writer.

As my wife said, there was no earthly reason why; and I could not help agreeing with this scribe that it was good to be independent of the railway, to crawl as one pleased where one pleased, to be one's own master, free from all worry—the worry of catching trains and missing them, of sending baggage and losing it, of finding lodgings which, when found, would not suit. It was decidedly good—on paper.

In addition to our bicycles there were, the writer admitted, a few odds and ends we should need; but the airy manner in which he dismissed them clearly showed they were of small importance. There was a tent, for example—a light, compact little article, which, while it could not be carried in the waistcoat pocket, would roll up into a small parcel, easily attached to the handle-bar of the machine. It would only cost a few shillings.

A rubber sheet *might* be taken to lie upon. It was not absolutely necessary; many campers preferred brown paper, and the majority took mother earth as they found her. Anyway, it would only cost a few shillings.

A cooking outfit for two, comprising everything necessary in the way of a stove, kettle, pots, teapot, plates, cups, saucers, knives, forks, spoons, etc., would be necessary. It would only cost a few shillings.

The bills for the aforesaid items totalled to £4 3s. 3½d.

The whole paraphernalia would not—still according to this modern Cocker—weigh more than ten or a dozen pounds, "a mere nothing to carry on a bicycle, when divided between two persons," as he described it.

In his fertile imagination he no doubt saw married couples flitting off like butterflies. I am certain he was no Benedict, or he would never have had the temerity to talk about an equal division of the things to be carried; and no wife worthy the name would have allowed him to ignore in the inventory such indispensable fittings as hair-curlers, fringe nets, looking glass, a comb, hair brush, tooth brush, clothes brush, to mention but a tenth of the incidentals without which my wife declared the holiday would be incomplete.

When we started out my machine could scarcely be seen for packages, and I could scarcely push it. They clothed the handle-bar and draped the steering post; they dangled in between the frame; and behind the saddle a mountain of luggage rose, while my pockets were so stuffed that I presented the appearance of an animated advertisement for a patent muscle developer.

Of course it would not have been dignified for my wife to ride a machine so encumbered; people would have thought me a lazy brute for allowing it, but I did not see this until she thoughtfully pointed it out. A friend we met just after starting inquired if I was cycling round the world, and seemed surprised to learn we were only off for a fortnight's holiday.

I set out with a light heart if a heavy load, but while the former grew no lighter as time and miles wore away, the latter put on weight every hour. Though originally weighing but twenty-five pounds it was fifty ere we stopped for lunch, and a hundred ere the day was done. This was one of the facts the writer did not refer to in his article. From a division of the goods to be carried he just skipped on to the end of the first day's journey; the interval looked after itself.

We had naturally hoped the weather would be fine. It was. The sun never shone so brilliantly nor baked me so completely. When I mentioned it to my wife she remarked that perhaps I would like it to rain. She said she was enjoying herself immensely, but that I always was selfish, unable to derive pleasure from

the pleasure of others. I really shouldn't have cared had it snowed.

We were amidst the beauties of nature, but without the shade of the trees. That they should grow right away in the middle of fields where they were no use, instead of on the side of the lanes, annoyed me. So also did the clean fresh air of Heaven, for it got all mixed up with dust, and I breathed it in solid chunks whenever a motor car swished by. As to the ever-changing scenery—well, it might have been to right and left, but the ground under my eyes was always the same—always dust and dents or bumps. When you'd seen ten miles of it, it grew monotonous.

"It's about time we got back to the article," I remarked, as the shadows were lengthening eastwards. "If I remember rightly I think we ought to look around for a nice suitable spot to pass the night."

My wife agreed. In the next mile she espied three promising situations, but she kept on for another four miles looking for something better. As she didn't find it, and as we didn't know how far ahead it might be, we turned back. After careful inspection my wife decided that the first of the nice spots was the best. It was necessary to carry the machines across a ploughed field to reach it, and, of course, the carrying devolved on me. The spot was in the middle of a field, under the shadow of a large oak, but the tree might as well not have been there for what use it was at the moment as a shade thrower.

"Don't we have to get permission to stop here?" asked my wife, as I unstrapped the tent from the bicycle.

I told her we could get it in the morning, if necessary. There we were, and there I meant to remain. I didn't feel like tramping around to find the owner of the field, who might possibly refuse. I felt I'd rather be prosecuted.

I had not unpacked the tent before. When I bought it it was done up so beautifully that I thought it would be a pity to spoil it. When I got it unpacked it was a mystery. A tent up looks the simplest thing on earth. The trick is to get it up. And this was a patent tent, and it had a bad temper. In the article in the little magazine the writer merely remarked that one proceeded to erect the tent.

Just as I started to proceed rain began to fall; also the wind began to blow. Amongst the canvas I found a book of instructions—ten pages of them—for erecting the tent. With the tent flopping about in one hand, like a bird eager for flight, and the book in the other, I read against time and wind and rain by the misty glimmer of a bicycle lamp wobbled about by my wife. And at the end I found I might as well have got the tent up first and read the directions afterwards, for they referred to quite another sort of tent. The book had evidently crept into my parcel of malice aforethought.

By dint of half-an-hour's hard labour and hard language, I eventually got the sticks and canvas into something resembling the shape of a tent. I don't say you would have recognised it, nor that I regarded the result with joyous satisfaction. My wife, however, cheered me with the remark that I should probably do better next time and eventually might be an expert.

"But there isn't room to stand in it," she added.

I reminded her it was only to sit in and sleep in.

"What are we going to sit on?" she asked.

Silly questions always make me sarcastic.

"There's the chair," I replied, pointing to the grass. "It has the advantage that you can't fall off it. Perhaps you would like a stuffed saddle-bag," I suggested.

"You might have brought a couple of camp stools," she protested.

I admitted it; also that I might have brought a houseful of furniture, if I'd been a pantechnicon.

"The grass is sopping wet," she said.

I advised her to light the stove and dry it. Then she seated herself on the waterproof sheet and sulked. In a measure I felt sorry for her; but it was her holiday—not mine, and she was entitled to all the pleasure. I was contented to work.

"What do we do next?" she demanded, presently.

"According to the article, we enjoy a good and square meal."

"But what about the food?" and there was dismay in her tones.

"The article doesn't provide it. I must ride to the nearest village and raid the store."

"And have I got to stay here all alone?" she asked shakily. "It's getting dark."

Then I relieved her feelings and dispersed her fears.

"I bought a few hard-boiled eggs where we had lunch," I said; "also some bread and cheese. If you'll make some tea——"

"What about the water?"

Of course, there ought to have been a stream near by, or a house, but there wasn't. To save words, I rode back to the village we had passed earlier and secured all things necessary to make a possible supper. When I returned to the camp with a shout of joy, it was to find my wife in a fright and tears.

In jerky breaths, she told me that the owner of the field had been around—a big, hulking, surly fellow—and had threatened to throw the tent into the road unless she paid him five shillings ground rent. So she had paid.

I felt savagely annoyed, sorry also for her; but I put a cheerful face on the matter, and said it was useless crying over spilt milk.

"But it's not spilt milk," she said; "it's spilt oil. I've upset the oil-bottle and can't light the stove."

We dined in a strained silence by the light of our bicycle lamps on hard eggs, bread and cheese, and cold water. My heart was too full for words, my stomach too empty.

Like the writer of the article, I will pass on to the dawn, but not in agreement with him. He wrote of the glorious feeling of freshness upon waking in the morning after a night's sweet repose—a night spent in the clean, open air. I never woke. It was not necessary, because I had not slept. I was up before the sun, not worrying about fresh, clear air, or morning song of birds or scent of flowers, but breakfast.

The sight of uncooked bacon and eggs and a useless stove was heartrending. Searching amongst the luggage for a cigar, I came upon a bottle of water. I had no idea it was there, and I swore. When I removed the cork to drink, I swore louder. It wasn't water, but oil. My wife had brought two bottles instead of one, and it had slipped her memory. And to think that we had gone practically supperless!

I prepared a good breakfast, then awoke my wife. We dined in more cheerful mood on the lawn fronting our tent, sharing tea, bacon and eggs with an army of voracious wasps—not mentioned in the article as guests to be expected.

"I feel a lot better," she admitted, half-way through the meal.

"I've felt worse," I allowed.

"You young people seem to be enjoying yourselves on my land," said a gruff but not unpleasant voice, whose owner's approach we had not observed.

My wife bolted into the tent; she still had her hair in curlers.

"And don't you think we've a right to, considering we've paid for the privilege?" I demanded, sitting my ground.

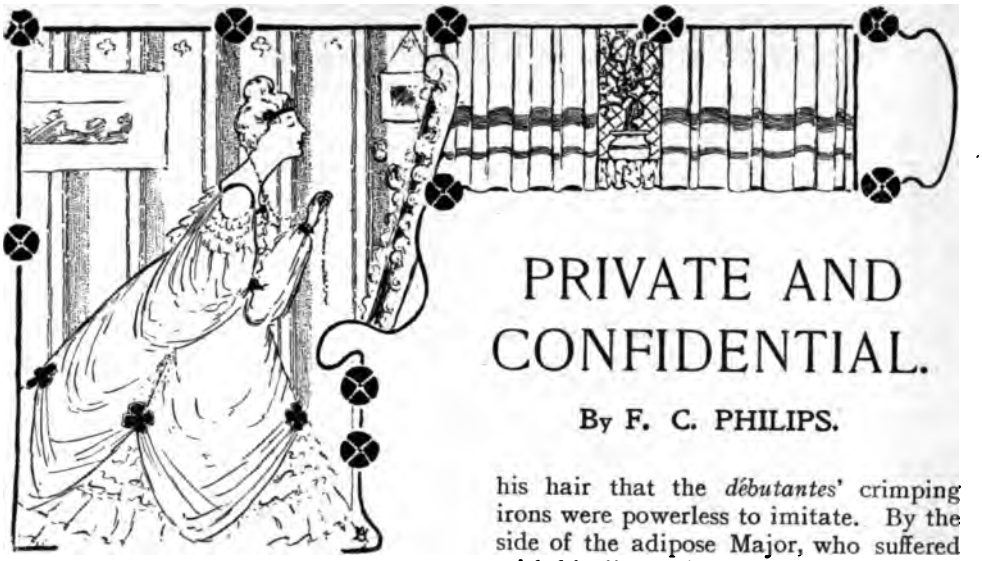
"Paid? Who asked you for payment?"

I reminded him of the previous night.

"Not me," said he, laughing loudly. "I shouldn't charge you anything; you've been done! Hope you'll enjoy your holiday," and he strolled off whistling.

When my wife emerged from hiding, it was to inquire what we did next, according to the article.

"The article doesn't give any next," I told her. "It says, 'and every day will be an enhanced repetition of the first.' But I'll bet it won't. As soon as you are ready, I'm going for our holiday."



PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

By F. C. PHILIPS.

SCANDAL never touched Mrs. Major O'Shaugnessey, or hinted by so much as a lifting of the eyebrow that her interest in her husband's *protégé*, young Vyner, was anything more than strictly platonic, but the following incident goes to prove that in her own placid, self-contained, undemonstrative way, she cared for him.

She was an unattractive little woman with mouse-coloured hair, and a voice that seldom rose above a whisper. Perhaps she was forty at the time, but her age was unimportant; it really did not matter at all, and nobody was concerned to guess it. When she entered an assembly of strangers after being announced, her timid demeanour appeared to deprecate the false impression to which her inappropriate name might have given rise, and she, so to speak, shrank through life in a faded dress apologising to people for existing.

Young Vyner had been introduced to her shortly after he was gazetted. O'Shaugnessey and his father had been cronies out somewhere in O'Shaugnessey's youth—in India, or the Cape—and the Major made the lad at home in his house for the dead man's sake.

He was a pretty pink-and-white boy, Bertie Vyner, with a complexion that was the envy of every *débutante* he danced with, and a natural wave in his hair that the *débutantes'* crimping irons were powerless to imitate. By the side of the adipose Major, who suffered with his liver, alternated by a touch of gout, he was the ideal of health and good-looks.

He had accomplishments also. He could sing a sentimental ballad with a sympathetic little voice and much expression, and gaze so admiringly the while at dull Mrs. O'Shaugnessey that the fervour of the whole performance made her blush. He told her of his conquests and flirtations, and she admonished him for his frivolity, almost as a mother or elder sister might have done; and then he chaffed her for her puritanical ideas, reversing the positions till he was the Master, and she became a disconcerted girl. Her confusion at such times was not unpleasant, though afterwards she always frowned on him for a day or two severely. It was purely fortuitous, but O'Shaugnessey was never present on the occasion of these conferences.

Or if he was present, he was asleep. He slept a good deal, O'Shaugnessey, being fond of heavy dinners and sound port. He had been good company enough when he married, but he was fifteen years his wife's senior, and so far as the lady can be said to have ever been young, she had retained her youth better than he. But nobody pitied her, because she was so plain.

The O'Shaugnesseys and young Vyner were at Dieppe the summer that young Vyner fell in love. The boy was very

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She inspected her sunshade and her lips were tremulous.

deeply enamoured indeed, and, having some private means, he went the length of proposing to marry. Nor had he chosen unwisely; Miss Eversleigh—a connection of the Eversleighs of Hatley—was a charming girl, quite the type of an English beauty, and boasted besides the lasting attraction of a substantial *dot*.

She was staying with her mother at the Hôtel de Ville, and after the first formalities, young Vyner and she used to wander away beyond the eye of chaperonage and confide to each other private and uninteresting truths. They encountered each other, as everybody encounters everyone, in the Casino each morning, and, after risking a few francs at *petits chevaux*, would stroll out on to the Terrace, and, finding a couple of sufficiently isolated chairs, spend the hours in each other's society with great satisfaction until lunch time. In the evening they met again, and there were delirious occasions in the ball-room when Bertie Vyner's arm encircled Beatrice Eversleigh's waist, and the stars looked exceptionally bright afterwards, and the white-horses of the sea took the shape of orange-blossoms.

When Mrs. Major O'Shaugnessey first learnt that young Vyner's intentions were serious, he and she were alone in the O'Shaugnessey's drawing-room. Bertie was smoking a cigarette, and Mrs. O'Shaugnessey was doing the dull needlework that was usual with her.

"Bertie," she said in her hushed, tired voice—she always called him Bertie, it was natural—"were you with Miss Eversleigh again all this morning?"

Vyner nodded. "Why not?" he asked.

"I don't like to see you flirt so desperately," she said. "It isn't nice, Bertie; I have told you so often."

"I know you have," he responded, and his tone suggested reservations.

"Well, why do you do it?" insisted Mrs. O'Shaugnessey, softly. "People say unkind things about you for it, and about Miss Eversleigh too."

"About Miss Eversleigh?" The lad's tone was becoming energetic.

"Certainly about Miss Eversleigh. When a girl deliberately encourages a man's attentions, she lays herself open to remark. You are putting her, or encouraging her to put herself, in a false position."

Bertie smoked rapidly, and then pitched his cigarette out of window with an ejaculation.

"Mrs. O'Shaugnessey," he exclaimed, "I love Beatrice Eversleigh; I'd go through fire and water for her; I mean to make her my wife! If a fellow can't talk to the girl he's going to marry without a parcel of scandal-mongers chattering, I should like to know to whom he *is* allowed to speak!"

Mrs. O'Shaugnessey's pale face was disturbed. She rested her needlework in her lap, and looked at him for several seconds, before she made reply.

"Of course I didn't understand, Bertie," she said at length. "I did not know you were so fond of her as that. I thought you were only amusing yourself as you call it. And Miss Eversleigh—is your affection returned?"

"I haven't asked her yet," he acknowledged, "but I have hopes, of course. I *think* she likes me; don't *you?*"

"It is very difficult to tell; a girl's manner sometimes means so little."

"She is always glad to see me."

"Everybody is glad to see you, Bertie; you are so lively."

Young Vyner groaned. "I shouldn't be very lively if I doubted my chance. She—oh, she's an Angel upon Earth!"

"When do you put your chance to the test?—soon?"

"Thursday," declared Vyner; "you know we are all going to picnic at Arques, and the—well, the opportunity will be favourable. You'll wish me luck, won't you? And say a good word for me in the meanwhile when you can!"

Mrs. O'Shaugnessey resumed her

He was being platonically petted.

monotonous stitching, and answered the question with bent head :—

"I wish you every happiness," she murmured. "I think you have done well not to be precipitate. Now run away, little boy, and leave me to get on with my work."

It was the next day that Mrs. Major O'Shaugnessey had a conversation with Beatrice Eversleigh; she had never been so talkative to the girl before. Their colloquy touched on confidential topics, and was almost tender in its unusual familiarity.

After a little pause Mrs. O'Shaugnessey gave an embarrassed cough, and "took a liberty." She said it was "a liberty," but explained that good motives prompted it.

"I have noticed that Mr. Vyner seems to find great pleasure in your society," she said. "I have known Bertie Vyner since he was the merest boy, Miss Eversleigh; he tells me all his peccadilloes, and the rest of it. He is not the nicest companion for a young girl."

In a moment's silence both looked at the sea.

"Don't think I am suggesting that his interest in you is returned," continued Mrs. O'Shaugnessey drearily; "of course I could not do that. I only mean that it would be wiser of you not to allow him to be your friend. He—it is difficult to say—but for so young a man he is very bad indeed."

"'Bad?" said Miss Eversleigh. "I—I don't think I follow you, Mrs. O'Shaugnessey?"

"He is not nice-minded, not a young man I should like my daughter, if I had one, to talk to. If she proposed to marry him—it may sound exaggerated—I would rather see her die. I know so much of Bertie Vyner; it may be I have let him confide too freely in me, but, as I say, I have heard almost every incident of his life. I scarcely know how to explain myself—he is *morbidly* vicious."

Beatrice Eversleigh inspected her sunshade raptly, and her lips were tremulous.

"Everything is relative," she said at last. "I don't deny that you have shocked me greatly, but, on the other hand, so much depends upon the point of view. I have given a very sincere friendship to Mr. Vyner; will it—would it—pain you, or be impossible, to let me judge of his character myself by some facts?"

Then Mrs. Major O'Shaugnessey raised her tired voice again, and communicated a long and villainous lie. And when she had finished, her companion's face had an expression on it that was bad to see upon a girl's face, and which, in the nature of things, few young girl's faces are ever called upon to wear.

Young Vyner never understood why Beatrice Eversleigh refused him with such contempt that Thursday, or why she cut him dead the following season when they met in the Park. He said she was a "heartless flirt," and railed against her to Mrs. Major O'Shaugnessey for at least twelve months, on the afternoons when he sat on a stool in the lady's drawing-room holding her wools, and being platonically petted—the afternoons when the fat Major was out, or had gone to sleep.

"Was he treated cruel, then, by his naughty sweetheart?" Mrs. Major O'Shaugnessey would murmur. "Come, tell 'mother' all about it!" And she stroked his pretty hair, and gave him *petits fours*, and another lump of sugar in his tea. But nobody ever suspected she felt more than what she showed—not even young Vyner. You see she was so plain.

SOME FAMOUS CASTLES.

By ARNOLD FORMAN.

Illustrated by Burke Downing, A.R.I.B.A.

FIRST in interest among the historic buildings of England is the baronial castle of Warwick. As old as the hills it cannot strictly be said to be; but at least its history dates further back than that of the nation in the busy centre of which it stands. Before Englishmen were anything more than an insignificant tribe of barbarians; before even their union and organisation were sufficient to make them successful pirates, Warwick, by another name, was a fortified place, standing to mark the boundary between two ancient British tribes. A recognition of its antiquity is implied in the name of its high and massive "Cæsar's" tower, the name of which bears witness to an extreme antiquity of origin acknowledged even from the earliest times. If Warwick survives, a model—and that the most instructive and complete that we have—of the mediæval feudal castle, it is not because its annals are bare. Stormy scenes indeed it must have witnessed as it changed hands between Briton, Saxon, and Dane, finally to pass into those of the Norman; every step except the last being marked by fierce conflict and ruthless destruction.

Its first Norman owner, Henry de Newburgh, was the first Earl of Warwick, the first to bear a title the holders of which were destined to occupy a foremost place in the stirring events of their country's history for many generations to follow. For, peaceful as it now seems, and peacefully as the broad expanse of its walls is mirrored in the stream that flows at its base, its solid structure bears witness that it was not built merely to be the stately and beautiful home of a proud noble. As a feudal stronghold it must have been among the strongest; and even now, after the arts of destruction have made such mighty advances, it would be to no ordinary blow that it would be compelled to give way.

As Scott has done for Kenilworth, so Lytton has made the name and fame of Warwick familiar to us all. But the kingmaker was not the first to make the title famous in history. In spite of the huge porridge-pot helmet and accoutrements which are still shown, and bear their testimony to the eight feet six inches of the fabled Guy of Warwick, and of the authentic accounts of actions, which could only be performed by a man of such inches, we must still probably look upon that giant as a mere mythical personage. Yet, before the time of the kingmaker, there comes the Earl Guy de Beauchamp, upholder of his order and English liberties against the tyranny of Edward II. Him it was that Piers de Gaveston, the fatally witty favourite of the King, ventured to nickname the "Black Dog," a jest which cost him his life when, shortly after, he fell into the power of the Earl, who fulfilled his oath that Gaveston should feel the Black Dog's teeth, and had him beheaded on Blacklow Hill, close by the castle. His monument may still be seen at the place of his execution.

At the commencment of the Rebellion

of Charles I.'s time, the Earl of Warwick, who had taken a prominent part in the Puritan colonisation of New England, sided with the Parliament, and was made Admiral of the fleet. But the castle has witnessed many a loyal scene also. Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I. were all visitors here during their respective reigns, and the State Bedroom in which Queen Elizabeth slept, which now also contains Queen Anne's bed, presented to a former Earl by King George III., is still an object of interest.

After so many centuries of activity little remains of the castle which stood here at the time of the Norman Conquest. Much, indeed, is due to a quite recent restoration, rendered necessary by a disastrous fire which occurred in 1871. The place has been fortunate in its owners, who have lavishly expended their wealth on their magnificent inheritance.

Modern methods of warfare have rendered of no importance the defences of Carisbrooke, the once strong fortress that guarded the Isle of Wight; and modern ways of living are not satisfied by the mediæval conveniences that the castle affords. Its utility—and, indeed, the greater part of its actual self—has gone, but not without leaving behind an interesting history. The picturesqueness of its position is not capable of being destroyed.

To enter the castle proper, we cross from an archway over a fine stone bridge to the gate-house. This served as a lodging until as late as the eighteenth century. Its earliest portions are of the twelfth century, having been built by the first Earl Baldwin de Redvers, to whom the lordship was granted by Henry I. Close within the gate-house are the chapel, dedicated to St. Peter, but which has been secularised, and the quarters of the Constable of the island, now used as the keeper's residence. These are almost the only parts of the castle which are not in a ruinous condition. The principal object of interest among the castle buildings is the eleven-sided keep, which is reached by a flight of seventy-one steps, taking the visitor to the gate-tower—ten more steps are necessary to bring him to the modern level of the pavement. At the foot of the steps to the keep is the twelfth century postern.

In the year 1263, the then lady of the castle, Isabella de Fortibus, assigned the lordship, upon her deathbed, to King Edward I., in consideration of a sum of 6,000 marks. The castle had then been newly restored and rebuilt. It has, ever since that date, remained in the royal possession, though rarely used as a royal

WARWICK CASTLE FROM THE PARK.

residence. The fact that it was left in the hands of governors or captains probably accounts for the dilapidated state into which it has long ago fallen. In the list of such captains of the castle, two of the most interesting names are those of Anthony Woodville, Lord Scales, the brother-in-law of Edward IV., by whom he was created Lord of Wight, in 1464, to whose fine taste and discrimination the castle was much indebted, and of Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, another patron of art and literature, to whom Shakespeare's sonnets were probably addressed.

During the wars with France, in King Edward IV.'s reign, the Isle of Wight was, on more than one occasion, the point of descent of an invading French force, but the castle was never captured. Again, in the sixteenth century, when all men were looking for the approach of the Spanish Armada, the island was the scene of great preparations, and the castle was an encampment of 3,000 men, its defences also being strengthened against the expected, but happily averted, attack.

Probably the two most interesting episodes in its history occurred, the one in the early years after the Norman Conquest, the other when its importance as a fortress was waning. The former event is of the year 1182. Here, in the *aula regalis*, the imperious Conqueror, with his own hand, arrested his brother, the proud and tyrannical Odo, Bishop of Bayeux and Earl of Kent, under whose misgovernment the King's English subjects had groaned for many years. Faithful servant of the Church as he was, the King, in despite of Papal remonstrance—a thing in that age not to be disregarded even by kings—dared to lay his hands on a bishop of the Church, although scornfully affirming that he "arrested not the Bishop of Bayeux, but the Earl of Kent." The second historical incident is that of the detention here of King Charles I., in 1647, after his escape from the palace of Hampton Court. Here he resided under the charge of Colonel Hammond, the governor, whom he had vainly thought he might be able to bring over to his party. From here he conducted the interminable and ever-shifting negotiations with his victorious Parliament, of which, finally, the army becoming tired, took the matter in their own hands, and so finally brought about the trial and execution of the King. The Isle of Wight had not since been a place of royal residence until Queen Victoria established her Court at Osborne.

Stokesay Castle, in Shropshire, is a fine example of the thirteenth century fortified house. It is a rectangular building with two towers, and is surrounded by a moat. The gate-house is good Tudor work; the great hall is a noble room, dating probably from 1240, with early

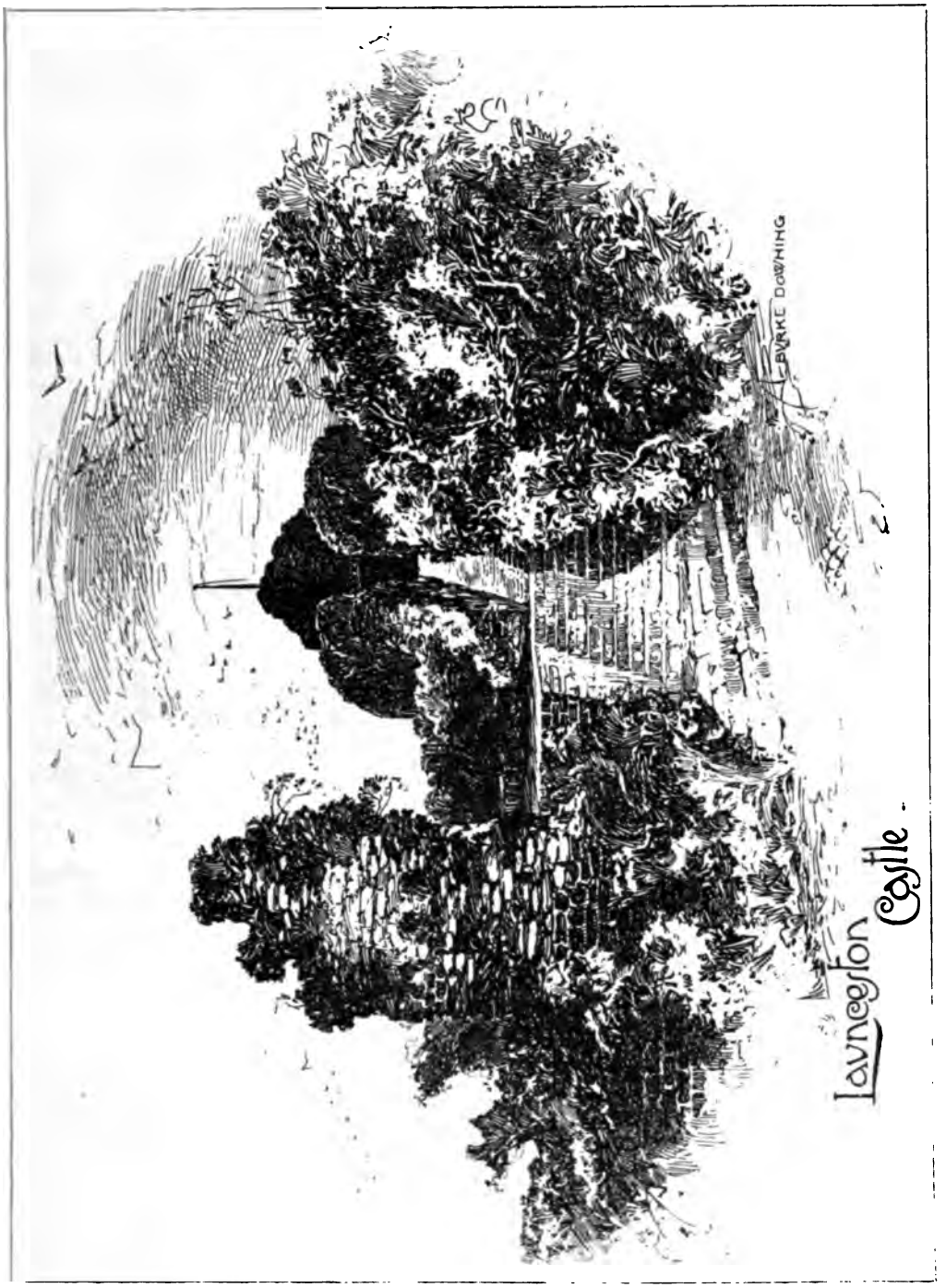
The Gate House, Carisbrook Castle.

English windows, and there are several other interesting apartments. During the Civil War the castle was garrisoned for the King.

Launceston Castle, affirmed to be the "Castle Terrible" of the Arthurian romances, is one of the three well-known Cornish castles mentioned in the Domesday Book. The inner keep measures some eighteen feet in diameter, and the walls of the outer keep are twelve feet, and in some parts even as much as fifteen feet, thick, and contain a staircase winding half round the circle leading to the battlements above. It may be noted that the entrances are not opposite each other in the keeps, and where in the outer wall it is on the south side, that in the inner one is arranged on the north. The most perfect of these remains is the east gateway, containing the constable's apartments, from which the portcullis was worked. Seen from the neighbouring heights, its magnificent keep, situate on a high mound, with the town clustering around its base, has a most picturesque appearance.

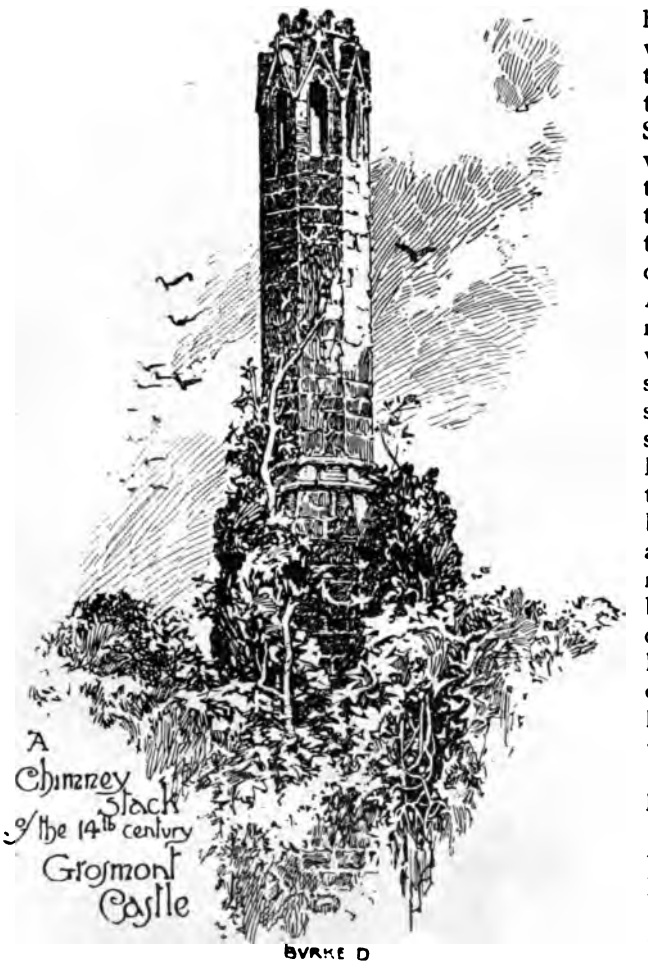
The Castle of Grosmont is also in the county of Monmouth, and was once the favourite residence of the Dukes of Lancaster. The remains are not very extensive and are surrounded by a wide moat, now overgrown with forest trees and shrubs in the most picturesque manner. There are not many of the architectural details left, but one fine chimney shaft is yet a noticeable feature; it resembles, but surpasses in scale and proportion, that of St. Briavel's Castle, in the Forest of Dean. Grosmont Castle was invested by Llewellyn, but was relieved by Henry III., on whose arrival the Welshmen "saved their lives by their legge." Grosmont was one of the chain of forts built along the line of the Welsh marches between Skenfrith and Oldcastle.

Raglan Castle is situated about eight miles from Monmouth, near the road thence to Abergavenny. It gives the dignity of baron to the honours of the Duke of Beaufort, he being styled Baron Herbert of Cardiff, Lord of Raglan, Chepstow, and Gower. The edifice, when in its splendour, was reckoned one of the finest in England. It stands on a hill called, before the castle was built, Twyn-y-ciros, which in Welsh signifies Cherry Hill. Its foundations are said to have been laid about the time of Henry VII. (1485 - 1509), but other authorities state that it was built in the

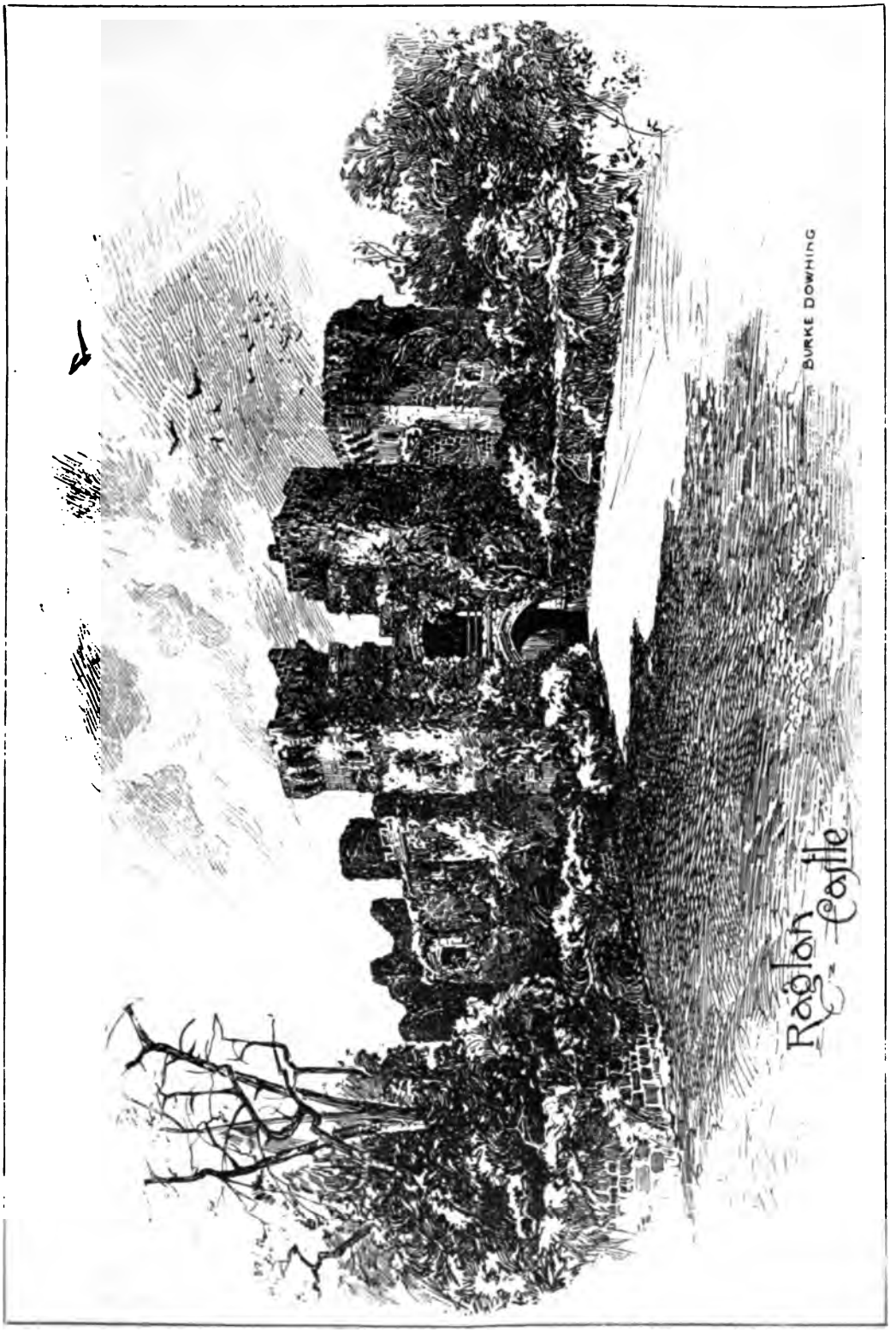

BURKE DOWNING
Launceston Castle.

reign of Henry V. by Sir William Thomas and his son, the Earl of Pembroke, who was beheaded at Banbury.

Every line of the fortress can be traced, and its purposes immediately applied. In a direct line with the castle there were three gates: the first of brick, from which at a distance of 180 feet by the ascent of many steps, was the White gate built of squared stones. At some distance on the left side stands the tower Melin y Gwent (the YellowTower of Gwent), which for height, strength, and neatness surpassed most (if not every) other tower in England or Wales. It was six-sided; the walls were ten feet thick, of square stones, in height five storeys, commanding a delightful view of the surrounding country.



Its battlements, being but eight inches thick, were soon broken by the shot of eight guns, but the tower itself received little or no damage from bullets of eighteen and twenty pounds weight, at the rate of sixty shots a day. The tower was joined to the castle by a sumptuous arched bridge encompassed about with an out-wall with six arched turrets with battlements, all of square stone, adjoining a deep moat thirty feet broad, wherein was placed an artificial waterworks, which spouted up water to the height of the castle. Next to it was a pleasant walk set forth with several figures of the Norman Emperors in shell work. The castle gate was a square tower on each side, with battlements. Within this was a pitched stone court, on the right-hand side of which was the Closet tower. Straight forward was the way to the Kitchen tower of six outsides. About the middle of this was the passage into the stately hall sixty-six feet long and twenty-eight broad, having a rare geometrical roof built of Irish oak, with a large cupola on the top for light. There was a gallery 126 feet long, having many beautiful windows. King Charles I. visited this castle several times. It was a garrison from the beginning of the Civil War, and kept by the Earl at his own charge. Charles sought refuge here in July, 1645, after the disastrous battle of Naseby, and remained until September 15th. The castle being strongly besieged, and having no hopes of relief, it was surrendered to Sir Thomas Fairfax on the 19th day of August, 1646. The siege lasted from the 3rd of June until the 19th of August. In this castle the



Raglan Castle

second Marquis of Worcester, the inventor of the water-commanding engine, pursued his experimental researches.

Although the fame of Hawarden is greater now than in ancient times, still, the earlier history of the castle is not entirely wanting in interesting incidents. Its situation, on a hill rising on one side almost precipitously, gave it that security which was necessary for the purpose for which it was employed in its early times, namely, to assist in the constantly troublesome work of keeping the Welsh Marches. Of the ancient part of the building, the keep, dating from about the time of King Edward I., an erection of massive strength, still stands; but of the rest the greater part was destroyed in the troubles of the Commonwealth by the order of the Houses of Parliament, into the hands of whose officers it had come after standing out for two years for the King. At that time the Manor and Castle of Hawarden belonged to the Earl of Derby, and had been in his family for some two hundred years; but a few years after the partial demolition of the castle, the manor was sold by the Parliamentary Sequestrators to Serjeant Glynne, afterwards Lord Chief Justice. It remained in his family for over two centuries until about twenty years ago, when, on the death of the last baronet, Sir Stephen Glynne, it passed to the eldest son of his sister, Mrs. Gladstone. On the death of Mr. W. H. Gladstone, in 1891, Hawarden was inherited by his son, William Glynne Gladstone, the present Lord of the Manor.

The interest which the castle acquired in recent years as the home of Mr. Gladstone is likely to swallow up its smaller interest as a relic of Mediævalism.

Chepstow Castle in Monmouthshire is one of the noblest of all the ancient fortresses. It rises from a rock overhanging the Wye; the other parts were defended by a moat, and consist of massive walls flanked by lofty towers. The grand entrance is a circular arch between two grand towers in the best style of Norman military architecture. The first court contains the shells of the great hall, kitchens, and numerous apartments, retaining vestiges of baronial splendour. Then passing through the garden-court you enter that which contains the chapel, a very elegant structure. The western gateway was formerly strengthened by three portcullisses and separated by a drawbridge from the main structure.

The castle was founded by Fitz-Osborne, Earl of Hereford, immediately after the Conquest, as that nobleman was killed in 1070. Not long afterwards this Roger de Britolio was deprived of his estates and sentenced to perpetual imprisonment. It is related by Dugdale that "he frequently used many scornful expressions towards the King, who was so displeased on one occasion that he

declared, with an oath, 'By the brightness of God he shall never come out of prison, as long as I live.'" He died in prison and his estates being forfeited, Chepstow Castle was, according to Timbs, transferred to the powerful family of Clare, one of whom, Walter de Clare, founded the neighbouring Abbey of Tintern. Richard de Clare, surnamed Strongbow, succeeded to the possession of this fortress in 1148. The castle is now in the possession of the Duke of Beaufort, whose ancestor, Sir Charles Somerset, married Elizabeth, daughter and

heiress of William, Earl of Huntingdon, whose grandfather, William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, acquired the Castle and Manor of Chepstow by purchase.

The castle has a stirring history. Cromwell was here repulsed by a gallant Royalist officer, Sir Nicholas Kemys, who had only a garrison of one hundred men. A large force subsequently laid siege to the place, but the garrison defended themselves valiantly until their provisions were exhausted, and even then refused to surrender under promise of quarter, hoping to escape by means of a boat which they had provided for that purpose. But a soldier of the Parliamentary Army swam across the river with a knife between his teeth, cut the cable of the boat, and brought it away. The fortress was eventually taken by assault, in which Sir Nicholas and forty of his men were slain.

It was in the keep of this castle that Henry Marten, the regicide, was confined twenty years, and where he died in 1680. He was not immured in a cell, being comfortably lodged there with his wife, and allowed to make excursions in the neighbourhood. Marten, as a member of the High Court of Justice, attended the trial of Charles I. and signed the death warrant. After the Restoration he surrendered, and was tried at the Old Bailey as one of the regicides. He was found guilty and sentenced to death, but ultimately received a reprieve on condition of perpetual imprisonment.

"*Such sweet neglect more taketh me.*"

OLD ENGLISH SONGS.

Still to be neat, still to be dressed
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be powdered, still perfumed.
Tho' art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free,
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all the adulteries of art:
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

BEN JONSON.

OUR TENANTS.

By HEBER K. DANIELS.

XIII.

JIM'S FATHER-IN-LAW. HUSBAND AND WIFE. ANOTHER CLIMAX.

I DIDN'T wait next morning for Jim to tell me to go, thinkin' p'rhaps it was superfl'ous after what had happened last night. And I was packing up what little I had, ready to clear out, when Mary and her mother they said they'd talked it over together and thought p'rhaps it was best not to be too hasty until Jim gave me the word himself; and they said, too, they forgave me for what I done to him, which was well-meant, though rough; and justifiable on account of the strong provocation that led up to it. And that took a load off my mind.

So I waited for three whole days to see what Jim had to say to me when he'd recovered sufficient to get up and sit in the kitchen. But he never let on a word about what had happened that night, but sat up in his chair watching the fire and brooding—brooding over it with his eyebrows knotted together in an awful wicked frown; but not a word out of him, good or bad.

And the day after Jim first come down, and lay back in his chair close by the fire, we were sitting around and feeling that the storm that was brewing up was bound to burst before long, when a soft knock came to the front door, and when Jim's wife opened it and saw who it was she screamed out, and the next minute we all see her in the arms of a very old man with long, snowy-white hair and beard, who was smoothing back the hair from her forehead and calling her "Daughter"; and she was hanging around his neck and kissing him like as if he was her guardian angel come down from heaven to save her from Jim.

Before we'd all recovered from our astonishment, the old man he come slowly forward into the room, leaning heavily on his stick, and leading his daughter in by the hand. Without waiting for an invite from Jim, who sat staring at him as if he was a ghost, he took the chair that Mary set for him by the hearth, and drawing his daughter close up to his side, he turns to her husband, and, says he, as if he was a judge passing sentence on my mate for life:—

"James Pinnegear, it doesn't need the gift of a mind-reader to tell me that you've been untrue to your promises, and done everything that a man could possibly do to turn this poor child's life into a living hell; she that trusted you for better things, and who, rather than lose possession of your black heart, left her home. Ay, and left *me*, her father; the one friend that knew what you'd turn out to be and warned her of it. It don't need more than the sight of this poor, pinched face, once so fair to look upon, to tell me all that, and a lot more p'rhaps than I dare trust myself to think of even. Speak to me, James Pinnegear. Tell me that I am wrong in what I am led to suspect and what I have been forced to hear. Tell me it's all a malicious lie, or that an old man's over-anxiety about the welfare of his only child has tempted him to be over hasty p'rhaps in his conclusions. Speak, I implore you!" and he laid his hand on Jim's arm.

But my mate he made him no answer, good or bad. He dasn't even look up at

the old man, but sat there as pale as marble, with his head bandaged up like a Turk, and his eyes fixed on the fire, as if he saw being acted in it all that the old man said, and knew it wasn't to be gainsaid.

"You don't answer me," says the old man, drawing away from him, and passing his arm around his daughter's waist, as if to protect her. "Then it's true. Great heavens! to think that it should have come to this, and me not nigh at hand to have prevented it! Then it is true, I say?"

Still my mate he made him no answer beyond shrugging his shoulders and looking harder than ever into the fire.

"You are silent!" said the old man. "You cannot deny it. O shame, shame; a thousand times shame!"

Jim he made an offer with his hand, as if to ward off the effect of the old man's words, but the other he took no notice, and went on:—

"James Pinnegear, since that day when in my anger I refused to see her to bid her farewell, and heard the sound of the wheels that seemed as if they took my very life away, my mind has never known one moment's peace by day or by night. What happiness could the future bring to one who knew that the sweet little flower he had reared so tenderly and so lovingly was in the possession of another; and if the sound of voices by day and dreams by night was to be believed, that other a man not to be trusted, and who, by his shameful neglect and cruel treatment, was withering it slowly away. Little wonder, then, that as the days and years rolled by, he should have been driven almost to the verge of the grave with remorse and dread forebodings, and at last have been forced to come here in person and see and judge for himself. James Pinnegear, I have never been disposed to put much faith in the opinion of neighbours, or to pay much attention to the gossip of that class of women that sees no good in no one; but if only one-half of what they have told me of your life is true, it would have been better for this poor child if the day that parted her from me and my care had been the last she'd ever spent on this earth!"

There was nothing savage or sarcastic about the way he said this; but the words coming soft and gentle as they done, seemed with their mournful reproach to hurt more than if he'd struck my mate blow after blow on the head with his stick.

As he turned away from Jim with an expression of sorrow and disgust on his face, his eyes fell for the first time on his grandchild standing by the side of young Jim's chair, and beckoning her over to him, he laid his hands on her curly head, and, says he, turning to Jim's wife with a sorrowful smile:—

"Lizzie, my dear, if you'd only had *her* spirit now—the spirit that she's inherited from your poor dead mother—things p'rhaps might have been very different to what they are now. But there! What's the good of talking about it; you always were a confiding, soft-natured little thing, ever since you could lisp out my name, even though in every feature you were the same at her age as this little one now standing before me, and who, from all accounts, is as good as she is brave." And he kissed Mary on the forehead and called her his child, and blessed her.

Then he see me for the first time, and whispered something in Mary's ear that made her blush all over her face, and patted her on the back and smiled across at me so gentle and kindly that I felt I could have died for him if a whole army of Jims were to set on to him. And he didn't forget the cripple neither, but went up and stroked his head and said a few words to him as well; and altogether I tell you he made us feel as we never felt before for many a year.

All this time Jim he never let on for one moment he saw or heard what was going on around him, but sat there with his eyes fixed on the fireplace where they'd rested ever since he first looked away from the old man; and though he made an offer once or twice as if to speak, he never seemed able to get his words out for downright shame.

"Well, sir!" says the old man, stopping short in front of him, and rapping sharply on the floor with his stick, "Have *you* nothing to say for yourself

good or bad in answer to the charges I've brought against you?"

Then, for the first time, Jim he seemed to have 'wakened up, for he half turned towards the old man, and, with his eyes still on the fire, says he:—

"Seeing you've walked into my house like as if it was your own, and 'bused me up hill and down dale for doing as I like inside it, I don't see what I *could* have to say, 'cept p'rhaps to ask you to walk out of it again as soon as you please!"

"Indeed!" says the other, with the first approach to a sneer in the tone of his voice. "Indeed! and leave her and hers behind me to your tender mercies, to go on ill-treating the same as you've done before. That's very likely, James Pinnegear, very likely, indeed!" And I noticed his eyes; they began to light up, and the stick he held in his hand, I could see it tremble.

"P'rhaps, then, she isn't my wife after all," replies my mate with a sort of forced laugh that sounded uncommon ugly to our ears. "Go on! Say it! You're welcome to, seeing I couldn't be much worse than you've made me out to be already in their eyes and his'n" (meaning me). "P'rhaps she isn't my wife after all; and p'rhaps the law of the land, that makes a wife your property, isn't powerful enough to keep off an old intermeddler that comes shoving himself in where he isn't required. P'rhaps she isn't married. Look at her hands! Is there a wedding ring there? Hah! There is, you say. Then, p'raps she *is* my property, seeing that's my mark!"

"And that?" says the old man sternly, pointing to an old bruise on his daughter's forehead. "Has the law nothing to say to the bestower of that mark, or that?" he added, 'lluding to where Jim had struck Mary on the night that she defended her mother. "Think you that the law will have nothing to say to the ruffian who brands those marks? James Pinnegear, the law that gave you my child, bad though it may be in many respects, won't go so far as to aid and abet you in downright cruelty. Remember that it can take away again as easy as it can give. Ay! and with God's help, before I leave this city, I mean to 'ppeal to it on her behalf?"

The fierce way he said that on a sudden made Jim sit up straight in his chair, and look him suspicious-like in the face.

"That'll do, old man," says he, trying all he could to brazen it out, though all the while he looked curiously at his wife and Mary, and me, to see how we took it. "That'll do. I've had enough of your play-acting in my house and will trouble you to get out of it at once, if you can't keep from stirring my family up against me with your lies. Who's been and got ill-treated, I'd like to know? Who but my own self. Ask her, and her. Ask them all who was it that had his head laid open, just 'cause he tried to 'monstrate with them that was worritting him into his very grave by their ill-treatment of *him*. Ask them what I'm setting here for now, with my head tied up in rags, and my brain all of a buzz, like a dozen rip-saws. Put it fair and straight to *her*," says he, turning round sudden, with a 'timidating look at his wife. "Ask her now, right in front of me, who's been and ill-treated her, and p'rhaps she'll give you your answer. Though I warns her to be careful how she gives it, 'cause a worm even will turn if it gets trampled on too often!"

"Tut-tut-tut!" says his father-in-law as cool as a block of ice. "Don't think for a moment you're going to 'timidate me with all that big talk, 'cause you can't do it. I'll save her the pain of having to prevaricate to shield you, and at the same time free her from the consequences of speaking the truth as well, by informing you that there is not a single event that has taken place in this house within the last six months that isn't perfectly well known to me."

"So then, you've been to old Mother Hippleston, have you?" says my mate, with a sudden burst of rage. "May the devil grab hold of her gossiping old tongue! But I'll be even with her yet, see if I ain't, and you too," he adds, addressing his trembling wife, "for carrying around tales to her as ain't true. Just wait till I am able to get about, that's all, I'll give that old cormorant

something that will put her jaw out of gear for a twelvemonth. Now, old man, say all you have to say with as little speechifying as you're able, and then sling your hook without further delay. You've been and tried my temper worse than a bad joint, and I wants a bit of rest after it."

"No need to excite yourself," answers the old man, who seemed to turn cooler and sterner the more the other got wilder and desperater. "You're doing no good except to prove by your present manner that you're quite capable of all I've heard of you. It's easy to be seen that any advice coming from me to you would be thrown away. Lizzie!" (turning to his daughter and taking her by the hand) "listen well to what I've got to say to you, and, having heard it, think it well over before you decide how you will act. As the law of England now stands, no woman that has been ill-used by her husband, the same as you have been by that man, is bound to remain with him one minute longer, after proving it before any magistrate in open court, as you can prove it. Neither by the same law, and the same reason, are the children bound to him any more than the wife is. This being so beyond all dispute, I put it to you, in my right as your father, if the time has not at last come for you to say that you will no longer remain with this man to suffer in health along with your children through his ruffianism and constant ill-treatment. Let not any fear for the future hinder you in your decision, for my home—our old home—stands with open door ready to receive you and yours under its roof whenever you choose to say the word and come."

"She can't," says Jim, his voice sinking almost to a whisper with rage. "She can't. She's my wife, and hasn't the right!"

"I tell you she can," says the old man, now fairly roused, and with his stick raised threateningly in the air. "And if so be she decides to go, let me see the man that will dare to hinder her. This quarrel between us has not been of my seeking, for I'm the last man in the world to interfere between husband and wife, so long as he behaves as a man, if only to protect the woman that looks to him for it as a duty towards her. But when that person takes it upon himself, as a right, to ill-use her just as he pleases, then I deny his right, or the right of any power on earth, to say that a father stands second in authority over a matter of life or death to his child." Then, turning again to his daughter, says he:—

"Lizzie, my child, what say you? Can you bring yourself to tell this man that you are coming away with me; that you are leaving him this day—this very hour?"

At this the poor timid creature she gave a short startled cry, and dropping her father's hand she half moved towards the man for whom, for all his cruelty and language to her, she still could find a corner in her heart.

"Loving heart, loving heart!" says the old man, shaking his head at her, more in sorrow and pity than reproach. "Am I asking too much for his worthless sake? Go, speak to him, then. Tell him from me that, bad as he has been, I am still willing—even at the eleventh hour—to leave him his home above his head, the more so because it has been kept together all these miserable years only by a woman's patient love and self-denial; and that woman my daughter. Tell him that I am willing, even now, to let bye-gones be bye-gones, if he, on his part, will promise me, through you, that the darkest day in your lives, caused through him, has been reached, and that from henceforth a happier future waits on you both. Go, speak to him. I wait his reply."

"Jim!" and she laid her hand upon his shoulder. "You hear what father has said. It isn't too much to ask you, dear, is it? Tell me it wasn't meant, all that's past, and I'll forgive you again—forgive you from the bottom of my heart. It was only the drink after all that done it, Jim. Speak, and let me tell him for you that it was only a dream that came to be forgotten, in the happy 'wakening. Jim, dear!" and she kneeled down beside him with her hands clasped on his arm.

"And if I *don't* promise, you'll leave

"Take—her—away."

me," he mutters, with his looks still bent on the fire; for he was cowed properly, and couldn't face no one now.

"Oh, Jim! how could we live again together the same as we've done before. Could you expect it of me, dear? Surely, surely not."

"Then you'd leave me?" he repeats, not minding what she said, and taking his arm slowly away beyond her reach. "Then you'd leave me?"

"But Jim, dear, where is the harm in giving him the promise? You won't refuse me that little—you can't—for my

sake, knowing you will have both our forgivenesses for all that's gone by—Jim?"

"You hear her, James Pinnegear!" says her father, sternly. "I am waiting your answer!"

"*Take—her—away.*" The words came so hoarse and unnatural from her husband's throat that it seemed as if the devil himself was within him and had spoken them for him.

"Not that, Jim! Oh, not that!" she cries out, in piteous entreaty. "Not those words, dear. It was a mistake. You didn't mean to say it. Oh, Jim! Jim!"

Again he says, "Take her away;" and turning his back on her so as not to see her scared white face and the tears that were in her eyes, he kept on muttering, "Take her away! Take her away!" until the end.

It was a pitiful sight to see her sink down on the floor with her face buried in her hands and sobbing out aloud as if her poor worn heart was about to break. I felt, myself, like as if I'd have choked, and looked towards the old man to see how he took it, and how he was going to act now as regards Jim.

He was standing upright in the middle of the room with his arms folded, and gazing down upon his child with almost a smile on his face at the thoughts of the chance there now was of his having her back to himself once again. He stood there for a full minute watching her without saying a word to no one; then he made a sign to Mary, which, she understanding, brought her to where her mother was still kneeling, and, taking her by the hand as if she were a child, she whispered a few words in her ear, and raised her gently to her feet.

The touch of her daughter's hands and the few words she'd spoken to her, seemed all at once to break the last link that bound the poor soul to the man who had been and spurned her from him before her father and children and me; and what little woman's dignity she had left in her 'peared to come back to her on a sudden, and re-act on her in a way I never thought she was capable of.

She 'llowed herself to be led by her daughter away out of the room and upstairs, leaving us three and the cripple together for a time that seemed almost a year to me through the awful stillness, and the feeling that came over me that the worst was still to come. What followed after that was more like a dream than sober reality.

I see them come downstairs again; the mother as calm and determined as her daughter now, and both of them with big bundles all ready tied up in their hands. I see the old man go out into the street, and make a sign, and in another moment, a coach, that 'peared to be in waiting, comes driving along at full speed, and draws up right in front of the door. After that, Mary she goes out first, carrying young Jim in her arms, and tucks him up in a corner of the coach, the same as if he was a parcel. Then, with a squeeze of my hand and a "Leave it to me, my lad; I shan't forget you," the old man he gathered his daughter to him with one arm, and, helping himself along with his stick, he half led, half carried her out of the room and into the coach.

The next I seemed to know—for it was still all a dream to me—was Mary coming back into the room and putting her arms about my neck and saying in a hurried whisper:—

"Don't take on about it, Bill, dear; it's all for the best, believe me, and will come right in the end. You'll have a letter from me every week, addressed to Mrs. Hippleston's in case you leave here, and until such times as you can come to us yourself. But, Bill, don't forget him (meaning her father); for he *is* my father and mother's husband still. Stick to him so long as you can, Bill, for our sakes; and if so be there is any change for the better, let us hear of it, and who knows but we may be able to set the old home going again under happier circumstances. It is yours, now, Bill, and his, and may God bless it and them that are in it." Then she kissed me, and before I could stop her she was gone.

The sounds of the wheels grinding on the roadway was the first thing that seemed to break the spell that held me powerless to move. I knew now that

they were gone, and Jim he knew it, and that his home it was gone, too. I see him stagger on to his legs and make for the door, with a cry of "Lizzie—wife!" But he hadn't gone three paces before his face changed on a sudden and he pitched forward and fell on to the floor unsensible.

I paid no 'tention to him in my awful grief and distress, but rushed out into the street like a madman, and started running after the coach as hard as I could, and crying out "Stop! Stop!" at the top of my voice. But it gained on me more and more, till at last it turned down a side street and disappeared out of my view; and when I got to the corner I never see it no more.

How I reached home—for it was still home to me—or what time I got there, I never to this day could properly make out. It was late at night, I know, for I wandered about for hours before I could make up my mind to go back again.

I looked for my mate the first thing when I come in, but he wasn't nowhere to be seen. I called to him as loud as I could, with my heart beating pit-a-pit, pit-a-pat almost in my throat with the excitement and misery of the moment, and the thought that p'rhaps he'd made away with himself now that he was left alone with all his remorse upon him. But there was no answer nor any sound to be heard except the twittering of Mary's canary upstairs and the faint cry of a late hawker in the street.

I went from room to room, upstairs and downstairs, calling "Jim! Jim! where are you, mate?" But there was no answer; and it began then to dawn on me for the first time that he was clean gone, too. Then I made my way up into Mary's room, and throwing myself down on my knees beside the little bed that looked like an altar, it was that pure and white, I buried my face in the counterpane and cried harder than I ever done since the morning that mother died.

(To be continued.)

PATIENCE ON A MONUMENT.

THE LOST LAND OF KING ARTHUR.

By J. CUMING WALTERS.

(*Author of "In Tennyson Land."*)

IV.—OF TINTAGEL.

There is a place within
  The winding Severne sea,
On mids of rock, about whose foote
  The tydes turn, keeping play,
A tower-y toppèd castle here,
  Wide blazeth over all,
Which Corineus' ancient broode
  Tintagel Castle call.

Camden.

Thou seest dark Cornwall's rifted shore,
  Old Arthur's stern and rugged keep,
There, where proud billows dash and roar,
  His haughty turret guards the deep.

And mark yon bird of sable wing,
  Talons and beak all red with blood,
The spirit of the long-lost king
  Passed in that shape from Camlan's flood.

R. S. Hawker.

CORNWALL, the horn-shaped land, far removed from the great centres of progress and industry, the land of giants, of a separate people who until the last century spoke its own language;* the land of holy wells and saints, of hut circles, dolmens, and earthwork forts, memorials of extreme antiquity; the land of many stone crosses indicating the early influence of Christianity; the land of so-called giants' quoits, chairs, spoons, punch-bowls, and mounds, sometimes the work of primitive man, sometimes the work of fantastic Nature—this is the land in which romance lingers and in which superstition thrives, the land upon which seems to rest unmoving the shadow of the past. Olden customs survive, the old fashion is not departed from. The quaintness, the simplicity, the quietude, the charm of a bygone age may be found yet in that part which Taylor, the water poet, described as "the compleate and repleate Home of Abundance, noted for high churlish hills, and affable courteous People."

A tour through the land which romance has marked out for her own, and where the fords, bridges, hills, and rocks are

* The Cornish language was spoken until 1768. In that year Daines Barrington met the old fish-wife Dolly Pentreath, whose name has become memorable as that of the last person to speak Cornish. The last sermon in Cornish was preached in 1678 in Landewednack Church. The slackening of the Saxon advance at the Tamar enabled the Cornish to preserve their tongue, closely allied to that of Wales and Brittany, and described as "naughty Englysshe" in the reign of the eighth Henry.

called after Arthur or associated by tradition with his exploits, becomes easier every year by the development of railways, almost unknown in that region until a decade or so ago. But it must be sorrowfully confessed that after all the visit to Tintagel now results in a certain amount of disillusion. It contains no relic, nothing that can verily be imagined a relic, of the old, old times when the flower of chivalry ruled. As one walks down the solitary street and glances around he sees that Tintagel is a cheerful, picturesque little place with its quaint post-office of yore—battered by time, the roof fallen, and the stonework disjointed—with its stunted cottages, its typical village shop and hostelry, and its lonely church on the cliffs. Tintagel, as it is, is unique, but it is not Arthurian unless we go direct to those parts where Nature is not and never has been molested. The Pentargon heights, the great gorges, the weird bays and caves, the rock-strewn valleys, the imposing waterfalls—from these may be constructed the scenery for the drama of the warlike king and his adventurous knights. The huge bank of earth enclosing an oblong space, with its remnant of stone-lining found near St. Breavard is fitly called King Arthur's Hall. Such relics as are found in and near Tintagel are posterior to King Arthur's era. There is a Saxon cross to be seen, erected to the memory of one Ælnat, a Saxon. A sybstel, or family pillar, with Saxon inscription, found in Lanteglos Church, near Camelford, and a Roman stone discovered in Tintagel churchyard, are ancient memorials of the highest interest. Relics of the bronze age have been discovered also, though the influence of the Phœnician tintraders did not seemingly extend to this mid part of Cornwall.

Tintagel, as the first locality mentioned in the romance, has a special claim to attention: "It befell in the days of the noble Uther Pendragon, when he was King of all England, and so reigned, that there was a mighty and a noble Duke in Cornwalle that held long time wars against him; and the Duke was named the duke of Tintagil." So run the opening lines, introducing us at once to the western territory and to the rocky stronghold indissolubly linked with Arthur's fame. Strange to say, however, the place is absolutely ignored in the latter half of the history, despite the fact that Cornwall was the scene of some of the most important concluding events. Tintagel was apparently forgotten by the chroniclers after the story of Tristram was related, and the last mention of it is as King Mark's Castle, where treachery was followed by bloodshed, where the allegiance of the knights began to decline, and where folly, wantonness, and shame served as omens of coming disaster and of the impending shock to the realm which Arthur had made. The history of Tintagel begins in a tale of shame, though King Uther's deceit of Igraine appears to have been regarded less as dishonour to himself than as a sign of his own and Merlin's strategy and venturesomeness.* Uther, having compassed the death of Gorlois, had no further difficulty in persuading Igraine to become his wife, and their son was Arthur, who at his birth was delivered to Sir Ector, "a lord of faire livelyhood," to be nourished as one of his own family. The death of Uther while his son was yet an infant left the succession in some doubt, and in order to prove Arthur's right to the crown the familiar device was adopted of drawing a sword from a stone. The scene of the contest in which Arthur, now assumed by the chroniclers to be a goodly youth, and Sir Ector's son took part, is vaguely described as being "the churchyard of the greatest church in London"; and it is needless to say that only Arthur proved equal to the feat of pulling the sword from the marble and the steel anvil in which it stood. The letters of gold on the sword declared that "whoso pulleth out this

* The following curious little item from R. Hunt's volume ought not to be lost sight of:—"I shall offer a conjecture, touching the name of Tintagel, which I will not say is right but only probable. *Tin* is the same as *Din*, *Dinas*, and *Dixeth*, deceit; so that Tindixel, turned for easier pronunciation to Tintagel, Dundagel, etc., signifies castle of Deceit, which name might be aptly given to it from the famous deceit practised here by Uter Pendragon by the help of Merlin's enchantment."

sword of this stone and anvile, is rightwise king borne of England," and Sir Ector and Sir Kay, his defeated son and Arthur's foster-brother, were the first to kneel to Arthur as their lord when they saw Excalibur in his hand. Before the lords and commons Arthur again proved his right and royalty at the feast of Pentecost, and with the help of Merlin he proceeded immediately to establish his kingdom which, during Uther's illness and after his death, had stood "in great jeopardie."

Castle Tintagel from the Island

Gorlois, the husband of Igraine, had been the possessor of two castles, Tintagel and Terabyl, (or Damaliock) which may be judged to have been at no great distance from one another. Terabyl is untraceable, though it has been suggested that while Tintagel Castle was solely upon the peninsula (Barras Head) which juts into the sea, Terabyl was the castle upon the mainland. This theory in untenable. It is only in comparatively recent times, with the widening of the chasm between the peninsula and the mainland, that a division of any importance can be noticed; and it is safe to assume that there was never more than one castle at Tintagel. The rent in the rocks was spanned by a huge bridge, as the crenellated walls now reaching to the edge on either side and in a direct line with each other plainly attest. Terabyl, in which the Duke entrenched himself when Uther Pendragon brought his hosts against him, was evidently further inland than Tintagel, and the latter, distinctly avowed to be "ten miles hence," was selected as the refuge for Igraine. Uther, marching southward from Camelot, reached Terabyl first and laid siege to it; to reach Igraine at Tintagel he had still to ride some distance. "The duke of Tintagill espied how the king rode from the siege of Terrabil, and, therefore, that night he issued out of the castle at a posterne"—

(Terabyl was noted for its "many issues and posternes out")—"for to have distressed the king's host. And so, through his own issue, the duke himself was slain or ever the king came at the castle of Tintagill." Geoffrey of Monmouth calls Terabyl "castellum Dimilioc," but under this name it is no less a mystery. As it receives incidental mention only twice afterwards we may well be content to rank Terabyl among the cities of romance, the names of which alone existed. It may have been as unsubstantial as the enchanted cities created by mysterious maidens for their courteous and faithful lovers, which cities vanished in a night if vows were broken or false words uttered.

It is said in some of the romances that twice a year the Castle of Tintagel became invisible to the eyes of the common people. To-day it is only in imagination that we can perceive the real castle of Arthur, for whatever British fortress may ever have risen on these heights has long since vanished—crumbled away into dust which is as nothingness. Authentic history takes us back only to the time of the Norman Conquest, when Tintagel was entered in Domesday Book as Dunchine, or Chain Castle. It is the firm opinion of archæologists that the Romans entrenched themselves here and left signs of their occupation, and there are the strongest reasons for believing that Tintagel was a British place of defence before the Roman invasion. Nature had marked out the rocky height as a stronghold, and a race like the Britons could scarcely have failed to avail themselves of all the advantages it offered. But when we first read of Tintagel Castle apart from the romances we find it in the occupation of English princes, notably of Richard, Earl of Cornwall, otherwise known as the King of the Romans, who in 1245 gave noble entertainment to his nephew, Prince of Wales, then carrying on a desperate war for freedom against the English king. The use of Tintagel as a prison from which escape was almost impossible was recognised from early times until the reign of Elizabeth, at which era it began to fall into decay; and it was within the loneliest and most exposed portion of the island that John Northampton, Lord Mayor of London, who had abused his office, was immured for life by order of Richard II. A sculptured moorstone, now moss-covered and illegible, commonly called the altar-stone of King Arthur's Chapel, is believed in reality to be a monument of John Northampton's own carving, wrought to pass away the dreary days in his dungeon, and now marking the place of his tomb. What is known as King Arthur's Chapel is a spacious chamber 54 feet long and 12 feet wide, the outline of which is barely traceable. It is supposed to have been dedicated to Saint Uliane.

In Leland's time Tintagel Castle was "sore wether-beten an yn ruine," and whether it was ever the stronghold of Arthur history does not determine. The name was formerly Dundagil, meaning "the impregnable fortress," and Geoffrey of Monmouth did not exaggerate when he wrote of it: "It is situated upon the sea, and on every side surrounded by it, and there is but one entrance into it, and that through a straight rock, which three men shall be able to defend against the whole of the kingdom." Leland, less interested in the matter, testified that "the castelle hath bene a marvelus strong and notable forteres, and a large thinge . . . Without the isle rennith alonly a gate-house, a walle, and a fals braye dyged and walled. In this isle remayne old walles, and in the est part of the same, the ground beying lower, remaynith a walle embateled, and men abyve saw thereyn a postern dore of yren." The chronicler and antiquary Carew supplies further evidence of the strength of the structure. "The cyment," he says, "wherewith the stones were laid, resisteth the fretting furie of the weather better than the stones themselves," a fact which is strongly commented on also by Norden who thought that "neither time nor force of hands could sever one from the other." "Half the buildings," continues Carew, "were raised on the continent (the mainland) and the other halfe on an island, continued together by a drawbridge, but now divorced by the downfalne steepe cliffes on the further

B·MUNNS
VIVIEN AND MERLIN

side." There is a concensus of opinion as to this drawbridge, Camden and other trustworthy historians all confirming the report as to its existence, and this further proves that there were not two castles at Tintagel.* The gigantic impression of a foot is pointed out to credulous pilgrims; it is the print left by King Arthur's foot when he strode across the chasm—backwards! This is as much to be relied upon as the fact that the basins worn by the winds and waves in the rocks were King Arthur's cups and saucers, and that a dizzy dip of the heights over the sea constituted his chair. It is surprising that the immense and awe-inspiring caverns have escaped the fate of being called King's Arthur's drinking bowls. Yet all these conceits have their value as proof of the deep-rooted belief in the king's might as a monarch and his stupendous stature as a man. The hero is rapidly passing into the myth when such attributes are ascribed to him.

Tintagel must have been even more impressive a scene a few centuries ago than it is to-day, despite its wild sublimity in ruin. One more witness of old time may be called forth to give his evidence of what it was before the walls had been so buffeted and brought so low.

"A statelye and impregnable seate," is Norden's testimony, "now rent and rugged by force of time and tempests; her ruines testifye her pristine worth, the view whereof, and due observation of her situation, shape, and condition in all partes, may move commiseration that such a statelye pile should perish for want of honourable presence. Nature hath fortified, and art dyd once beautifie it, in such sorte as it leaveth unto this age wonder and imitation." Tintagel is to be seen, scarcely to be described, though our most luxuriant poets have painted it with lavish richness of words, and artists have depicted some of its natural beauties in the most radiant of colours. From many a rocky verge can be seen the dark remnants of Arthur's fortress, inaccessible on all sides but one; from the deep base the ocean spreads out without bound, surging and boiling and casting up steam-like fountains of hissing foam. Only a few arches and some flights of steps, surmounted by a frail-looking wooden door, now remain, with some fallen walls which imperfectly outline the shape of what were once spacious royal chambers. On a carpet of turf wander the small mountain sheep, and pick their way about the narrow precipitous paths which wind about the jagged sides of the cliffs. The fortifications are in ruin, and the battlemented walls which encompassed the massive steeps are now nothing but disconnected strips over which the curious traveller looks into the angry waters grinding and regurgitating far below. The noble bridge which once stretched across the yawning chasm dividing the two promontories must alone be imagined, though its beginnings on each side may be traced by the line of low stony arches reaching, and stopping abruptly at, the edge. The hills "that first see bared the morning's breast," the heights "the sun last yearns to from the west," as Swinburne has sung, are eternal, but Arthur's castle has gone, and Tintagel, "half in sea and high on land, a crown of towers," is even called by the dwellers no more by its old inspiring name.

The very mention of Cornish seas has an alluring sound, and one already feels in the realm of romance when he descries in the mellow light of an afternoon in late summer the smallest of villages perched upon a rock overlooking the bluest of seas with its perpetual fringe of powdery foam. Here at the edge of the Atlantic is a most beguiling stretch of water, filling innumerable bays—water so clear and calm and deep-hued far away that it is hard to realise

* It is really difficult to understand how a writer like the late Mrs. Craik could ever have fallen into this error. In her "Unsentimental Journey through Cornwall" she makes every effort to prove that the building on the mainland was the castle of Terabyl, and she insists that there were (and are) two castles at Tintagel. "One sits in the sea, and the other is upon the opposite heights of the mainland, with communication by a narrow causeway. This seems to confirm the legend, how Igraine's husband shut himself and his wife in two castles, he being slain in the one, and she married to the victorious king Uther in the other." It is obvious that the writer of these lines was totally unacquainted with Malory.

that it makes a cruel and treacherous sea in which only on the gentlest of days dare a swimmer plunge and feel his way among the underlying rocks, or upon the roaring waves of which dare a hardy sailor venture his boat. In storm this sea is terrible. The waves upheave themselves like solid hillocks of water, black at the base, and hurl themselves with appalling force against the huge rocks, which have already been worn and broken by them into a thousand fantastic shapes. Here and there the propelling force of the incoming tide, working like a gigantic engine, sends with torrent-force along narrow open passages a seething stream which beats its way upward and dashes headlong over the barriers of wood and stone; and the great smoke-coloured waves beyond rear themselves heavily, topple, and clash down into the abyss with thunderous roaring. On they come, nearer and nearer, louder and louder, those hard, rising, climbing, dissolving bodies of incalculable strength, dashing themselves furiously over every obstacle, sweeping with a hiss across the tracts of sand, and obliterating the tall rocks which can be toilsomely climbed when the waters retreat. Beneath this raging, battering sea lies the fabled Lyonnesse with all its fair cities and towers, and every watcher of those stupendous, merciless billows can realise its potentiality to tear away the land and drag it into the unseen deeps. Storm at Tintagel or Trebarwith is both revelation and conviction: it is a manifestation of remorselessness, a suggestion of irreparable ruin, desolation and loss. Easy indeed is it to imagine that the treacherous and cruel waves driving rapaciously landward have already had their victory and are savagely seeking to extend their conquest, and that hereabout lie "the sad sea-sounding wastes of Lyonnesse."

No one has described this wildly beautiful sea with so much charm and realism as Swinburne, who has watched it in all moods, seen it in the blueness of calm, seen it strive and shiver "like spread wings of angels blown by the sun's breath," seen it when the glad exhilarated swimmer feels

> "The sharp sweet minute's kiss
> Given of the wave's lip, for a breath's space curled
> And pure as at the daytime of the world,"

—seen it again when the east wind made the water thrill, and the soft light went out of all its face, and the green hardened into iron blue. A walk from Camelford to Tintagel, passing Trebarwith, and on from Tintagel to Boscastle, passing Bossiney and many a smaller cove on the way, reveals the most wonderful and alluring of all changeful sea-pictures, and displays most vividly the marvel and magic of the rugged coast. The towering rocks have been wrought by time and carved by wind and wave into grotesque images, broken at the base into sunless caves, worn at the heights into sharp and gleaming pinnacles, fretted and cut, rounded and cracked, sundered and cast down, the massive blocks made veritably

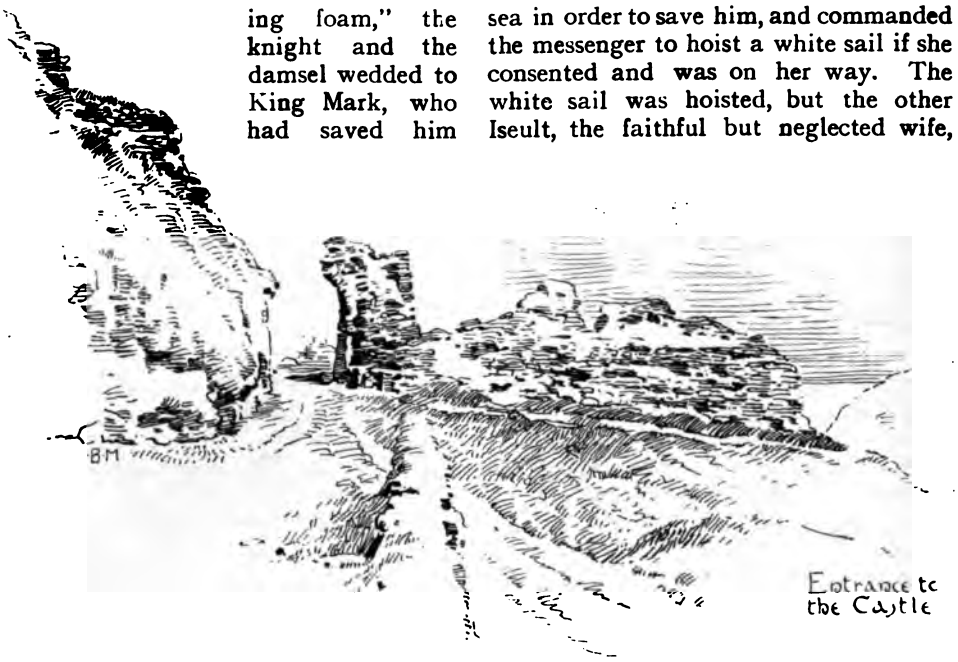
the sport of the elements, so that the beholder may easily believe himself in the realm of enchantment. All the sounding shores of Bude and Boss are legend-haunted. The mariner hears the chime and toll of the lost bells of Bottreaux when he comes within sight of the "silent tower," which stands white and grim upon the headland. The wail of lured voyagers and the despairing lament of the smugglers who brought them with false lights to their doom are listened to in awe on stormy nights, and there are visions of good ships that went down among the rocks in the tragic desperate days of which so many ghastly tales are told. The last of the Cornish wreckers, for whom, when he lay dying, a ship with red sails came in a tremendous sea and bore him shrieking away, looms as an apparition on the darkest nights, and the cries of tormented spirits mingle with the blast. Merlin, with flowing beard, is said to pace the shore, and Arthur and his knights to revisit the scenes of their exploits. The spirit of the king hovers about sea and land in the form of the almost sacred chough, reverenced and preserved by the inhabitants that they may not unwittingly injure their hero. Further north at Bude Haven the long Atlantic breakers roll, and perhaps there is no more imposing spectacle than the roll of waves coming in upon the far-extending and rock-strewn sands. The undulations, miles long, seem to rise and curl far out at sea at short regular distances from each other, and mass upon mass they break with thunder-sound and cataract upon the shore. The most brilliant of sunsets glow in the perfect summer weather when day dies slowly over these "far-rolling, westward-smiling seas," and they leave the night still radiant. The whole land is sweet and bright with flowers: on one side lies the glittering surf lacing itself in white foam about the boulders, and on the other side rises the circle of hills topped by the massy brown summits of Row Tor and Brown Willy. Sometimes the deserted quarries give a spectral look to the landscape, and when the rain spatters and darkens the piles of rough slate the aspect is weird and gloomy indeed. But given a day of sunshine when the sea is a sparkling emerald or the deepest of blues, when the sky is clear or only softened with diaphanous rings of cirrus-cloud, when the moss glistens on the rocks and the expanse of meadowland is a vivid carpet of green, when the winding hilly lanes flanked by tall hedges are white and shadowless, and the little tinkling runlets are silver gleams, and then this tract of Arthur's Cornwall is almost the land of faerie which poets have sung.

What more fitting than that the grave of Tristram and Iseult should have been at Tintagel, where the sea they loved came with its strong and awful tides, and now

> "Sweeps above their coffined bones
> In the wrecked chancel by the shivered shrine?"

The deep sea guards them and engirds them, and no man shall say where the lovers lie in their last sleep. King Mark buried the two in one grave, and planted over it a rose-bush and vine, the branches of which so intermingled that they became inseparable. Arnold, Swinburne, and Tennyson have best told the whole story in our language in modern times. But it is no slight task to trace the literary history and development of the beautiful story. A German minnesänger of the twelfth century, Gotfrit of Strasburgh, is the first to whom the romance is ascribed, though Scott and others have claimed for Thomas of Ercildoune (Thomas the Rhymer) the best poetic version, only one copy of which is extant. A thirteenth-century manuscript, which contains a French metrical version of the romance, has been noted by Lockhart as citing the authority of Thomas the Rhymer for the story of Tristram and Iseult; but Thomas's version was totally different from the prose romances. Great efforts have been made at one time and another to prove the story to be of English, French, and German origin, but at least this much is assured—the principal scenes are English, and the leading events in the history of Tristram, the nephew of King Mark of Cornwall, occur at Tintagel. He journeyed to Ireland to bring back the daughter of the queen

of that country, and he journeyed to Brittany to bring back his own wife, that Iseult of the White Hand who failed to win his love. His adventures as a Knight of the Round Table took him, as was usual, over much territory and to foreign lands; but it is to Cornwall that the interest always returns, and in which it is concentrated. Among the "wind-hollowed heights and gusty bays" of Tintagel, and within the "towers washed round with rolling foam," the knight and the damsel wedded to King Mark, who had saved him from torture and death, lived their lives of forbidden love. The Minstrel-knight suited his voice to the mellow chords of his harp, and wandered about the woods and beside the sea in the May-time of his happiness with Iseult the Queen. And when the knight had wedded another Iseult, it was at Tintagel that Mark's wife, with her passionate thoughts, her sorrow, and her despair, sat alone in a casement and heard the night speak and thunder on the sea "ravening aloud for ruin of lives." Such words can be easily comprehended by those who have seen Tintagel in storm, the wind roaring, the seas flashing white, a blinding mist of rain between the heavy sky and the weltering waves. The rage of the elements, the vehemence of the warring tide, the dash and the recoil at the castle-base, have only their parallel in the human passion which was too strong for life itself to withstand, when deserted Iseult saw before her the corpse of her lover. Tristram, ill-fated from birth, was doomed to die by treachery. He was wounded, and learnt that he could only be healed by the magic art of the woman he loved, she who had cured him before. He sent for Iseult to cross the sea in order to save him, and commanded the messenger to hoist a white sail if she consented and was on her way. The white sail was hoisted, but the other Iseult, the faithful but neglected wife, could not resist saying what jealousy prompted—that the sail was black. Sir Tristram immediately expired. Malory's romance declares that the knight met his death at the hands of King Mark, who slew him "as he sat harping afore his lady La Beale Isoud, with a trenchant glaive, for whose death was much bewailing of every knight that ever were in King Arthur's days."



The literary history and the variations of the extremely ancient and supremely sorrowful story can only be adequately treated in such a volume as that of M. Losseth, who has given an account of twenty-four manuscripts containing Tristram's history, of six works in the French National Library, of Malory's version, and of one Italian, two Danish, and one

German translation or original rendering. Some have attributed the authorship to Cormac of Ireland in the third century; others believe the Welsh bards first sang it; the French claimed it for their *trovères*, but have now admitted its British origin. Yet it is remarkable how French, Cornish, and Irish history intermingle in the romance, and how the magic element occasionally enters, spoiling it as history but enriching it as a legend. The story is one of such pathos that the predominating influence of the Celt in suggesting and shaping it must instantly be recognised. But so many have worked on the theme, early and late—none perhaps with such superb effect as Wagner—that the primitive conception is apt to be forgotten or ignored; it has been overlaid with details gathered from many lands, and embellished by the poetic fancies of many races. The story has become European; Beroul, Christian of Troyes, Thomas of Brittany, Robert the northern monk, Eilhard of Oberge, Gottfrid and the other early Germans, the Provençal minstrels—all these have altered and added to the tale of the knight who slew the sea-monster, the Morhout, saved the Cornish maidens from shame and death, was wounded by a poisoned arrow, healed by Iseult the Beautiful, and both of whom, drinking of a magic love-potion intended for Iseult's destined husband, afterwards experienced all the joys and pangs of an unhallowed love which Dante himself could not refrain from celebrating and condoning. The story abounds in mystic symbolism, or, rather, that symbolism has been found in it; and the inevitable Sun-god myth has been perceived in its details.

Tintagel, a picture in the waters, is at its best when the sky becomes a rose above it, and the sun dipping into a golden bath leaves a track gleaming like pearl across the shoaling sea. The waves as they rise and fall make emerald and purple lines in moments of magic change, and their crests of foam sparkle jewel-like with a thousand instantaneous lights. Then "all the rippling green grows royal gold" as the sun, like a splendid bubble, floats on the water's edge. Round the pointed brown rocks are fringes of white foam ever widening and contracting; the oncoming waters with an exultant bound sometimes spring high in fountains and then sink slowly and gently as if fairy spires were dissolving in thinnest powder. Again, with a roar and an access of strength, the waves return impetuously, raging and grinding, churned as by some mighty hidden wheel into yeasty foam. Vista-like the long bright track, now a deep red band, leads back to the inner chambers of the sun, and the sea draws the orb into its dark, mysterious depths. The waves lace themselves around the pinky-green islets, and the verdant headlands, succeeding each other in almost interminable series till the eye catches the gleam of the Lizard lights, begin to soften mistily away behind the twilight veil. A little ship, far off, skims over the sea-rim and disappears; a tiny cloud floats up like a loose, silken sail, silvery white. The seagulls and the choughs flit about the broken arches of the castle, and shadows fall long and deep across the deep ravinous path leading inland from the precipitous heights.

At such time Tintagel is telling its own story, weaving its own romance; and words seem vain when those shattered columns, those fallen walls, that unbridged chasm, are there to make the tale. Of the after-history of the place what matters it? We would fain have the story end, as it began, with Arthur and Guinevere, King Mark, Mage Merlin, and Tristram and Iseult. Every roll of the breakers is a voice from the past, and every crumbling chamber a chapter in that history which only the true poet transcribes. Yet even while such thoughts are forcing themselves upon the mind of the beholder of a typical August sunset over Tintagel, the end of the day will be near. The arc of the sun blazes upon the sea-line, an edge of fiery carmine, and a fleecy train of cirrus-cloud crimsons with the last rays. Slowly and yet perceptibly the light dies away and leaves the heaving sea mystically dusk and the world full of shadows. Darkness looms over Tintagel. The overhanging crags look as if they might crack, break off, and thunder down into the open-mouthed sea below. The black

chough wheels about the ruins—the spirit of Arthur, say the people, revisiting the scene of his glory. Arcturus, the star of Arthur, glistens in the blue sky right over the castle height, and Arthur's Harp shapes itself more dimly further east—for the constellations themselves were named after the puissant king. The tide is at its height and has flooded the little stony beach to which a steep path leads; the caves are full; on the horizon the night-clouds come up and shape themselves into fantastic forms of towers, and the real which are near, and the imagined which are far, scarce can be distinguished.

Lytton seems to have had Tintagel, or a very similar place in the north, in his mind when he described the arrival of the Cymrian King, pursued by the Saxons, at a beach of far resounding seas where wave-hollowed caves arched, and

"Column and vault, and seaweed-dripping domes
Long vistas opening through the streets of dark,
Seem'd like a city's skeleton, the homes
Of giant races vanish'd."

This tract of land around Tintagel is crowded with memorials and with relics around which superstition has cast its web. The caer-camp at Trenail Bury, and the huge stone monuments which lie embedded in the earth, take us back to British times. The pools, looking black and weird among the hills, all have their legends, and the wells commemorate a multitude of saints known only to Cornwall. Castle-an-Dinas looms majestically at a height of nearly eight hundred feet against the horizon: here was King Arthur's hunting ground, and the remains of the structure cresting the summit was his palace. The scenes of some of his hard-fought battles are the wide valleys closed in by the shadowy hills, and the crags dashed by the tumultuous sea. You may wander at will for miles in any direction still keeping in sight the sturdy granite church standing exposed on the highest bit of the coast; you will hear no sound but the whimpering cry of the gulls; and you will be free to reconstruct here in imagination the vanished realm of King Arthur, while the words of the old priest, Joseph Iscanus of Exeter, ring in your ears—

"From this blest place immortal Arthur sprung
Whose wondrous deeds shall be for ever sung,
Sweet music to the ear, sweet honey to the tongue.
The only prince that hears the just applause,
Greatest that e'er shall be, and best that ever was."

The Old Post Office Tintagel Cornwall.

By DELIA FARWELL.

ELLINOR DALE walked briskly up the shrubbery path towards the house, returning from some charitable visitation in the village, and singing the refrain of a new song softly as she went. It was a bright autumn morning, such a one as to incline the soul to cheerfulness, and Ellinor felt very free from care.

Suddenly a young man stepped out from behind a laurel bush, and she stared in amazement as she recognised him.

"You here?" she exclaimed with incredulous emphasis.

"Ellinor, I am in awful trouble. I must get out of this at once, and not a soul but you must know it. Where is Lawrence?"

"Out shooting with the Harcourts. He dines there, and will hardly be back before midnight. Do you want him?"

"Not exactly! What money have you in the house?" he went on hurriedly.

"Twenty pounds, more or less," she answered, evidently disturbed by his questions and his manner.

"Not more than that? Have you a blank cheque? Surely Lawrence gives you one now and then? What, nothing? I must have money, I tell you, Ellinor!"

"But I have none; at least, only that! And if I had it, it would belong to Lawrence and not me."

"I must have the money; it is life or death to me. I must have enough to take me out of England, and when you know all, you will be willing to steal it rather than not get me away. You must find the money. Where are your diamonds?"

"At the bank," she said, thoroughly frightened.

"You must get them out. They would give them to you, of course. It is no use protesting—I tell you it is a matter of life and death. You must come with me, get the diamonds, and help me to raise money on them and get away. You will be glad enough afterwards."

Gladness had vanished far enough from Ellinor's face by this time, and she showed nothing but trouble and distress. The young man drew nearer to her, whispered a few hurried sentences into her ear, and watched her changes of countenance with agitation equal to his own. With eyes wide with horror she turned from him, and sped away to the house.

He waited, as if in expectation of her return, and in a few minutes she reappeared with a bag in her hand, and the two struck off by a by-path to the town.

That was the beginning of the trouble.

The wife who had risen in the morning happy in her husband, her home, her friends, and her course of life, spent the night in misery away from all these dear surroundings, burdened with a horrible secret, and a consciousness of a certain sort of guilt, and with this additional torment—the knowledge that she must not attempt to clear herself, whatever accusation might be brought against her.

She tried to believe that Lawrence

would have as perfect trust in her as she had in him, that he would take her bare word without any explanation of what she had done; but as the slow hours of the night crept by she knew that it would not be so. She knew that Lawrence would not believe her against the evidence of his senses.

So the night passed, in a London hotel, and on the morrow, after she had seen her companion safe on board an outward-bound steamer, with the remains of the money raised on her diamonds in his pocket, she took the train back to her own house.

She trembled in an agony of suspense, and when, on stepping out to change carriages at a junction, she suddenly stood face to face with her father, she hardly knew if it was a fresh pain or a relief.

He was in pursuit of her; she did not stop to ask herself why or how, and that he was in a state of fierce anger against her was evident from his countenance. She brought all her wandering wits to bear upon the answers to his stern questions, and tried to hide the anxiety that was tearing her to pieces.

"Where is your companion?" he asked, sharply.

"What companion? I am travelling alone."

"You may be travelling alone, but it is idle to try to brazen it out. You dare not deny that you went up with Waring Bradshaw."

"You mistake," she answered, in calmest denial; but her father saw that her very lips went white as she spoke the words. "I went up to London on a matter of business; I did not travel with him."

"Are you shameless, Ellinor?" he exclaimed, violently; "or do you suppose that what you have done has not come to light? Do you suppose that your visit to the bank, and Bradshaw's disappearance from home, are things that are likely to be kept quiet? Fool that you must be, if you think that Harcourt's clerks would not report to him at once such a matter as your removal of your jewels! Or that Waring could leave the station without being recognised, even though you took the ticket for him!"

"I am much obliged to the neighbours who take such a kindly interest in my movements. It is very clever of them to put two and two together in this pleasant fashion."

"You may scoff if you have the courage—or the impudence—but, good heavens, Ellinor! you must see the conclusions that are drawn when you go off with your old love and your husband's diamonds. What have you done with them both? A frank confession is the only thing that can stand you in stead."

"I have nothing to confess. If I had, it is my husband who should ask for the confession."

"Do you dare to deny what they accuse you of?"

"You are right," answered Ellinor, slowly and bitterly. "I dare not deny anything. You may all say what you choose. But," she exclaimed, with a start, "this is a fast train! We have passed the station, and I want to be at home!"

"You are going home with me," was the firm response. "It is the only way of screening you, and neither I nor your husband cares to bring unnecessary disgrace on the family."

"I want to see Lawrence. He ought to believe me and trust me! There is no reason why I should not go to my own home and to him," she ended, lifting her head up proudly.

"He happens not to want you. Your only course is to submit quietly, and be thankful that you are not cast off altogether. If your neighbours can be led to believe that you left home in answer to a sudden summons from me, the scandal may blow over, and if you give your husband a candid explanation of what you have done, he may forgive you. It is your only hope."

Ellinor heard, and only half realised the meaning of his words. That Lawrence should not want her was the cruellest thought of all, and she lay back in the corner of the carriage digesting the possibility of his continued unforgiveness, while her father's further angry speeches passed unheeded over her head. She

alighted, dazed and miserable, when she was told to do so, and the drive to the house was like a visitation of nightmare.

That her step-mother should be cold, and stiff, and disagreeable, was no novelty; but it was a novelty, and an unpleasant one, to be cast defenceless into the hands of her enemy. And it was the beginning of a very uncongenial state of things.

Everything that she said and did was watched and questioned. She was not allowed to quit the house by herself, or to speak to anyone in private; she was permitted to send no letters except to her husband, and to those she obtained no answers except such messages as were transmitted through her father. Lawrence had said that he could not write to her, that he must either believe her utterly or disbelive her wholly; that while she refused one word of explanation he could not believe her, and while he disbelieved her he could not write.

Ellinor acquiesced with a sigh. He could not write and he could not trust her, but she would have trusted him. She had told the whereabouts of the diamonds, and knew that they were again in safe keeping, and was aware that the fact of their recovery was a relief to her father, though it seemed a trifle to her. And all the while she knew that unavailing search was being made by outsiders for Waring Bradshaw.

He had overdrawn his account at the bank; he had pledged himself to the payment of a considerable debt, and in the nick of time he had disappeared simultaneously with the disappearance of Mrs. Dale's diamonds. He was wanted for another matter as well, for he had promised marriage to a girl, who was not patient under the non-appearance of her suitor; and Ellinor Dale, knowing all that was said and thought, and all that was true, of her connection with Waring Bradshaw, hid her face in her pillows in mingled shame and pain and anger.

To Lawrence also this period was a hell upon earth, and though he yielded to the advice of his father-in-law, he had a passionate longing to see his wife and force the truth from her. It was not very easy to go about among his acquaintances and pretend that his wife was merely making a holiday visit to her father, when he knew all that they knew and suspected. Any certainty, he thought, would be better than this doubt of Ellinor; but she would not speak, and Waring Bradshaw gave no sign. He might have melted into thin air for all the tokens of him that could be found. He had gone out after breakfast, surprised his servants by not coming in to early dinner, and alarmed them by not coming in to tea. Then all the world had been edified by the intelligence that he had gone up to London with Mrs. Dale and her diamonds, but Mrs. Dale had denied this, and, in spite of police interrogations, nobody could prove it, and it was a final certainty that no further trace of him could be found.

For more than a month they hunted high and low, and many hearts were sick over the fruitlessness of the search. Lawrence Dale began to grasp the meaning of the word eternal, and his father-in-law began to doubt the infallibility of his own wisdom as he saw the changes in his daughter. It might have been better to let her have it out with her husband at the beginning; it might be necessary to call him to the rescue if Ellinor went on growing daily paler and more apathetic.

Then one morning came a letter from some agent in London, stating that a telegram had been received to say that the child was doing well. Mr. Vernon opened this communication, as was his wont with his daughter's letters, and demanded an explanation of so singular a message.

A sudden and unfamiliar colour flushed up to Ellinor's cheeks, but she refused to give the answer that he required. The message was private to herself, and she had nothing to confide to him.

To Lawrence Dale there came next day a brief letter, one that filled him with unutterable hopes and fears.

"Dear Lawrence, you have refused to see me, and I do not dispute the justice of your decision, but now I am in a position to explain my conduct. Will you come here to me, or may I come home to you? I should like to come home."

For years afterwards he would wake up

She stood for a hesitating moment in the doorway.

in the night with the pitiful appeal of those last words ringing in his ears, as he seemed to hear them now. He could not harden his heart against them, and, acting on his first impulse, he walked straight to the station and took the first train that would bear him towards his wife. It might be that she could justify herself; it might be that she could only ask for forgiveness; at any rate, he would hear what she had to say.

What he should say himself he did not know. Of course, she had behaved very badly, whatever explanation she might give at this tardy hour, but he had formed no plan as to what he should say or do. When, in answer to his summons, Ellinor appeared, and stood for a hesitating moment in the doorway, with wistful eyes raised to his, he knew at once what had been in his mind all along.

"Ellinor," he said, holding out his hands to her, "I have come to fetch you home."

"What have you heard?" she asked, in sudden fear.

"Nothing. I have come because I want you."

She drew a short, quick breath, and went across to him. She dared not as yet lift her face to his, but she laid it on his shoulder and shivered in troubled happiness as she felt his arm close round her.

"You should have told me you were ill," he said, in gentle reproach. "Why have you been so obstinate, Ellinor? What secret could you have that you ought not to share with me?"

"You should have known that I would never have caused you all this pain if I had not been forced. It was for you that I held my tongue, Lawrence, and it is for myself, out of my selfishness, that I want to tell you now, because I cannot bear this any longer. It has been cruel—and I would have trusted you, Lawrence!"

He bent and kissed her lips in swift repentance.

"I have been a fool," he said. "I should have trusted you."

"You could not," she made sorrowful answer. "I dared not prove to you that I had not gone with him."

She drew away from his hold and steadied herself against the back of a high chair, clutching nervously at the carving as she talked.

"I will believe whatever you tell me, but the porters swear that they saw you enter the train with Waring Bradshaw."

"It was not Waring; it was—Dick."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Lawrence, startled uncomfortably by this simple announcement. "Dick is in Scotland."

"It was Dick," she repeated. "He is not in Scotland; he is—no, I must not tell you where he is—but he is safe. Lawrence, if your dearest friend were guilty of a crime, would you think yourself bound in duty to deliver him up to justice?"

He looked at her face, drawn and white with anguish, as she leant towards him over the back of the chair, and answered briefly and uneasily that he should.

Her lips twitched spasmodically, but words refused to come, and Lawrence's alarm increased with every passing moment.

"But what has this to do with Waring?" he asked, catching at a ray of possible hope.

She answered him in a sort of terrified whisper:—

"Dick—Dick—has murdered him!"

There was an awful silence in the room after she spoke those terrible words. She hid her face in her hands that she might not see their effect upon Lawrence—Lawrence, who loved his young brother with a tenderness passing common love. Would he ever forgive her for having told this thing to him?

He spoke at last in a strained, hoarse voice:—

"Is this certain, Ellinor?"

"He told me. There was a quarrel between them. It was about Miss Maitland. She had played with them both—and Dick came down to settle with her and Waring. He met him in the fields, and they quarrelled and fought. It was by the river above the Black Rock, and in the struggle Waring went over. Dick tried to find him and save him, but he had to go round by the footway, and he was too late. The current must have swept him away. He would have been

drowned, if the fall had not killed him, and Dick came to me. I had no money. I dared not have you know. We got the diamonds and went away. You thought —you all thought—that I had gone with Waring—and for Dick's sake I had to let you think it. Oh, Lawrence, will you not speak?"

He could not speak, but he came to her as she ended her story, told in short and painful sentences and with gasping breath, and he caught her tightly in his arms. It seemed to both of them that any suffering was tolerable while they stood together so. To Ellinor, at least, the moment was ecstatic.

"Will you come home with me?" he asked her, at last. "I would not trust you, Ellinor, and you did it for him and me."

"If I could bear it for you!" she answered, in a low voice, full of pain at the thought of all his pain over the sorrow so old to her and so new to him.

It was strange and sad to be going home with this grief at their hearts; with the knowledge that for ever after the name of Dick, the once merry, light-hearted young brother, must be to them a shame and terror. Their pre-occupation preserved them from noticing the glances of surprise and curiosity called forth by Ellinor's re-appearance. Their own servants' whispers and words of significant welcome passed unheeded.

Nothing was altered; her dressing case, the morning dress, and her slippers were in their accustomed place in the bedroom; her work-basket and her books lay where she had left them downstairs. Yet she had been away more than a month. It was good to be at home again, though it was sad and strange.

There was a ghost of a smile about the sorrowful lips that she lifted to her husband's as she came to him by the drawing-room fire, and it seemed to him so long since they had stood there before, that he held her back and gazed at her as if her presence was something too wonderful to be real. Then he put her into her own familiar chair, and stood looking down upon her as he talked of the matter that occupied both their minds. What was his duty now that he was in possession of the secret, and how was Ellinor's conduct in concealing her knowledge likely to be regarded?

Sitting there with his eyes upon her, and the sound of his voice in her ears, she could not but feel indifferent to consequences. They could hardly send her to prison, she thought, for not answering questions that were never put to her, and nothing but separation from Lawrence could hurt her now. She had borne very much; she could not bear to be apart from him in his sore trouble. Dick was so dear to him, and Dick must for evermore be so very far away!

After all, she was too tired to realise anything beyond the fact that she was at home with Lawrence. The rest hung

"Mr. Waring Bradshaw!"

over her as a dark cloud, something that, for this one night, she felt without understanding. To-morrow fear might come back to her, all the terror and anguish that she had suffered during these weary weeks, but to-night there was a lull in the pain, and she could almost weep. She had known no tears during all her banishment. Now, in her home, in her own chair, with the familiar things about her, and Lawrence no longer estranged, her heart was lighter and freer, and she felt softened.

His kindness and his trouble were living facts; and he, looking down on the dear face, that had grown so white and thin since last he saw it, knew from the depths of his heart that Ellinor was far more to him than Dick.

And as they talked, with long pauses, as eloquent as their spoken words, the solution of the trouble was drawing near,

Suddenly the door was thrown open, and the parlourmaid, in a voice stricken through with amazement, announced a visitor.

"Mr. Waring Bradshaw!"

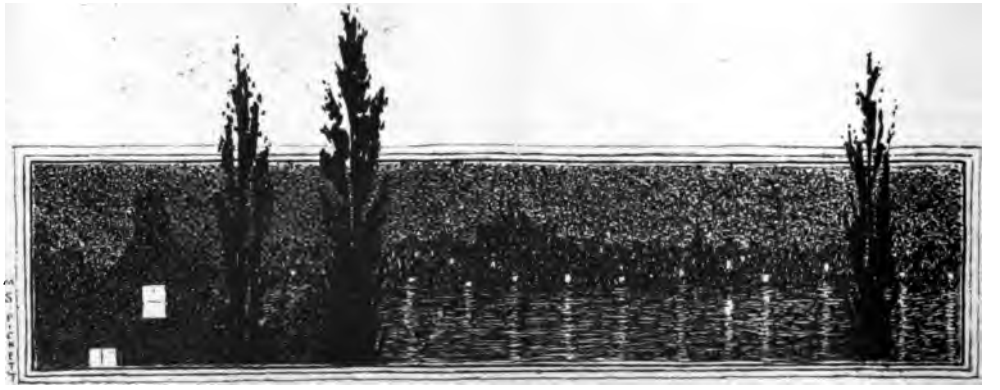
Ellinor rose to her feet with a startled cry, and clung to her husband's arm as she turned to face the newcomer. Everything to-night was strange and dream-like and unreal; was this the living presence of the missing Waring, or was it a ghost? Lawrence as well as she gazed at him with strained and unbelieving eyes, and he stood hesitating for a while upon the threshold.

"They told me you were not here, Ellinor," he said at last; and the sound of his voice scattered their unbelief. "I am thankful that it is not so bad as I thought. I meant to punish those two, and never knew till to-day that I was hurting you as well."

Ay, and he never would know how much he had hurt her. What a storm of wild emotions swept over her soul as she stood, in seeming calmness, by her husband to listen to his story! The thing that he had done was different from his point of view and hers.

Stunned and shaken by the fall, and half-drowned by the sudden immersion in the river, he had known nothing from the first consciousness that Dick's blow had sent him over the edge of the rock, until he came to himself some hours later in a cottage in the heart of a wood. He had struck his head against a stone or a bough, and was altogether seriously injured, but he was able to command his wits sufficiently to persuade his rescuers to promise to keep him in concealment for the present. Without being able to think much, he foresaw in his temporary disappearance a way of revenge upon his faithless lady and his rival.

The woodcutter who had dragged his senseless body from the water was a man of taciturn and solitary habits, and his wife was of a like disposition. Hence Waring's scheme of vengeance prospered beyond what might have been expected. A violent fever followed on his rescue from drowning, during which he was faithfully nursed by this hard-favoured couple, and it was not till a day or two back, when he had begun to regain his strength, that they, more than suspecting his identity, related to him all that was known and said and supposed with regard to him and Mrs. Dale.



A FISHERMAN fished, and long fished he;
And I know what he caught.
A damsel sat on a green, green bank;
Do you know what she thought?

By OSCAR PARKER.

I FORESEE that this month my review of the London Stage must be very largely a review of the American invasion of the London Stage. Not that I deplore it in any degree whatever, and I am very certain that London playgoers do not either. For all the American plays or companies appear to be doing well, and there are just five of them—as I write—"Strongheart," at the Aldwych, "Truth," at the Comedy, "Brewster's Millions," at the Hicks' Theatre, "Mrs. Wiggs," at Terry's; while the Sothern-Marlowe engagement at the Waldorf must, by all means, be included in this welcome invasion, and more are coming.

First place must be given to "Strongheart," at the Aldwych, a comedy by Mr. William C. de Mille, in which Mr. Robert Edeson takes the *title rôle.* It is a comedy of modern life of almost the highest quality. It has a serious theme of commanding interest; it has virility, passion, movement, the tremendous energy of youth, a very modern atmosphere. It reflects life vividly and poignantly. It has a single theme, viz., What place can the man of inferior race aspire to occupy amongst the men and the women of the superior? Strongheart is the son of an Indian Chief, whose tribe has sent him to the white man's university to absorb the white man's education. Here he has made himself very popular as a student, a comrade, a sportsman, a gentleman. He is received socially; up to a certain point he stands on the same footing as the sons of white men, his daily associates. But he has fallen in love with a daughter of the dominant race, sister of one of his closest friends, and she returns his love. And here the "pale face" draws the line. "Thus far but no farther" is the unflinching answer to his dearest hope. From the white man he appeals to the woman and her love would dissolve the barrier. But there is more to be said. It is race against race, and his own people are as proud as the whites. They, too, hold him in pledge to abide by his own. They have educated him, trained him to lead them, and to them he belongs. To have made this conflict real—to have evolved it with convincing power, step by step, out of the wild hurly-burly of college life—to have, under such conditions, moulded a dramatic situation of absorbing interest, is a triumph for author and actors alike. It is essentially a masculine play—the women have little part in it, but the human element is profoundly deep and

Photo by [illegible] *Studios.*

MISS BEATRICE AGNEW AND MR. GERALD DU MAURIER.

In "Brewster's Millions." HICKS' THEATRE.

true and inevitably makes its mark. As for the acting, it is enough to refer to that extraordinary accomplishment of Mr. Robert Edeson (Strongheart) in the second Act, when, alone on the stage (excepting for the prostrate figure of an injured member of the football team), he is supposed to be watching the progress of the match which is taking place outside the scene. By sheer force of impassioned action and delivery he creates in those who listen so vivid a mental picture of the game that they catch fire from his heat and seem to see what only exists in his fervid imagination. The play may lack the distinction of laboured literary finish; it may be weak in ideality and played at times with too much frenzy, but it is human; it is vital; it is strenuous, and it triumphs. I hope America will give us many more of that ilk.

I question whether such a play as "The Truth," by Mr. Clyde Fitch, produced at the Comedy Theatre, with Miss Marie Tempest in the principal part, is ever really worth the writing or the producing. Let it be granted that it is smartly written and brilliantly acted, but the theme is nauseous, and yet we laugh over it with whole-hearted enjoyment. It is not art, however, to set up one of human nature's most detestable foibles as a theme for hilarity, nor is it art if "The Truth" be passed as legitimate because it has a didactic purpose—the purpose of teaching that lying brings its own punishment. Mrs. Becky Warder lies, as most people tell the truth, because it comes easier to her. She is a born liar. Once or twice the audience gasp, usually they laugh, and it is not a pretty spectacle, though I confess frankly that I laughed also. When I seriously asked myself afterwards why? it appeared evident that Mrs. Becky's tarradiddles became funny solely because of Miss Marie Tempest's artfully artless way of expressing them so that they appeared the irrepressible gaieties of a frankly disingenuous spirit. But take "The Truth" without Miss Tempest's distracting allurements, and what is it? It is merely a study of the grossest form of lying, not lying for a worthy purpose or to help another at the cost of one's own self-respect, but lying to cover up one's own sins and shortcomings, and to make that vulgarity the theme of a four-act comedy is not a venture that can be passed without a protest. However, so much said to clear the air, let it be admitted that Mr. Fitch has handled his theme adroitly. He has art and a keen perception of dramatic effect. I recall saying some months ago, apropos of another play by Mr. Clyde Fitch, that it was a great pity he, with so many qualities indispensable to the dramatist, did not give us something really great—that he appeared destined to fritter away his abilities on unworthy themes. "The Truth" is a confirmation of that judgment. His plays seem to lack a quality of manliness. His themes have an effeminate bloom on them. They are original, often audacious, and his plays are brilliantly constructed, and yet they disappoint us. We are always tempted to say—the man who wrote that play could write a really great play if he only would; but I am beginning to think that Mr. Clyde Fitch will never write a really great play, because he is so easily satisfied with a trivial theme. The production at the Comedy is indeed fortunate in the inclusion of Miss Tempest in the cast. Again she demonstrates the possession of consummate abilities for light comedy parts. She seems instinctively to say and do the right thing to give just that touch of perfect illusion the moment demands, which is to say that her technique is faultless.

"Brewster's Millions," which is being played at the Hicks' Theatre, is glorified farce—wholesome farce, without a tainted suggestion from start to finish. It has that whimsical quality that makes American wit so distinctive—an exaggerated association of ideas that are not only unrelated, but often repugnant, to each other. In every well-regulated mind the reckless squandering of a fortune is regarded as a vice, but in "Brewster's Millions" it is presented as a virtue. The play is one long joke, but a joke capable of such an infinite variety of facetious detail that it never tires or grows stale. The situation which

Photo by] *Mme. Lallie Charles.*

MISS GERTRUDE ROBINS.

As Millicent in "When Knights were Bold."—WYNDHAM'S THEATRE.

we are asked to accept as fact is peculiarly transatlantic in its bigness and its originality, and why it was thought necessary to "adapt" it to an English climate I am at a loss to understand. Why not have left it where it belongs, and as it was written—in its American setting? There it seemed at home, but with an English background the unreality of the whimsical situation on which the play is built stares us out of countenance. It is almost impossible to imagine an Englishman creating that situation or playing up to it in real life, but it is conceivable in America; anything is possible in America. However, the authors, or rather Mr. George Barr McCutcheon, who wrote the story which they have dramatised, manages to clothe the fantastic conception in a garment of plausibility, thin but sufficient for decency. The problem was how to make the imposed task of spending legitimately a quarter of a million in twelve months such a reasonable imposition as would not make either him who imposed it or him who undertook in cool blood to do it appear to be a lunatic. A little domestic history accomplishes the marvel, and Montgomery Brewster starts on his course of splendid extravagance without a stain on his mental character. It seems easy enough to spend £700 a day for a year. It has doubtless been done, and will be done again, but the author's ingenuity is shown in laying down certain conditions, such as that the money is not to be given away and no one is to be let into the secret. Couple the conditions with a fatal run of good luck, so that the most unlikely investments, the most hazardous risks invariably turn out money winners instead of losers, and an audience gradually acquires a breathless interest in the gamey fight against a too generous fortune. This interest the authors stimulate by many a whimsical conceit, as when Brewster bids his butler call a hansom. "Are you going out this evening, sir?" "No; but I've an engagement at nine to-morrow morning. Tell the man to wait." It is through such reversals of all the ordinary ways of life that the fun is created, and though it all lies in this one groove, it does not tire because the ingenuity of the authors suffices to give a piquant variety to the tribulations of the hero. Mr. Gerald du Maurier carries almost the whole burden of the piece as Monte Brewster. He has all the dash and spirit that the part requires, unfailing and indefatigable, a veritable "hustler," and playing with a mock seriousness infinitely diverting. He makes a captivating lover, too, and is charmingly seconded by Miss Beatrice Agnew.

The season of Shakespearean and modern drama, inaugurated in April at the Waldorf Theatre by Miss Julia Marlowe and Mr. E. A. Sothern, was a marked success. I mean an artistic success, of course, and it increased our hunger for a clever, all-round stock company in London, whose ability and sincerity would be sufficient guarantee for an evening's intellectual and artistic entertainment, whatever play might chance to be staged for that particular date; so that it should be sufficient to say—"Let us go to the Repertory Theatre to-night; whatever is on is sure to be good." I do not say by any means that the company at the Waldorf was an ideal repertory company. Too much was sacrificed to the stars to preserve a satisfactory balance. I only refer to the ability of the company to present a succession of plays and to vary the programme frequently. The chief plays given in the few works of the Sothern-Marlowe season were "Hamlet," "Romeo and Juliet," "Twelfth Night," "As You Like It," Hauptmann's "The Sunken Bell," Mr. Percy Mackaye's "Jeanne d'Arc," and Mr. Paul Kester's melodrama, "When Knighthood was in Flower," a series of dramas quite sufficient to test the powers of any company of artists—tragedy, comedy, the mystical and poetic, the historic and romantic, and the grandiose realms of melodrama. That the company stood this test as well as it did attests the histrionic versatility of its members, and in estimating its accomplishments as a whole, we must keep in mind the great range of character and theme it was called upon to present. We are so accustomed to uninterrupted runs

Photo by *Dover Street Studios.*

MISS EVIE GREENE.

of a duration at least sufficiently long for each actor and actress to settle into almost automatic interpretation of his or her part, that it is difficult to realise the hard work, the tax on the memory and the constant mental and physical re-adjustment necessary to present such a succession of plays as we have had at the Waldorf. Miss Marlowe is an exceedingly capable and sincere actress. Her interpretations are rather intellectually agreeable than emotionally impressive. She is academic, but not conventional since she has originality of method, and naturally she was not equally satisfactory in all of the many parts she essayed. In all, however, her conscientiousness and intellectual appreciation were indubitable. Her Rantendilein lacked spontaneous witchery, but it was filled with admirably studied effects to emphasise its elfish character. Her inventive powers were conspicuous in the Mary of Mr. Kester's drama, but perhaps the most satisfactory of all her performances was her Joan of Arc, though the play itself suffered from an absence of constructive unity. She was like one living in a dream communion with spiritual forces, with occasional rude awakenings to her physical environments as they pressed too harshly on mind or body. She conveyed truthfully the immense pathos of that simple heart and devoted life. Her Rosalind and Viola, again, display her acute intellectual study and originality of resource, but did not give us any of those great moments of transcendent emotion which are the prerogative only of the very highest artists; and much the same comment must be made of her Juliet and her Ophelia. Mr. Sothern is also rather the conscientious and painstaking than the inspired actor. His voice is somewhat monotonous in range and too frequently suggestive of weariness, but he never commits a dramatic indiscretion. Notwithstanding the frequent change of programme, every play was admirably mounted, not over-elaborated fortunately, and in truth the entire season demonstrated how effectively a series of stage pictures can be presented without wearying an audience with waits or submerging the real interest of drama in superfluous display. Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe may always be sure of a sincerely hearty welcome in London.

In "Mr. George," produced at the Vaudeville, Mr. Louis N. Parker has given us a charming comedy, which, if not an American play, is American in its setting and, to a considerable extent, in its atmosphere. But it is to the America of nearly a century and a half ago that he takes us, and to Boston, in in the Colony of Massachusetts, the very hot-bed of the seditious (or patriotic) spirit which laid the corner stone of the strenuous republic of to-day—to Boston in the days of the "Mohawk" conspiracy and the tea-fight off Long Wharf. The times are electric and the play is pervaded by the intense emotions roused by the political crisis. The London mercantile firm of Perceval and March has long had a Boston branch, managed by the junior partner, John March. Communication between the two houses was slow in those days, and when the play opens March is expecting every moment the appearance of his partner from London, whose arrival by the packet, which has just entered the harbour, was advised by letters received by the preceding mail. In the House Mr. Perceval was familiarly known as "Mr. George," and naturally his expected advent has created an intense interest. Finally, the momentous arrival is announced; the whole staff of the establishment is marshalled to receive the head of the firm, when in walks a dainty figure, clad in furs, the quintessence of feminine charm and beauty, in the person of Miss Perceval, daughter of the senior partner, compelled to take her father's place, owing to his sudden illness and death. She had been christened George, after the third King of that name, and her appearance is as much a surprise to the audience in the theatre as it is to John March and his *entourage*, so well has the author kept his secret until she comes on the stage. By this device of reticence, not carried too far, Mr. Parker happily compels the spectator to realise the amazement of March, of his spinster sisters and his

Photo by [*Dover Street Studios.*

MISS MAGGIE LOHR.

As Josette in "My Wife." HAYMARKET THEATRE.

clerical staff at this most unexpected vision, a justifiable exception to the dramatic canon that an audience should never be included in the mystification of the *dramatis personæ*. From this point onwards we foresee the inevitable tightening of the partnership bonds, a process not unduly delayed by certain plausible stumbling blocks, which the author puts in the way of the lovers, who are just ordinary human lovers, with the usual equipment of diffidence, jealousy, wilful blindness and fondness for self-torture, all of which give occasion for much mirth and a pleasant sense of suspense on the part of an audience. "Mr. George" is a charmingly simple, straight-forward, engaging comedy of the "bread-and-butter" school, a play for the *ingenué*, a reversion to light diet for the man a little weary of spiced meats. Into it Miss Billie Burke and Mr. Charles Hawtrey fit like twin voices in a madrigal. In truth they make the whole delicately amorous poem. Miss Billie Burke carries the sweet and tenuous melody in every movement and utterance, and Mr. Hawtrey is a very manly and vibrant second. We do not care much for the comic relief or the boisterous Mohawks or the "'Fore Gad" lover from overseas who, let us hope, was presently shot in the Concord fight. We have eyes and ears only for the gentle tale of love that Mr. Parker tells so bewitchingly and for the delightfully amiable pair who interpret it for him.

Though Mr. Bourchier's adaptation of M. Henri Lavedan's "The Duel" has been withdrawn from the stage of the Garrick after a comparatively short run, it demands attention, both because the original was so enthusiastically received in Paris and because the adaptation fell so far short of that success in London. It would be absurd to say that a drama of serious import, involving spiritual problems of the highest and most permanent human interest, and not involving an accomplished act of marital infidelity, has no interest for an English audience, and it would also be absurd to say that the changes made by Mr. Bourchier potently injure the dramatic fabric as it left the hands of M. Lavedan. Furthermore, the play was most admirably interpreted by the Garrick Company. Mr. Bourchier was an impressive Father Daniel, effectually interpreting the subtler phases of the character; Miss Vanbrugh, while never so convincing in strong emotional parts as in the less exigeant, but, in their way, no less difficult impersonations of the cryptic society dame, gave a strong rendering of the Duchess of Severn; Mr. Cyril Keightley supplied a satisfactory portrait of the suave man of the world in whom passion may easily rise to a domineering and blinding flood; while the Bishop Boleyn of Mr. Sidney Valentine was one of the most finished and gracious performances I can recall on the London stage. What, then, worked against the play? It seems to me there is no answer but in the ridiculously narrow scruples of British orthodoxy—in our insular inability to conceive of or allow for a religious habit outside our own contracted customs of thought and action. It was a mistake, no doubt, to transfer the setting from France to England. The temperaments, conditions, religious attitude in M. Lavedan's play are essential French, and I fancy a British audience would have been disposed to greater leniency towards the unusual if it had been left with the foreign label on it. Of course, that merely means that we are too Philistine to be just or even broad minded. To have the spiritual efficacy of confession and priestly guidance visibly and audibly inculcated in a dramatic fiction under an English sky is too much for our quaintly tremulous orthodoxy to endure. How strange it is that, while religion is the father and mother of drama, we in this country are so divorced from art that we cannot tolerate an act of religious observance on the stage. Nothing but this false sentiment could have militated against the success of "The Duel."

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MISS ALEXANDRA CARLISLE AND MR. HENRY AINLEY.

In "The Royal Family." DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.

The crow inquired, "O comrade deer! who is this stranger?"

HINDU TALES AND FABLES.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE SANSKRIT BY HENRY FRANCIS.)

V.

ON GREEDINESS.

FOR, "*From the pleasure of eating food, that alone is the cause of misfortune.*

"*From the snares set by a jackal a deer was rescued by a crow.*"

The Rajah inquired: "How was that?"

The courtier replied

"There is in South Behar a large wood full of champæa trees. Therein for a long time a deer and crow dwelt with great friendship. Now the deer, wandering about at his pleasure, frisky and fat limbed, was spied by a certain jackal.

"Beholding the deer, the jackal thought: 'Hah! How much I should like to eat the delicate flesh of the deer. Let be! First let me gain its confidence!'

"Thus having planned he approached and said: 'Friend! Prosperity to thee.'

"The deer replied: 'Who art thou?'

"The jackal answered: 'A jackal am I, in this wood, without friends or relations; like one dead, solitary I live. Now, if I gained your honour's friendship, I enter into a new living world, therefore I desire to be your attendant at all times!'

"The deer replied: 'So be it!'

"When at length the sun descended below the western mountain the deer and the jackal went to the deer's resting place.

"There on the branch of a champæa tree, a crow, named Good-sense, an old friend of the deer's, took up his abode.

"The crow inquired: 'O comrade deer, who is this stranger?'

"The deer replied: 'A jackal who desires my friendship.'

"The crow said: '*Friend! To no one without consideration should confidence be granted at once.*

"'*To one of unknown family or character on no account should residence be given.*

"'*From the evil acts of a cat, Ierngdavah, a vulture, was killed.*'

"The deer asked how it happened, and the crow told the story of

"THE CAT AND THE VULTURE.

"There is near the Ganges bank a hill, called the Vulture's peak, and therein grows a large banyan tree. In a hole in that tree, through fate's hard doom, deprived of beak and talons by age, lived an old vulture, named lerngdavah. Now, the birds that frequented that tree, pitying the vulture's condition, gave it for sustenance of their own food, here a little, there a little. By this means it sustained life.

"Now, on a certain occasion a cat, Long Ears by name, came roaming there, looking out for a bird's young ones. They, seeing him approach, from fear cried out and made a great hullibulloo. The noise being heard by the vulture, he exclaimed: 'Who comes there?'

"Long Ears, seeing the vulture, with terror said to himself: 'Alas! Slain I am! Still, is it not written, "*One should not fear a danger, so long as that danger is not at hand. But if that danger should come close, one should act according to circumstances.*" Now, having come here, I cannot run away. What then ought to be done, let that be done. Heartless one I approach.'

"Thus, having thought, the cat moved forward and said: 'Great sir, thee I salute!'

"The vulture said: 'Who art thou?'

"Long Ears replied: 'I am a cat?'

"The vulture exclaimed: 'Ah! Evil-minded one! Be off! Go to a distance at once; if not, slain by me thou wilt be!'

"The cat replied: 'First hear what I have to say, then if I should die, let me be killed. For, *Is any one killed merely because of his kind, or should he be honoured?*

"'*His conduct being scrutinised, let him be slain or otherwise.*'

"The vulture said: 'State of what profession thou art!'

"The cat replied: 'I have come here from the Ganges bank, where constantly bathing, never eating meat, performing the vow for a full moon's change, I live. Thus practising I stand before you. Your honour, as a religious person, is the object of love and confidence. The birds everywhere before me laud you and your multitude of good qualities; therefore by your honour's wisdom and experience pious knowledge is to be heard by me;

The cat said, "Not to injure others is the highest duty."

thus do I stand. Can it be that your worship being such a religious one raises his hand to kill me, the guest of one day? The duties of a host are thus declared:

"'*To an enemy coming to your house hospitality should be exercised. A tree does not withdraw its shade from the woodcutter coming to its side.*

"'*If there is not a morsel of food in a house then let a guest be honoured with courteous words.*

"'*Straw for a bed, room and water, and for a fourth, gentle speech. Of these in a house no good man ever refuses one.*

"'*Whether a child or a young man or a youth comes to the dwelling, to them reverence should be shown, but above all to a priest.*

"'*Even to worthless beings a good man practises charity. Truly the moon does not withdraw her light from the hut of the pariah.*

"'*If a destitute low man indeed comes to the house of the very highest caste as a guest, he should be honoured as is proper, thus satisfying all divinities.*'

"The vulture said: 'But cats are fond of meat; here are young ones of birds, hence I speak.'

"The cat hearing this, touched the ground and his two ears in token of an oath, and said: 'By me, with extinguished passions, the holy writings are studied, and this very difficult vow is observed. So that with others discussing the sacred law, there is unanimity in declaring that not to injure others is the highest duty.'

"Thus, talking over the vulture, the cat took up its abode in the banyan tree. Then going daily to the nests, he brought the young of the birds to the hole and ate them there. When the young ones were eaten, the old birds in great sorrow set on foot an inquiry.

"The cat from its hole, hearing of this investigation and noise, slipped out and ran away.

"Afterwards the birds, having sought here and there, found the bones of their young ones in the hole of the tree. Then having assembled, they declared that their young ones had been eaten by the vulture, and so killed him.

"Therefore I say:

"'*Not to everyone of an unknown character or family should shelter be given.*

"'*From the evil arts of a cat, Ierngdavah, the vulture, was killed.*'

"Hearing this tale, the jackal in great anger, said to the crow:

"'When first you saw this deer you must have been of a family unknown to him. Then how, up to now, has grown this great friendship between you except by friendly intercourses? For

"'*Where there is not a learned man, there even one of little intellect is praised.*

"'*In a country where there are no woods even a castor oil plant is looked upon as a great tree!*

"'*This one is a low person or a stranger! Such is the calculation of the narrow minded.*

"'*But with persons of generous hearts, the whole earth is one family.* So I say, because this deer wishes to call me a relative!'

"The deer said: 'Why all this bother? Why not all together, with pleasant conversation, let us rest happily! For

"'*Not because one is called a friend he is a friend, or an enemy an enemy.*

"'*By their acts friends are known, as also enemies.*'

"The crow muttered. 'So be it!'

"And in the morning each one according to his wish, went out as he pleased.

"Now one day, secretly, the jackal said to the deer, 'Comrade, in this very wood, a field full of corn is to be found. Thither I, leading you, will show it.'

"This having been done, the deer, going there every day, fed on the corn crop.

"Then the crop so grazed was perceived by the field owner and he set a snare.

"Afterwards, the deer, having gone there, was caught tight in the ropes of the snare and mourned within himself: 'Why am I thus caught by the black snare, with a fatal snare, without help from a friend?'

"But about that time the jackal arrived and seeing the state of affairs, thought to himself: 'Aha! my deceit plot has borne fruit, of my heart's wish abundant

The crow asked, "Where is the jackal?"

accomplishment there will be. For when this deer is cut up, flesh and blood-smeared bones surely there will be got.'

"The deer, seeing him, with delight called out, 'O comrade jackal, cut now my snare bonds, quickly deliver me For is it not said:

"'*One may know a friend in misfortune, in battle a hero, in debts an honest man, a wife when property is lost, in trouble a relation.*

"'*At a festival, in any trouble, in famine time, or a revolution—at the king's door, or at the cemetery, whoso stands near, he is a relation.*'

"The jackal having again and again eyed the snare bonds, thought to himself, 'Tight indeed is the deer caught!'

"But he said: 'Comrade deer! these snare ropes are made of hide, therefore to-day being a fast day, how can I bite them at present, with my teeth? O friend, on another occasion I can touch them; therefore in the morning as you desire, so shall be done!'

"Then retiring slyly to a short distance, silently that jackal stood.

"About this time, being towards evening, the crow finding the deer did not return, searched here and there, and at length, having discovered what had happened, called out to the deer: 'My comrade! what is this?'

"The deer replied: 'This is the fruit of slighting a friend's advice. For

"'*Whoso heeds not the advice of well wishing friends, when adversity is near he is a delighter of enemies.*'

"The crow asked: 'Where is the jackal?'

"The deer replied: 'Just there, looking out for my flesh, in hiding he stands.'

"The crow said: 'O friend, by me even before was said:

"'*Because a bad man speaks smooth words, that is no reason for granting him confidence.*

"'*On his tongue he carries honey, but in his heart he bears strychnine poison.*'

"Now, in the morning, the owner of the cornfield, stick in hand, coming to the land, was seen by the crow.

"Perceiving him clearly, the crow said: 'O comrade deer, pretend that thou art dead. Swell out thy stomach with wind like a dead beast, and remain with legs stiffened out. If I make a cawing noise, then rouse thyself, quickly jump up and run away as fast as you can!'

"The deer followed exactly the crow's advice. Then the owner of the field approaching, with eyes distended with joy at seeing the deer in that state, exclaimed, 'Of yourself you have died, have you?'

"Thus saying, the field owner loosened the snare ropes from the legs of the deer and threw them to one side. He then began to coil them up.

"Whilst he was thus engaged, the deer, hearing the crow make a cawing noise, sprang upon its feet and ran away as fast as it could. The field owner, in great disgust, threw his stick after the fleeing deer, but the stick missed the deer and hit the jackal, who was hiding near, and killed it.

"So it is said:

"'*In three years, or three months, or three fortnights, or three days, or at some time the fruit of virtue or of vice will surely be borne.*'

"Therefore I say:

"'*The pleasure of eating food is often the cause of misfortune.*

"'*From the snares caused by a jackal the deer was rescued by a crow.*'"

ROSETTE.

(*Translated from French of Philippe Desportes.*)

ROSETTE, since the day of your going,
How changed is the heart that was mine!
And I, your inconstancy knowing,
Have brought my own heart into line;
No longer such beauty has power
Upon me—a transient thirst;
And we'll see who'll repent of this hour,
Fickle Shepherdess, first!

While I in my grief am bewailing
Estrangement that parts me from you,
No doubt you're (from habit) regaling
Yourself with a lover or two.
A weathercock couldn't so quickly
Veer round, though the winds did their worst:
We shall see who'll repent and feel sickly,
Fickle Shepherdess, first!

Where then are the promises given
And sighings on saying "goodbye"?
Were the tears that you dropped then not driven
By heart's feeling into the eye?
The liar! Let no man allow her
His trust—or for ever be curst!—
We shall see who'll repent of this hour,
Fickle Shepherdess, first!

His love is not my love, who's taken
What once was a true lover's place;
And she for whom *you* are forsaken
Excels you in faith as in face:
Go, cultivate friendship's new flower;
Mine shall bloom and not fade as of erst;
And we'll see who'll repent of this hour,
Fickle Shepherdess, first!

A. C. OSBORNE.

THE FATE OF MRS. SMITH.

By JUSTINIA MOORE.

"I LOVE you, dear one, will you be my wife?"

The question had been growing to its birth for a week, and was given to the world on the fairest day in all the year.

It was mid-June, "the time of roses, and the longest day." The heights of Cliveden, robed in many-shaded green, cast a verdant reflection into the burnished bosom of the flowing Thames. The sky burnt like an enamelled shield, and the royal sun blazed down his appointed path towards his couch in the west.

In the towns, the pavements burnt, and the air quivered with the summer heat. A new-born love would surely have died amid the roar and reek of a city; but out in the Thames Valley, where the cool river murmured all day, and the nightingales trilled and jugged all night; where faint breezes fluttered the leaves and swung the heavy-headed roses—Nature's censers—the tiny love grew hourly and waxed stronger, drawing the maiden and the man closer and closer together, till, on that perfect afternoon, their hands met, and the man spoke.

"I love you, dear one, will you be my wife?"

The birds above twittered, and the river below sang, but the girl's heart stood still, and her face grew as white as her gown.

Philip Tressider saw the creeping pallor of her fair cheeks.

"Dorinda, darling, have I frightened you? Have I spoken too soon? Forgive me if I have; but, indeed, I thought you cared—a little."

Dorinda Vane raised herself from the scarlet punt cushions amid which she had flung herself with lazy abandonment an hour ago. She had thrown aside her hat, and the sunshine filtering through the leaves struck golden notes from among the tangles of her ruffled curls.

She pushed the hair back from her forehead as she sat upright.

"You have not frightened me, Philip, but I was wishing you had not spoken," her voice sank to a faint whisper, and a hot blush overwhelmed the pallors of her face—"for—I do care—a great deal."

A look of passionate joy swept across his handsome bronzed features.

"And for that sweet reason you will be my wife?" he cried, eagerly.

She laid one hand, small and very white, and innocent of rings, across his smiling mouth, and shook her head sorrowfully.

"And for that reason—which to me is bitter—I cannot marry you."

"Dorinda! Why? I adore you, and you say you love me. What reason can there be against our marriage?"

For answer she laid one hand upon his coat sleeve. Well cut, well worn, well

brushed as the garment was, it was more than ordinarily threadbare. No one but a millionaire or a very poor man would have worn such a coat.

Then, with a gesture, she indicated her shabby little frock, her sailor hat, trimmed with a scrap of cheap blue ribbon, her mended shoes.

Philip Tressider caught her meaning at once, but he was not beaten yet. Other men as poor as he had won wives, so why not he?

"I am poor—bitterly, cruelly poor," he cried. "When my father died burdened with debts of honour, he little guessed the terrible legacy I should take upon myself. But, darling, another year or so and they will be discharged, and I hope to get my company in a few months. And with you by my side I should struggle through to better times."

"Listen to me, Philip," said Dorinda, a weariness creeping into her voice, and a tired, worn look shadowing the glories of her violet eyes; "till we met here at the Marchants' a week ago, you knew nothing of me. Oh, yes; I know you took me down to dinner at the Kynastons', and danced with me twice—you see, I remember—at Lady Newbold's dance. But all that counts for nothing. We were almost strangers till a week ago. You've seen me in a white muslin frock at a dance, and in a white cotton frock on the river. I dare say you have never noticed the difference between my white gowns and those of other girls. Men don't know that muslins and cottons are equally the badge of wealth and of poverty. The Marchants are old friends of mine, and they insist on my staying here with them every year for a fortnight before their smart set come. You would see how poor I was if I were among other girls."

"Dorinda! I won't believe that the shabbiness of your gowns or my coats can influence you in this matter."

"Heavens forbid!" cried the girl, sadly. "But let me finish. Perhaps you don't know that at home—ah! Philip, if you could see my home, you would pity me." A sob caught her throat, but she forced herself to go on. "There is no mother there, she died eight years ago, but there are two girls—one so pretty, Philip—and three boys, all so good and dear—and then—there is—my father."

One glance at her face, scorched by a blush of shame, told him the rest.

"I understand—go on," he said.

"I want to get the girls away from home before they are any older, and the boys have to be put to something. They are good now—but the example——" she sighed. "The man who marries me must be able to help them. Oh! my love, don't make it too hard for me! I am the eldest. I am pretty. I must do the best for them. I must try to marry a man with money."

She bowed her head upon her knees, and a passion of sobs shook her frame for a moment. Then she faced Philip and —the future. She was deadly pale, and her eyes glittered, but her voice was steady—

"Take me back, please. I am rather tired."

He rose without a word, shoved the punt from beneath the overhanging woods, and sent it gliding down stream.

* * *

It was just such another afternoon three years later, when Sir Philip Tressider landed at Folkestone Harbour.

In face he was a thought thinner, perhaps a shade more bronzed; otherwise time had passed him by unchanged. But Dame Fortune had played queer tricks with his life. Fame had come to him through his profession; rank and riches through his family. Now he was returned from India on leave, and was going to stay with friends at the place where he had landed.

Suddenly a voice, sweet and gay, cried—

"Why, it's Philip Tressider; don't you remember me?"

He looked down, and saw the girl he loved best in the world.

"Dorinda!" he cried, and clapsed her two small hands within his own. "You! how happy to meet! I have but just arrived—and you?——"

"I live here, and you must come and see me. There's my home," and she waved her hand towards one of a terrace of high white houses.

As she did so he looked at her, and at once noted that times with her, as with him, had bettered. Her lovely figure was moulded into a gown elaborate with lace and embroideries, an airy bonnet of the daintiest construction was perched above her golden locks

He showed the punt from beneath the overhanging woods.

"May I come and see you to-morrow?" he asked eagerly.

"I shall be so glad if you will," she answered, smiling deliciously into his eyes.

The next moment he caught a glimpse of his friends Colonel and Mrs. Dorian, and hastily taking leave of Dorinda, struggled through the crowd to them. That night at dinner Mrs. Dorian spoke across the table to where, behind an embankment of flowers and lights, her husband sat.

"I met Mrs. Smith to-day. That horrid husband of hers is coming out again."

"Oh, how quite too awful!" lisped a little woman, with rouged cheeks and a very *décolletée* bodice, who sat at Tressider's right hand. "Mrs. Smith says he is quite quiet now. Indeed, it seems he can't help being so. The brain disease has affected the spine, and he is helpless."

"How ghastly!" said the *décolletée* lady, with a shudder.

"It's a mercy for his poor wife," growled a man across the table.

"Why?" said Tressider, to keep the conversation going.

"Well, Jack Smith used to be a very good fellow," explained Colonel Dorian, "till his father died. A restraining influence was lost with him; and Jack dropped into money and bad habits at the same time. Folkestone is not above a bit of gossip, and in a couple of years the women hereabouts thought twice before they bowed to young Smith in the streets.

"Then he married such a lovely girl. She's quite a 'lioness' in Folkestone circles; you must meet her, Tressider. She was a Londoner, and I fancy knew nothing about him save that he was rich. Jack put on the brake for the first three months of married life—had his wife's family to stay with him, and seemed quite domesticated. But that period of suppression only made him worse, and the man became a brute."

"Why didn't they suppress him?" said Tressider.

"Well they did; but not till he had chased his wife all over the house with an open razor. He went raving mad."

"And now he's coming out again?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Dorian; "but he is quite harmless now, merely idiotic." Then she nodded to the *décolletée* lady, and all rose from the table.

Next day the hours were all too long till Sir Philip found himself outside the house that held Dorinda.

"Is Miss Vane at home?" he inquired.

"No one of that name lives here" said the smart maid.

"Perhaps next door?"

"I think not, sir," rejoined the servant, adding, "but my mistress, Mrs. Smith, may know."

At that moment Dorinda herself flashed like a sun-ray into the hall, and drew him into a dainty little boudoir.

"But, Dorinda!" Philip cried, laughing at her impetuosity. "They told me you didn't live here. A Mrs. Smith——"

"I am Mrs. Smith!" said Dorinda, simply.

The story he had heard last night flashed back to him, but he thrust it from him.

The name was so ordinary, it was impossible that this fair thing could be the sport of so cruel a fate.

"But not Mrs. Jack Smith?" he cried eagerly.

She gave a gesture of assent, then her self-control gave way, and she abandoned herself to his arms and wept upon his breast.

But during the three weeks that remained to her of freedom and of happiness she never again yielded to her misgivings and her fears. And after the final meeting between herself and Philip, she wrote:—

"I love to know you care for me. Your affection is the one live thing in my dead life—the single flower within my desert heart. But, Philip—my Philip, and I call you so for the last time, our ways lie apart. They only touched for those few dear hours at Maidenhead. My duty lies here, as the wife of a sorely afflicted man who took me and mine from poverty.

"Your way, Philip, lies out in the world. Dear heart, no woman can ever love you as I do now, but the least loving of wives will be your glory.

"I should only be your shame. Kiss me once, and once again; now farewell for ever."

A month later Sir Philip received a letter from Colonel Dorian:—

"Folkestone, August.—Dear Tressider,—When are you coming to look us up again? Heaps of your old friends are down here, and the weather is lovely. By the bye, we have had rather a shock just recently. You remember Mrs. Smith, I dare say. In fact, my wife always thinks you were taken with her pretty face and golden hair. The poor little woman is dead. That wretched husband of hers managed to drag himself to her bedside one night last week and smothered her with her own pillows. There was no reason for the act, of course; for she was the most dutiful of wives. The funeral was yesterday. Every one was there, and heaps of flowers. Yours always, FRED DORIAN."

Sir Philip Tressider read the letter twice, but the second time the words swam in a mist. "Poor little Dorinda!"

MONTHLY MATTERS MUSICAL.

By GEORGE CECIL.

CHARITY CONCERTS: THE OPERA: THE COMING MOODY-MANNERS SEASON: WANTED—ANOTHER DE PACHMANN: ARE WE A MUSICAL RACE? SUGGESTED—A "CLOSE TIME" FOR MODERN ENGLISH COMPOSERS: SIGNOR LE CONTE'S RECITAL: A WUNDERKIND: THE MISSES SASSARD.

Charity Concerts.

CHARITY concerts seldom repay the trouble spent in attending them. At the average entertainment one is confronted with the rag, tag, and bobtail of aspirants —whom Providence has not intended to be associated with music. But during the summer several instrumentalists and singers of the first rank may be heard thereat. In this connection my trustworthy deputy writes:—"M. Johannes Wolff is giving a concert at the Æolian Hall, on July 1st, for the benefit of the Church Army. Princess Christian and her daughters will be present, and some of the best-known artists will contribute to the programme. M. Wolff is having a very busy season between London and Paris, his engagements at public and private concerts running, sometimes, two and three deep a day." Interesting, too, will be the "benefit" which M. Louis Hillier is getting up at His Majesty's Theatre on July 2nd, in aid of the Benevolent Fund of the Foreign Press Association.

The Opera.

According to one of the most respected of the Covent Garden dressers, "everything is O. K." Crowded houses listen entranced to Signor Caruso's most mellifluous voice; Signor Scotti's Marcello is one of the features of "La Bohème"; and Mlle. Destinn's reputation is enhanced almost each time that she appears. Mme. Donalda, as Violetta, has sung the delightful phrases commencing "Ditte alla giovinne" in a manner which recalls the skill of her distinguished predecessors, and her treatment of the last page of the duet for Mimi and Rodolfo lingers pleasantly in the memory of the experienced critic. The *rentrée* of Signor Sammarco as Tonio also has been an event of operatic importance, for none can sing the Prologue with such beauty of tone as he; and Mme. De Cisneros, fresh from her New York successes, again is one of the company's prominent members.

The coming Moody-Manners Season.

The Moody-Manners Opera Company shortly opens its London season at the Lyric. The *repertoire* includes "Faust," "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," "The Merry Wives of Windsor,"—in which Mlle. Zélie de Lussan, as Mrs. Ford, displays her wonted charm—"Il Trovatore," "Carmen," and a dozen other works whose popularity is assured. Mr. Manners's list also contains a number of operas which he has most sportingly

MLLE. ZÉLIE DE LUSSAN, WHO WILL SING DURING THE COMING MOODY-MANNERS SEASON AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.

A CARICATURE BY M. DE CISNEROS, WHOSE WIFE, MADAME DE CISNEROS, IS ENGAGED AT COVENT GARDEN.

produced from time to time—to find that a besotted public prefers "Maritana" and other masterpieces of the "Idiot Boy, or Dumb but Innocent" type. It is, however, to be hoped Londoners will remember that Madame Fanny Moody's Mignon is amongst the season's attractions, and that such works as "Robert the Devil," "L'Etoile du Nord," and other alleged "old-fashioned" operas are part of their operatic education. Mr. Manners's enterprise is without limit; but if his patrons support only well-worn works, he cannot be expected to throw away money on new productions and interesting revivals. The company includes Mme. de Vere—whose singing of "D'Amor sull' ali rosée" is worth going a considerable distance to hear; Mr. Ludwig—whose impersonation of the title-*rôle* in "The Flying Dutchman" is one of the most satisfying the English stage can offer, Miss Rosina Beynon—a contralto who should attain eminence in her profession, Mr. Joseph O'Mara, and Mr. Lewys James — a baritone who lately has learnt to exercise a judicious restraint over his agreeable voice. With Signor Sapio as conductor of the French and Italian operas, and Herr Eckhold in charge of the Wagner and other German works, a desirable *ensemble* should result.

Wanted—Another De Pachmann.

M. de Pachmann's departure has left in the breasts of his admirers an aching void. Herr Backhaus and others play Chopin delightfully enough—but none can approach the inimitable absentee. Perhaps during M. de Pachmann's absence his equal may be found. Here is a chance for both hairy aliens and well-groomed Britons.

Are we a Musical Race?

The English Illustrated's contemporaries continually inquire "Are we over-eating ourselves?"; "Do we sleep too little?" and "Are we not clever?" Following their lead, we ask:—"Are we a musical race?" As a matter of fact, there is no country in the world in which so much bad singing is allowed and so many appalling songs are published, though a good instrumentalist usually gains applause galore—if few guineas. The Berlin Komische Opera Company, which has been giving "The Tales of Hoffmann" at the Adelphi, has every reason to consider us unmusical. In spite of its music being charming, and, in several instances, extremely well sung, the opera received the poorest support imaginable. An unusually inane "musical comedy" with a cast of uneducated, sheep-faced women and half-a-dozen overdressed actors can attract the mixed mob; a work which appeals to an intelligent Berliner is wasted on the alleged musical Briton. Readers are invited to contribute

their ideas upon this engrossing subject.

Suggested—A "Close Time" for Modern English Composers.

With scarcely a single exception, there is no need for modern English composers; they are as unnecessary as new Peers. Paisiello and Grétry have composed exquisite things which were almost unknown in this benighted country till Mr. Thomas Beecham—and the New Symphony Orchestra—introduced them. Cherubino, Mèhul, and a dozen others, have given us operas in which the most enchanting vocal numbers are to be found, and the orchestral violin and piano compositions of their contemporaries are unapproached by the music-mongers of to-day. It is suggested that the powers-that-be prohibit alleged composers from publishing their efforts — until there arises, say, another Mozart.

Mr. Delmar-Williamson's Recital.

Mr. Delmar-Williamson's vocal recital provided an appreciative audience with a highly agreeable entertainment, and Miss Florence A. Freeman's singing contributed in no small measure to the success of the concert. If Miss Freeman (who is a new comer) continues as well as she has begun, the concert platform will have gained a welcome recruit.

Greig's Visit.

Greig is to visit England—to conduct his piano concerto at the Leeds Festival in October, the pianist being Percy Grainger. After this Festival Mr. Grainger goes on tour, preparatory to giving recitals in Paris and Copenhagen.

Signor Leconte's Recital.

Signor Leconte's artistic singing always is an agreeable relief to the strenuous methods which prevail in these isles. When he announces a recital, one knows that the programme will contain songs by composers of note, and that he will be heard to advantage in them. Upon the occasion of his recent recital he displayed a control of voice and a command of colour which enabled him to do justice to the music.

A new Child 'Cellist.

Writes my deputy:—"Miss Beatrice Harrison, who recently made her *début* at Queen's Hall, is that rare person—a child 'cellist. She is only just fourteen years old, but her playing is already most remarkable, and her tone and technique place her on a level with players many years her senior. She is studying with Mr. W. E. Whitehouse, and under his tuition she won a valuable prize at a musical institution when she was only ten-and-a-half and had been learning the 'cello eighteen months. This feat she performed against 4,000 competitors—senior and junior!"

The Misses Sassard.

The Misses Sassard's recent recital afforded such pleasure to an intelligent audience, that their next venture should

SIGNOR SIMONETTI—OF THE LONDON TRIO.

prove particularly welcome. Duets by Purcell and Brahms cannot be heard too often, while Emil Sjögren's "Il pleut du Printemps" and Dargomijsky's "Dearest Little Maiden" are well worth including in the next programme. It is artists such as the Misses Sassard who make concert-going a pleasure.

MODERN FASHIONS

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THE AWAKENING OF GALATEA. Herbert Schmalz.

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THE

English Illustrated Magazine.

AUGUST, 1907.

THE IMAGINATION IN ART.

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WHILE no art worthy the name is independent of the imaginative faculty—since even the work of the realist is, if it have vitality, much more than a slavish copy of Nature—there is a sense in which imagination enters into certain compositions that is not included in the ordinary acceptance of the phrase—the Imagination in Art. It is in that special sense that we use the expression as the title of this article. The paintings here presented to our readers are of the class in which the human interest dominates the subject. Whether the picture "tells a story" or presents a phase of ordinary human life—whether the figures wear a modern or an earlier garb—whether the artist seeks to realise a more or less dramatic episode in history or fable, or conceives a pictorial expression of joy or sorrow, of youth or age, of love or hate, in any case the primary source of his inspiration is the imaginative faculty. It is in the imagination that his picture first takes shape. Background, models, atmosphere may be the choice of a conscious selection, but back of them, and directing all, is the picture in the mind's eye.

In every such picture, as we have said, the human interest dominates. Instinctively the mind of the spectator searches for the key to the emotion, for the interpretation and the meaning; traces back in imagination the antecedents to the scene depicted or surrounds it with a glowing wealth of memories, or, at least, reads into the painting the emotions which gave life to the painter's conception and subtle direction to the work of his hand. Let us see how far some modern paintings, taken from this year's Royal Academy Exhibition, justify this definition.

As a frontispiece to this number of the ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE we have taken Mr. Herbert Schmalz's picture, "The Awakening of Galatea." The subject is among the most fascinating of romantic legends. Pygmalion, a sculptor of Cyprus, carved in ivory the figure of a beautiful woman. So great a contempt for women had he that he had vowed never to marry, but he fell deeply in love with his own statue, and besought Venus to endow the figure with life. She granted his prayer. Galatea, for so the statue was named, became a

living woman, and Pygmalion married her. Poet, composer, and dramatist have used the story. Most of us have doubtless seen Mr. Gilbert's amusing fantasy, "Pygmalion and Galatea"; there is an opera by Cherubini on the same subject, and William Morris enshrined it in his "Earthly Paradise." There is a poetic significance in the legend, since it was doubtless meant to symbolise the passionate love of the artist for the creation of his imagination. In the painting by Mr. Schmalz the moment chosen is just as the vitalising rays of light fall on the statue, and Galatea slowly awakes from the torpor of death to the wonder of life. Pygmalion falls on his knees in speechless joy and gratitude.

MR. W. E. GLADSTONE SOLOMON.

One of the notable pictures of this year's Academy has been Mr. W. E. Gladstone Solomon's romantic painting of "Sir Launcelot Defending Queen Guinevere." Sir Mordred and his followers are pressing towards the door of the chamber, and against the light of their torches Sir Launcelot's unharnessed figure stands defiantly blocking the entrance, sword in hand, tense and alert, one against many, but equal to the encounter. The terrified queen, in robes of white and gold, half kneeling at the altar and grasping a crucifix, turns her face, in an agony of dread and suspense towards her defender. The situation is conceived and depicted with fine imaginative fervour. The rich robes of the queen, the cold grey of stone, the ruddy gleam of torchlight and the eddying smoke, the stern and bloody combat—all present such vivid contrasts in colour that, combined with the appeal to our romantic sympathies, the result as a work of art is in a high degree stimulating and impressive.

Mr. Solomon was born in Capetown

SIR LAUNCELOT OF THE LAKE DEFENDING QUEEN GUINEVERE.

W. E. Gladstone Solomon.

in 1880, and is, therefore, still one of the younger group of painters. He commenced his art education in 1898 as a pupil of Mr. A. S. Cope, A.R.A., and of Mr. J. Watson Nicol. Later he entered the Academy schools, where, I believe, he carried off more prizes than can be placed to the credit of any other single student. As a matter of fact, he took every prize and medal possible, except those for landscape painting, including the Armitage prize for a composition sketch, the prize for a sketch for the decoration of a public building, and the Gold Medal and Travelling Scholarship for an historical painting. He has been an exhibitor at the Academy for the past five years. He was married in 1906, and combined his wedding tour with his travels as holder of the Travelling Scholarship, visiting Paris, Rome, Florence, Venice and other art centres of Europe. Since his return to London he has devoted himself to painting historical subjects and to portraiture, among his sitters having been General Louis Botha and Sir Richard Solomon.

ORNATRIX. G. Lawrence Bulleid.

The splendour of Rome at the zenith of her artistic and sensuous life has dominated the imagination of Mr. G. Lawrence Bulleid in his choice of subjects and of study, and his latest picture,

"Ornatrix," is an admirable example of his work in this field. In a Roman interior, whose marble-panelled walls gleam with a cool radiance, sits a young girl, her fair face silhouetted against the creamy wall. She sits before her polished metal mirror, while a slave girl finishes the adornment of her person. A bowl so filled with roses that a part of its contents have overflowed on the marble tiling rests on the floor. There is a glimpse through an opening into the sun-bathed court of the luxurious dwelling. The scene is delightfully cool and restful, with a suggestion of tropical heat without. We are in the home of a wealthy and noble Roman, a person of taste and refinement, whose daughter is his pride and pet. Every detail of the picture, the mosaic pavement, the mural decoration, the furniture, the ornaments, the dress, has evidently been carefully studied at first hand, and a ripe and sympathetic imagination has supplied the appropriate atmosphere of truthfulness that makes the picture convincing to the spectator. We are prepared to learn that Mr. Bulleid has given much time to a study of Italian antiquities in Rome and Naples, and the many

MR. WILLIAM LLEWELLYN.

MR. G. LAWRENCE BULLEID.

public and private collections of those cities and their neighbourhoods. He was born at Glastonbury in 1858, and as his father was a solicitor he was naturally educated for the same profession, for which he qualified and passed the final examination with honours. His personal preference, however, had always been for painting as a life-work, and he finally abandoned the law for art, for which he was trained chiefly at Hatherley's School. He is an Associate of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours.

Although portraiture chiefly engages the attention of Mr. William Llewellyn, he is fond of landscape work, and rarely does he let a summer pass without devoting at least a part of it to that branch of art. He was a member of the R.B.A. when Whistler was its president, and has also been a member of the Institute, of the New English Art Club, and of the Pastel Society, but at the present time he is connected only with the Society of 25 Painters and the Society of Portrait Painters. He became a student at South Kensington in 1880, when Sir E. J. Poynter was the principal. A few years later he went to Paris and worked under Ferdinand Cormon, Lefebre, and Ferrier. He has exhibited at the Paris Salon and many international exhibitions abroad, as well as being a regular exhibitor at the Royal Academy, the New Gallery, and the principal provincial exhibitions in England. One of Mr. Llewellyn's Academy

pictures this year, "La Belle Cuisinière," has both the quality of portraiture and of *genre*, and is altogether a delightful picture. The natural pose of the young and pretty cook, the alluring, but unconscious, eyes, the fleeting smile, the attentive gaze, as if the girl had paused in her work to listen to some irresponsible banter or chaffing badinage, are rendered with admirable verve and no less admirable discretion. The still life in the picture not only serves to indicate her occupation, but to emphasise the significance of the pause, and also to introduce the relief of varied colour. The great, old-fashioned, big-bodied wine bottle gives off prismatic hues, and, at the same time, affords a contrast to the girl's youthfulness and heightens the charm of her freshness and modernity. The background, too, with its small latticed window and antique furniture dimly seen, is conceived and executed with subtle skill to throw into strong relief this adolescent charm in the figure. It is a picture of which one, who feels the immortal beauty of youth, could never tire.

LA BELLE CUISINIÈRE. William Llewellyn.

Mr. Henry J. Stock's imaginative painting, which is inscribed in descriptive phrase "God and the Man Child," inevitably recalls Michael Angelo's "Creation"

on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, where with outstretched hand the Deity appears to be sending man forth to his destiny. Whether Mr. Stock's conception has been inspired by the master's great painting or not, here the attitude and expression are rather suggestive of a father's love and protection, a yearning over the babe destined to as much misery as happiness before the mortal shall again partake of immortality. The child is a delightful expression of innocent babyhood, a symbol of sinlessness and the peaceful slumber of manhood unconscious of its future, while the figure of the Deity exemplifies might, wisdom, foreknowledge, no less than pity and love. It is a painting that well deserves, and will repay, study, and that whether one reads into it little or much of symbolic meaning. It has a significance for the most materialistic philosopher as for the most spiritual minded pietist. We might know from the internal evidence afforded by this picture alone that its author did not hold with the realistic school of this age, had we not his own assurance in confirmation. Two-thirds of modern painting are, in his judgment, nothing but a clever record of the outside aspect of Nature, and the cleverer the record the more harmful to public taste and the true purpose of art. The painting that reproduces Nature with photographic fidelity is, by the large majority, ranked as a masterpiece, and the closer the copy the greater the masterpiece in the opinion of such critics, who leave out of consideration largeness of thought or "soul."

MR. HENRY J. STOCK.

GOD AND THE MAN CHILD. Henry J. Stock.

Mr. Stock was born in London, but a considerable part of his childhood was spent in Beaulieu, in Hampshire, which was then innocent of railway lines and station—a spot where Nature had her own way, little disturbed by the strenuous life of to-day. He accounts this, no doubt justly, a fortunate circumstance, since his was to be an artistic career, for the impressions

L. Campbell Taylor.

THE REHEARSAL.

which Nature makes upon a sensitive mind early in life are more completely absorbed and assimilated than is possible later. He left school at a fairly early age, 14, and after a year or two became a student at the Royal Academy. When his first picture was exhibited in the Academy he was only about 21 years old. Mr. Stock has been a member of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours for many years. He is also a member of the Institute of Oil Painters and honorary member of the Society of Miniaturists. He has been for some time engaged in painting portraits for the Grillion's Club.

Mr. L. Campbell Taylor's versatility of interest and of study is the first thought that strikes us on comparing his pictures in this year's Academy. What contrasts between his early Victorian group in "The Rehearsal," his "Young Knight" in full armour going presumably from his solemn dedication to his first deed of arms, and the wind-swept "Place St Etienne," with its homely figures and surroundings. This breadth of interest Mr. Campbell Taylor has shown ever since he came into public notice with his "The Sentinel," which was purchased by Sir John Aird at the private view of the Academy Exhibition. During the years since then—not many, for the artist is now but in his thirty-third year—he has painted quaint Japanese heroes of the olden times, mediæval romance, peaceful watersides and placid fishermen; he has painted portraits, and successfully; he has given us crowded canvases of fantastic quality like his "Old King Cole" and has challenged the realistic school in such a painting as "Margate Harbour." It would appear that every phase of life appeals to his sympathies, and that every school of art finds a receptive corner somewhere in his wide and open mind. As a colourist, his range of sympathetic vision is hardly to be bounded. In "The Rehearsal" the tones are gray and brown in harmony with the types of men and women and what we may call the temperament of the

THE PRISONER. Bernard F. Gribble.

THE YOUNG KNIGHT. L. Campbell Taylor.

MR. JOHN A. LOMAX.

subject depicted. They are probably rehearsing a Bach Fugue! But in "The Young Knight" we pass at once into a totally different atmosphere, physical and spiritual. Here is the romance of hot youth, the presage of high deeds, the stepping forth from the benediction of the Church to all the waiting possibilities of a noble career—to love, to battle, to achievement. The sun pours its greeting through the stained windows in a flood of colour as rich and varied and tangled as the meshes of existence itself—is reflected from his burnished armour, and falls like a burst of triumphant music even on the tomb of the dead knight, an inspiring promise of glory to the youth whose face is turned to the effigy.

The first bent of Mr. Campbell Taylor's ambition was in the direction of architecture as a profession, but art proved the stronger magnet eventually, and he commenced his studies in the school founded by John Ruskin. Then he left Oxford, his birthplace, and came up to London, joining an art school in St. John's Wood, afterwards continuing his studies in the Academy schools, meanwhile securing work as a black-and-white artist for the magazines and illustrated weeklies. Since the exhibition of his first painting, his success has never been in doubt. His pictures find a ready sale, and commissions are agreeably numerous. He has attained distinction as a portrait painter, one of the most difficult branches of the fine arts to master, either for artistic or commercial ends, but when mastered one of the most lucrative. Mr. Campbell Taylor lives in a beautiful district of Surrey, not far from Hindhead.

It was doubtless inevitable that some form of art should prove the life vocation of Mr. Bernard F. Gribble. His father was an architect and his *chef d'œuvre* the Brompton Oratory, so that a love of artistic expression was born in the son. His very youthful predilection turned, however, first to music, but the influence, partly of his father, partly of such artists as Frank Brangwin and Albert Toft, led him to think more seriously of pictorial art. Furthermore, the sea and its stories took possession of his imagination at an early age. He lived at Plymouth, and the sea was always before him. Then his first picture, a sea subject—"The Ship on Fire"—which was painted when he was only eighteen years old, was accepted and hung at the Academy, though it was a large canvas. This, no doubt, was the final determining factor in making him a marine painter, for he has not wavered since, but has turned out picture after picture, in most of which the sea has part. Now it is a great stretch of restless waters, bounded only by the horizon, on which, perhaps, a single distant sail binds the watery waste to human life, or, again, it is a battle scene, the canvas crowded with figures and with ships. And always they arrest the attention and stir the imagination. Often they have a story to tell, the climax of a tragedy, an appeal to human sympathy, a grim tale of victory or defeat. Of such a character is Mr. Gribble's latest picture, hung on the walls of this year's Academy. Then costume scenes have a fascination for him, as they have, indeed, for all of us, who can only admire, not paint them. "The Prisoner" tells its own tale, or much of it. It is the main-deck of an ancient man-of-war. Who is the prisoner? What is his crime? He holds his head

HIS OWN COMPOSITION. John A. Lomax.

By permission of Mr. Thomas McLean, 7, Haymarket, S.W.

high and defiantly; this can be no malefactor. But clearly his doom is sealed—unless the pleading of the fair suppliant can move the heart of his judge. Many, many times must some such scene have been enacted in the days of the buccaneers and the merchant adventurers, those romantic days that must ever stir our pulses, as later and less picturesque times fail to do. But Mr. Gribble can make the sea picturesque, even when, instead of the towering carved poop and spreading canvas, it bears the structure of steel and hundred-ton guns of the modern warship. He has studied ships, the obsolete as well as the new, with the close attention and registering eye of a sailor or builder. He "knows the ropes," so to speak; his knowledge of detail is not to be caught napping. But he is more than that—he is an artist, and observes with an artist's sense of the underlying soul of things. He is largely self-trained, for, though he spent some time in the St. John's Wood School of Art and at the Plymouth School of Art, neither can be said to have had a determining influence on his career. He has exhibited at the Paris Salon, and been a constant exhibitor at the Royal Academy, which has nearly always contained at least two pictures from his hand since that first success in 1891.

"His Own Composition" is a picture of sumptuous quality, which impresses the observer with its decorative value rather than from any spiritual significance. The author and his four critics are all apparent good livers, and, it may be, high thinkers as well, and we may be sure their critical attitude is one of friendly benevolence. The grouping and colour scheme are most harmonious, and if the picture rouses no deep emotions, it is satisfyingly restful. It suggests good comradeship, the easy banter, the gentlemanly repartee, a generous forbearance

AMBUSHED. W. B. Wollen, R.I.

for foibles, a cordial acceptance of genius. It suggests a bountiful supper at the conclusion of the reading, and a glass of good wine with a toast to the success of the new play. And it suggests also a sufficient readiness to play the man on all occasions when a spirited attitude is called for. One likes the picture for its genial temper. It is wholesome, dignified, good company on one's wall. If not greatly inspired, it is warm-hearted and inspiring, the work of a man who must be himself of genial mood. The artist, Mr. John A. Lomax, has another large and happily conceived painting in this year's Academy, "By sports like these are all their cares beguiled," which betrays the same gracious temperament of refined feeling and humour.

Mr. Lomax first studied art in Manchester under the South Kensington system, but after a short time went to Dusseldorf and later through the Academy at Munich. He was, unfortunately, obliged to give up art for several years, owing to the deaths of his father and brother. On resuming his work he first painted landscape and rustic figures, coast scenes, and occasional portraits. But Mr. Lomax did not care for this kind of work, and coming to London in 1889 he commenced to paint small *genre* pictures, as he had always desired to do, having an interest in the Dutch school and a great admiration for the work of Meissonier. This Mr. Lomax found to be the class of work for which he was suited, and for the last eighteen years has followed it with unbroken success.

Full of vigour and action is Mr. W. B. Wollen's "Ambushed." An unseen enemy has suddenly opened fire upon a small party of troopers, who pull up their frightened horses to take stock, if possible, of the enemy and detect his hiding-place. One of the troopers has been hit, and is falling forward over his horse's neck. The bleak landscape and leafless trees are in harmony with the sinister *motif* of the scene. It is difficult to say whether Mr. Wollen is more successful in landscape work or in animal and figure painting. The action of horses and men is certainly admirable; the grouping is good, and a sense of sudden transition from gay confidence to startled bewilderment is cleverly conveyed.

Mr. Wollen has had considerable experience as special war artist at the front. One of his best known pictures is his "Charge of the Lancers at Omdurman," painted in 1899, and he was also present at many of the most important engagements in the South African War. He has, therefore, given special attention to military subjects.

ON ALBERT BRIDGE, CHELSEA.

By F. M. ROBERTS.

THERE facing the Physic Garden
With its faint, old-world perfume,
Now proudly, as modern park-land,
Transmuted mud-flats bloom.
Those wharves and workshops tell of
Man's labour and research;
While beyond the embankment gardens
Stands quaint old Chelsea Church.

Here old and new commingle,
And art and culture reign;
For poet and seer and artist
Have made it their domain.
And above the trees of Chelsea,
Cedar and plane and birch,
Is seen four-square the ancient
Grey tower of Chelsea Church.

In winter over the river
The white-winged sea-gulls glide,
And anon as the shadows lengthen
Drift down with the falling tide.
In the shrubs in square and garden
The sparrows twitter and perch;
And the swallows sweep in summer
Around old Chelsea Church.

As Tiber was to the Romans
Is the London Thames to me;
And I watch where the lamplights glimmer
On its still dark flow to the sea.
And there—while behind me laden
The lumbering 'buses lurch—
Is the dim moon-face in the distance
Of the clock on Chelsea Church.

THE COUNTRY AIR FUND.

HOSTESS: "Well, Susie, been up in the cherry tree?"
GUEST: "Yes, 'm."
HOSTESS: "Eat any?"
GUEST: "Lots—wish they was back on the tree."

THE "LARK" AND THE "TAMARIND."

By J. A. FLYNN.

IT was the night of the Governor's State ball, a hundred years ago, a languid tropical night, with the sea-breeze stealing upon the island too gently to spread the Union Jack upon his Excellency's housetop, or to flutter the curtains of the windows leading out upon the great white balcony.

Through the open casements long tracks of multi-coloured lights streamed forth into the darkness, and the scraping of fiddles made a feeble sortie into the silence of the evening. Afar in the hills, where the moon was playing hide-and-seek, there tinkled the banjo of some duskey Romeo serenading his coloured Juliet; and the long waves splashed in drowsy monotone along the shore.

At the darkest and quietest part of the balcony a knot of naval officers had gathered together in eager conversation. Their voices were half suppressed; but the Governor's astute secretary drew the curtains close as he passed by. One can foresee the storm, although the distant thunder is ever so faint and low.

"Only my respect for the uniform which you wear prevents me from calling you a coward and a liar," said Captain Hawke of H.M.S. *Lark*, in a voice made hoarser and fiercer by its restraint.

"You boast safely, sir, since the commanders of His Majesty's vessels may not meet here," replied Captain Blade of H.M.S. *Tamarind*, in the same strident whisper.

"Does that apply to their seconds?" asked the first lieutenants in the same breath.

"Aye, aye," said Blade.

"And to their other officers, too," said old Hawke, mopping his red face vigorously.

"But not to a middy," suggested young Blake of the *Lark*, with a grim smile upon his smooth young face.

"May I, sir?" inquired little Hanson

of the *Tamarind*, with his hand readily upon his dirk.

"D——n you, no!" roared Hawke. "What business have you boys here, interfering in your elders' quarrels. Get out of it!"

"Put back your dirk, Hanson," said Blade in his quiet way; "and peace, gentlemen all. The quarrel is Captain Hawke's and mine. Some day we shall doubtless settle it."

"No, no!" broke in the other voices. "It is our quarrel, too."

"Faith, sir," said Blake, lightly, "it is the quarrel of the two ships. There isn't a man of us that wouldn't like to fight it out fair and square."

For the two vessels had long been rivals in suppressing the pirates who infested the islands, and had cut each other out in turns. Hawke had gained the decoration for which Blade would have given a limb. Blade had secured the great haul of prize money, which Hawke, who was poor and proud, so sorely needed. The first lieutenants had quarrelled over a woman, and the other officers over their wine. The middies had collided in their dingeys, and had come to blows over a game. The boatswains had quarrelled over a smuggled keg of rum, and the carpenters over the way to stop a bow leak. The sailors had fallen out over the Nans and Bets and Sues, black or white, of every port where the ships had touched. Now a meddlesome Admiral, newly come from home, had ordered them off together after some particularly well-armed and daring freebooters. So the quarrel had reached fever point. And the cure for fever in those. days was nothing but some letting of blood. There was silence for a while after Blake's remark, but the very air seemed throbbing with rage.

"Since these infernal pirates have painted their ships to resemble ours, there are less likely things than a mistake some foggy night. I, for one, should not regret it, though we carry ten men, and two guns less," muttered Randall, the first lieutenant of the *Lark*, who had lost the lady.

"Nor I," said Halford, of the *Tamarind*, who had won her and lost her again, so fickle was she.

"For the matter of that, I shall leave ten men ashore, and two of my guns need repair. The foreman of the yard shall have them to-morrow," said Captain Blade, bowing courteously. "Of course it would be a great calamity, should such a mistake happen! But——"

"Do you mean to suggest——?" asked the ruddy Hawke, with his eyes bolting almost out of their sockets, and flaming like live coals.

"Nay, sir, I suggest nothing. You will, I am sure, take care to avoid such an event," replied Blade, with the softness that sets one's teeth on edge, like the touch of satin.

"You dare to insinuate that I am afraid!" roared Hawke, half drawing his sword. In truth, like the king of old, he feared God little and man not at all.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen!" expostulated the Governor's secretary, appearing through the window.

"We are merely illustrating a point of drill," said Blade, showing his teeth with an unpleasant smile.

"Quite so, quite so. But our ladies are fretting for partners."

"And we for the ladies."

So, after a polite contest in yielding precedence, the brawlers went smilingly within. For the rest of the ball they vied with each other in amiability; and if anything more was said about the duels, it was in such daintily-hidden phrases that no one detected the allusions. This mutual forbearance lasted right up to the time when they went to sea; and the magnanimity of the officers in forgetting their notorious feud when allied upon His Majesty's service was a common theme of admiration to the colonials.

Nevertheless, they persuaded the new Admiral to let them make sure of the enemy by sailing round the island in opposite directions, though their foolhardiness in going single-handed moved everyone to astonishment; for at least two of the pirate vessels were as large, and as well armed, as those of His Majesty. But the captains laughed such fears to scorn.

Blade drew his sword suddenly and snapped it across his knee.

"They are but a mixed rabble of every nation under the sun," said Blade.

"Please God to put two or three of them round me," observed Hawke piously, "and I'll account for the lot."

Blade even carried his folly to the extent of landing two guns, on account of defects which the Master Gunner ashore failed to discover, and of proposing to leave ten men behind. "They are in indifferent health," said he, "and it is but fair that Hawke and I should overcome the pirates on equal terms."

The men, however, declared that they were fit, and the little middy, Blade's favourite, who was to stay in charge, cried like a girl. "There be four or five of our men, please, sir, that be related by

marriage to those in the *Lark*, and always side with them. Maybe they would be willing to be shipped in her, and make us square." And so it was arranged; for, as Tom Adams, the carpenter's mate of the *Tamarind*, said: "If there's going to be a fight, they may as well be in it, if so be as it's with the pirates, or——" here he winked, and the others winked too, but no one said anything.

When the time of departure arrived, the adieux of the two captains were full of fine courtesy.

"May you meet a foe worthy of your courage and reputation, sir!" said Blade. "I could almost wish myself a Frenchman to encounter such an opponent!"

"Sir, I wish you the same good fortune, and congratulate your adversary on meeting so gallant a captain and crew!"

Thus, bowing deeply—and their followings bowing, too—they stepped into their boats, and were rowed off to the ships. Soon the sailors began their hoarse songs at the capstans, whilst others climbed the riggings and let the white sails shake themselves out of their furls, first flapping a little, and then swelling out with a bellyful of the fresh wind as the anchors came up and the ships got slowly under way—one to the east, and one to the west, to fight the pirates, if such they should find.

The *Tamarind*, which sailed to the east, had the best of the breeze, and made quick headway. But the coast upon that side of the island ran in and out like a baby's pencillings upon a slate, making capricious little bays and long, winding creeks that turned sudden corners and looked back at themselves here and there through the trees.

Lest a pirate vessel should be hiding in them behind the screen of foliage, perhaps hauled up to clean its bottom from barnacles and long clinging seaweeds that hold a ship back like a brake; perhaps lurking with guns crammed to the muzzle, and savage, drunken-eyed gunners all expectant; perhaps empty and abandoned in favour of a larger and fleeter prize—lest any of these things should be, it was necessary to enter each inlet which drew water enough to admit them, whilst the shallower waters were searched at night by the boats, with oars muffled in the rowlocks, and eager, whispering crews.

When four days had passed they came to the unbroken coast, but still they lingered. Upon the fifth afternoon a sharp-eyed sailor from the mast-head saw the tops of a ship many miles away, and judged them to belong to a fighting vessel of their own size. So when the night came up, dull and dark beyond the night of those parts (the moon being new and the air misty), they clapped on full sail and sped towards the unknown foe.

The cooks served out an extra meal, and the captain called all hands aft to a special allowance of rum. "Maybe, my lads," said he, "some of us will never need another dram. We're all ready to chance that, so I needn't tell you anything about honour and glory, or such like. What I want to say is this: We've had our little differences. Sometimes I've angered you, and sometimes you've angered me. But we've always stood by one another and fought like men, and we're going to do it again to-night. Here's a good health; and God bless you all!"

After this oration the captain drained his own pannikin from the rum tub, and the men gave a hoarse, whispered cheer. Then they ground their swords and loaded their guns, and each went to his place. Some laughed, and some jested. Some gave messages, and told of tokens for a far-off Poll or Bess. A few played at all-fours by the glimmer of a rush-light in a lantern. "We're not likely to get a game up aloft, or down below, whichever it may be," said one red-faced sailor who made the experiment before morning. But mostly they were silent, until half an hour later the look-out man called "Sail ahead!" Cards, tokens, all superfluities vanished, and every man in an instant was brisk and alert, as a vessel of about their own size, looking large and phantom-like in the night haze, seemed to spring almost on top of them out of the dark.

"Hard a-port!" cried the captain.

They took his weapons from him.

"Stand ready for a broadside!" commanded the next officer.

At the same moment the stranger turned a little the other way, so that the vessels passed side by side, close enough to see the half-naked figures on deck and catch the glint of bare swords here and there by the flash of a lantern. "The *Lark*," whispered one man to another, with a fierce thrill of excitement, and the gunners waited anxiously for the signal.

"Shall we let go?" asked the first lieutenant.

But Blade shook his head. "Not first," said he, decidedly. So the order was passed down below. "Wait till they fire: then let fly, every man whose gun bears on them."

Suddenly, as if the mouth of hell had opened, the stranger belched forth thunder, and smoke, and flame; and a storm of shot tore the *Tamarind* from side to side, leaving tracks of mangled flesh and blood. "Fire!" called the first lieutenant; but before he had spoken the answering torrent had sprung forth. Then the ships swung slowly away from each other, like monsters of the deep, crouching back for another spring, with torn limbs and dripping blood.

This time, Blade, who, although a dandy on shore, was the equal of any man afloat in seamanship, gained a great advantage, outmanœuvring his enemy, and bringing his broadside to bear right across her stern, so as to rake her from head to foot as he passed, and leave a longer trail of slaughter. The hush in her cheering was sufficient proof how effectively this had been done. Then, swinging dexterously away from the answering broadside, he countered upon the other side, men running eagerly across the decks to replace the vacancies at the guns. Now several of the enemy's guns failed to answer, and, as the fight went on, it became evident that the *Tamarind* was outplaying her opponent at every turn.

First one mast and then another was shot over, and at length the vessel heeled so heavily that the few guns which were still replying shot harmlessly in the air.

"God forgive us, captain," cried the first lieutenant, hoarsely—he was lying on the deck with half a leg shot away—"it's enough." And Blade, who had grown very white, cried out in a broken voice, "Stop firing, and get out the boats! She's going down!"

But the boats readiest for use were shattered, and as they were getting the others free, their opponent suddenly listed over, two or three of her guns firing a last derisive shot as she went. There was a mighty rush and swirl of the water, a few hoarse cries, a few reckless cheers, and then—quiet.

The men of the *Tamarind* sat down—those who were left—on their guns or on the deck, with eyes averted from the slain around them. The officers buried their faces in their hands, save the youngest middy, who lay quiet and for ever still, with a handkerchief over his handsome, boyish face. No sound was heard for some time save a fearful cry from some poor wretch in the cockpit. At last Blade drew his sword suddenly, and snapped it across his knee. "I am a disgraced man!" he cried with the voice of one gone mad. "May Heaven curse us all!"

But Heaven, which blesses or curses us not as we call, for answer sent up the rising sun, and the morning light upon the waters streaked with red, upon the long green coast, upon the silver stretches of sand, upon a lonely vessel short of a mast, sailing slowly along three miles away! And the first lieutenant, pulling himself up to look through the porthole, cried like a child. "It wasn't the *Lark*; God forgive us all!" Then he sank into a swoon from loss of blood, and was mercifully unconscious in the surgeon's hands.

Now, the *Lark*, when she sailed to the west, had to beat up against heavy head winds, and so made but slow progress. For nearly five days nothing broke the monotony of the dead struggle against the elements but the differences in the sea, which changes like the ever-changing feminine, and the varied panorama of the clouds in the sky. For the rest there was one hut like another hut upon the low stretch of shore like another low stretch of shore. Yet, when the fifth day

came, the men were kept constantly under arms, and ere nightfall they caught a glimpse of a fighting ship in the distance. Next, through the dark of the misty night, they saw the outline of a vessel, which vanished again, and for hours they were chasing a shadow which appeared and disappeared like a phantom.

Some of the elder mariners shook their heads and looked grave. True, they were out of the regular beat of Vanderdecken and his ghostly crew, but what were a few thousand miles of sea to such a craft? And round that side of the island were sunken reefs and seething shoals, where an unsubstantial enemy might sail and lure them to destruction.

But the younger sailors thought of none of these things. There was a vessel whose sailors had courted their Polls and Bets near these regions, by now, they knew. And if, in the fog and dark, they should come together, many an old score would be wiped out. So they drank their tots of grog, made ready their weapons, and whistled softly to themselves. "*Flying Dutchman* be d——d!" said they; "in course it's the *Tamarind*."

At length the fog lifted a trifle, and suddenly a big vessel rushed swiftly upon them from the quarter where they had least expected it—a substantial vessel that was no shadow ship, and carried no immaterial guns. "Stand to the guns below," shouted Hawke, "and boarders make ready!" For he was an unscientific, bulldog fighter, whose plan was to lay hold of the foe, and take him by dint of naked steel.

A hail of shots poured out upon them before they were fully prepared, but fortunately flew so high as to do little damage beyond bringing down the foremast; whilst the *Lark* ran close alongside the foe and put in a terrific broadside before grappling. Then there burst forth a very volcano of flame, and a roar that challenged the heavens; for a shot had reached the stranger's powder magazine, and the forces of Nature, let loose from their thraldom, scattered the vessel to the four winds, and her men to the mercy of God.

Those on board the *Lark* looked at one another in mute horror, and the tears ran down some cheeks. "We are traitors, and unfit to live!" groaned Hawke; and they took his weapons from him lest he should do himself a mischief. Then the sudden tropical morning dawned, and afar in the east, with the rising sun glinting through her tattered sails, the *Tamarind* sailed into view.

When the Governor sent home his great despatch a couple of months later, to announce the total suppression of piracy in those regions, he observed that this result had been achieved by means of the remarkably cordial co-operation between the captains, officers, and crews of the *Lark* and the *Tamarind*, which, after sinking separately the two most dangerous pirates, had joined their forces with marvellous success, and now wished to combine their prize-money in a common fund. Such harmony, he observed, was equally to the advantage of the Service and to the credit of the captains. But the Admiral, newly arrived from home, took the credit of the co-operation to himself.

"Rachel, vy don't you come here vere it's deep? Ve gets more for our money."

THE ENTRANCE TO "BUNGALOW LAND" BY THE NORFOLK BRIDGE.

A SUMMER IN BUNGALOW TOWN.

By GLADYS BEATTIE CROZIER.

(Illustrated by the Author.)

TO find a holiday retreat within an hour and a half's run from town, where an exquisite sea faces the rolling green downs, where lodgings are cheap, and there are no trippers, and where delightful bungalows, all white paint and green-covered verandahs with tubs of gay flowers set in little stone gardens within fifty yards of the sea, each one boasting its white flag-staff rigged up in nautical fashion, sounds as unexpected as it is delightful; and just such a halcyon spot is Bungalow Town, Shoreham. Nothing could be more delightful than the quiet, freedom, and brightness of the pleasant out-of-door life one leads there. The bathing is excellent, and a charming old fisherman —who also sells one delicious lobsters— for a small consideration is delighted to row little parties of bathers out in his boat for a swim in the early morning, with the result that before mid-day every other verandah railing is gay with rainbow-coloured bathing garments hanging out to dry in the sun.

The small town of Shoreham is half-a-mile away, and separated from "Bungalow Land" by a wide strip of water—the mouth of the river Adur—over which a past Duke of Norfolk built the beautiful Norfolk Bridge which is shown in the illustration. This strip of water forms an excellent little harbourage for small boats, and is extremely picturesque to boot, more especially at high tide, when the dancing water carries numberless tiny sailing craft, kept chiefly for racing purposes, on its sparkling surface, the white and brown sails making delicious long rippling reflections, and as a background the quaint old Shoreham houses, some of them painted with a wash of faded pink and green in foreign fashion, rising up behind.

It is here that the regatta is held, and boatmen are delighted to lend visitors smart little sailing boats for a small consideration in order to join in the fun, whilst for the less enterprising the bridge forms a splendid vantage ground from which to watch the racing. Then as twilight falls a boat-load of pretty young damsels, clad as last year, "*à la* Japanese"

THE "CASTLE" OF BUNGALOW BEACH.

—for instance, in a broad-beamed fishing boat beautifully decorated with flags and long wreaths of paper roses, and illuminated with Japanese lanterns and fairy lights of every imaginable colour—will make their way along the harbour's edge to sing part-songs and glees which carry far over the water in the most delightful fashion, and incidentally, perchance, to collect contributions for the local lifeboat fund.

The only kind of castle which the average individual has ever had time or opportunity to build is either a "sand castle" or a "castle in the air," two makes of edifice whose charms are only equalled by their extreme ephemerality. Only the millionaire, we say, can afford nowadays to build a real stone and mortar castle. A visit to Bungalow Town reveals the fact that given a hundred yards or so of beach and a sum of money ranging from £200 to £1,000, and one there can build just exactly the sort of dwelling that one has always longed for, from a fisherman's cottage, or a yacht on land, to a "Queen Anne" mansion, or a veritable castle with high turret tower and battlements complete. Examples of each and all of these are to be met with along the Shoreham beach. Indeed the variety of edifices rivals those of Bar Harbour itself, where tiny huts, and palaces built in Renaissance style literally jostle one another shoulder to shoulder—for grounds or even gardens are not—with highly startling result.

A stroll along the Shoreham beach provides the new arrival with a very similar thrill, and after examining one stately and enterprising edifice after another, he quickly comes to the conclusion that each "beach-dweller" has been his own architect; and if there be a spark of the "eternal child" left in him, finds himself suddenly seized with a lively desire to build a beach-castle wherein to spend week-ends and holiday seasons without delay.

First in importance, doubtless, comes the splendid castle depicted in the illustration, in which the designer's imagination has run riot, for, besides a tower and battlements, it boasts a beautiful conservatory, a sort of American outdoor "summer parlour," raised a whole storey off the beach, so that from it one obtains a beautiful view, whilst over one end a cool green awning can be stretched at pleasure, a high flag-staff and a set of decorative life-buoys completing the picture; whilst rumour declares over a thousand pounds to have been spent upon its manufacture, which has obviously been a labour of love.

Near by comes a wonderful mansion decorated in the "Queen Anne" style, with dark wood cross-beams and a painted corrugated-iron roof. A very ship-shape edifice is this, enclosed in a white-painted wooden fence, whilst trim hanging baskets of flowers deck the front of the covered verandah, lending a welcome dash of colour and making a most pleasing whole.

A third extremely well-planned bungalow, boasting a beautifully laid plot of turf, a couple of small cannon on white-painted carriages, flanked by tubs of lovely flowers, and intersected by white asphalt paths, the whole surrounded by a substantial white paling, calls for much admiration from the beholder, as does the edifice flanking the castle, where a grass-laid tennis court and a long asphalt walk, flanked by a wide border of tall, close-growing seaside shrubs, gives a grateful air of greenness which is as a rule completely lacking on a beach.

Then another highly original bungalow consists of a wide square hall and back and front verandahs, whilst at either corner juts out a small square room with a pointed roof, giving the air of a Chinese pagoda from which it naturally takes its name, whilst a glimpse inside reveals the fact that its tasteful owners have employed charming old Chinese prints and draperies to carry out the whole idea.

A line of coastguard cottages towards the far end of the beach have been impounded for their own use by some very ardent beach dwellers, amongst whom is no other than the famous artist Miss Hilda Cowham, who finds she never works better at her *Punch* drawings than when in her tiny cabin-like studio overlooking the sea, and almost within splashing distance of the ocean.

Still further along the beach, towards Kingston and Portslade, close by the lighthouse at the mouth of the harbour, where the river Adur finally merges itself in the sea, stands "Beach Haven," one of the finest and most palatial bungalows on the beach, and by the courtesy of the owners I have the opportunity of reproducing a photograph of a charming bungalow interior at its best. A big boat-house has been erected in the beach garden where a boat and fishing tackle are kept—for excellent sea-fishing is obtainable at the mouth of the harbour—besides a well-fitted carpenter's workshop to provide employment for restless menfolk on wet days.

THE BUNGALOWS ARE WITHIN SPRAYING DISTANCE WHEN TIDE AND WAVES ARE HIGH.

The more ordinary bungalows—of which "Bay View" is an excellent example—which stretch in a scattered line for a couple of miles along the shore, and in one part in a double row, besides being very sunny and picturesque, are also very comfortable and convenient inside.

They are naturally thoroughly dry and well built, being for the most part composed of disused railway carriages which have had the partitions taken away and the insides fitted up into convenient bedrooms. The sleeping berths have been retained to effect an economy of space, and one sleeps in little white bunks raised one above the other, the uppermost one only to be attained by means of a festive ladder which gives the prosaic proceeding of "going to bed" such a holiday air to the music of the gentle dash and rub of the shingle and surf on the sea shore. Such a bungalow usually possesses one sitting-room, five or six bedrooms, a hall for meals, and a kitchen—for, being much foreshortened in the illustrations, the bungalows look much smaller than they really are—and cost from £200 to £300.

To go into further domestic details, I may add that fresh water is supplied to the bungalows at the rate of 3s. the half butt; and for baths sea water is usually used as being very healthy and strengthening for those who are not able to bathe in the sea. Then all rain-water is collected in tubs, and all refuse, etc., is cleared away each morning by special sanitary inspectors, to add to the housewife's comfort. The Shoreham tradespeople call for orders every morning, and the postman delivers letters and parcels twice a day.

A VERY SHIP-SHAPE BUNGALOW BOASTS A FINE PLOT OF TURF AND TWO MOUNTED CANNON.

Beach gardening has been raised by some of the beach dwellers to the level of a fine art, the most trim and delightful effects being obtained by decorative arrangements of big, smooth, sea-washed grey or white pebbles laid out in patterns usually leading up to a central decoration consisting of wide green or white painted tubs filled with glistening evergreens or hardy flowers. Pet keeping also flourishes, and dogs, birds, and even a pet monkey on a chain, sunning himself upon a

A STREET IN "BUNGALOW LAND."

bungalow paling, were amongst the happiest inmates of Bungalow Land last time I was there.

After an exhausting summer in town it was our delight to spend the day sitting in the verandah of a modest little bungalow facing the sea, with books and needlework, watching the children being taken down from the neighbouring bungalows to paddle and make sand pies, or the visitors to Shoreham, who usually spent their mornings on the beach, bathing from the three pre-historic machines which graced the sea front drawn up in a row just above high tide level; they were perfectly clean and very brightly painted, but here the list of their attractions ended, for mortal man dared not have moved them to a spot nearer the sea at low tide after a glance at their wheels, which had so obviously been added for appearance sake only, not for use, being formed of circles cut from some convenient tree, and had most surely never gone round! For the accommodation they provided threepence

A CHARMING INTERIOR IN BUNGALOW TOWN.

per person was the sum charged by their happy-go-lucky seafaring owner, when he happened to be on the spot, a circumstance which seldom happened.

Perhaps one of the greatest charms of Bungalow Town, however, is the fact that it is within such easy reach of one of the most beautiful sweeps of the South Downs, immortalised by Kipling's poems on "Sussex," and many a gay picnic takes place on sunny afternoons there; whilst, lying prone on the short flower-starred turf upon Waterworks Hill, half-an-hour's stroll from the beach, the occasional tinkling of a sheep-bell or distant bark of a hard-working collie are the only sounds which break the stillness, and the delicious freshness of the downland air is invigorating as champagne. Tea has meanwhile been carried up in "pilgrims," and what Mr. Hichens would call a prolonged "orgy with an Etna,"—with an umbrella as wind-shield if the kettle prove recalcitrant—follows, and an hour spent lying full length on the grass. As the sun sinks lower, baskets are packed up again, and then for a brisk tramp over the hills down into one of the picturesque inland villages in the "Weald" and back over the hills with a glorious sunset over Lancing Ring, one of the most famous of all Sussex land-marks, to delight the eyes until we are home on the beach again, with appetites that would do credit to a plough-boy.

The recently opened golf links, a mile or so away, have lately added a fresh charm to Shoreham, and are easily reached, for most bungalow-dwellers own bicycles, whilst some keep motors in a garage in the town, quickly reached by means of the ferry; and indeed the popularity of the links is well deserved, for besides being of a very sporting nature they are laid out up and down hill over a wide stretch of the downs.

On looking at Bungalow Town from the green on a lovely summer morning, when the whole place is a-hum with pleasant holiday life, and every other bungalow overflowing with troops of merry sunburnt children, it is difficult to believe that it was only so long ago as 1879 that the first bungalow was erected. It consisted of a single railway carriage with an arched tin roof propped up off the shingle at either end by a couple of railway sleepers.

A GOOD EXAMPLE OF A SMALL "BEACH GARDEN."

ROYAL RECOGNITION.

By F. C. PHILIPS.

From "The Grand" Prance, on tour, to H.R.H. the Prince of Mona, K.G., on board the Yacht "Alicia," Cowes, I. of W.

HEADQUARTERS "MERRIMENT ARMY,"
THEATRE ROYAL, RYDE, I. OF W.,
August 7.

SIR,—In the first place, I humbly beg to assure your Royal Highness of the feelings of respect and devotion with which I venture to address your Royal Highness. Secondly, I have the honour to inform your Royal Highness that I have just taken up a strong position here, with a small but admirably equipped and well-drilled army, which is ready and willing at the word of command to march to the assault of any number of hearts, even at the risk of encountering the bursting of laughter, the file-firing of applause, or the volley of encores. Thirdly, I am compelled by my responsible position to respectfully *warn* your Royal Highness that, on the *slightest* intimation of your Royal Highness's intention to enter into an engagement with me and the troops which I have the honour of commanding, I shall (without further notice) attack the *Alicia* in force, board her, and (if possible) carry her by storm and kill all aboard with my new coruscations of wit.

I am, Sir, with the deepest respect,
Your Royal Highness's
Most devoted and obedient Servant,
ARTHUR GRINWELL PRANCE,
General Commanding-in-Chief.

From H.R.H. the Prince of Mona, to "The Grand" Prance, Theatre Royal, Ryde.

YACHT "ALICIA," COWES, *Tuesday.*

The Prince of Mona has received General Prance's *ultimatum*, and, in reply, begs to assure him that he is perfectly ready to engage the "Merriment Army" at 9 P.M. to-morrow. At the same time the Prince considers it only right to inform General Prance that he will have to encounter, not only the whole of the *Alicia*'s available forces, but also an appreciable contingent which the Prince has impressed from other ships now in harbour. The Prince can promise the General a "warm" reception.

From Lady Goldmine, Steam Yacht "Pomposo," Cowes, to the Hon. Mrs. Bluesang, Yacht "Alicia," Cowes.
August 8.

MY DEAR MRS. BLUESANG,—You will be glad to hear that we are *aboard* the dear *Pomposo at last.* Sir Crœsus *insisted* on staying in town till this morning, owing to that tiresome Egyptian business, and I positively *dreaded* the arrival of the post. He was quite capable of giving up the regatta-week altogether, and I couldn't very well *commission* the *Pomposo* without him, could I, dear? You see I am quite a sailor already. I suppose it is the result of being on salt water, though we are safe at anchor *now*, and sleep on shore, *of course.* But I am

forgetting the object of my letter. Will you lunch with us to-morrow, at 1.30, *aboard?* I'm afraid you won't get anything much better than an able seaman's *rations* ("junk" and "six-water grog," perhaps, though what that is I don't know, "jolly tar" though I am), but I'm sure you won't mind "roughing it" for once. Our own party is only ten or twelve, and I have not sent out many cards, so we shall be quite "*en famille.*"

R.S.V.P. by the pinnace. I was just going to put "bearer"!

Ever yours,

ANGELINA GOLDMINE.

P.S.—I have just heard, *by the merest chance*, that "The Grand" Prance is to sing to the Prince to-morrow night. I hear he is *excruciatingly* funny. I do so *long* to hear him. Of course, I have never had the chance. I *have* been taken *once*, with a deep veil on, to the Eldorado; but the Corinthian Saloon and the Alcazar are, alas! impossible. And to think that a *word* from you to the sweet Princess would enable me to hear Prance! And aboard the *Alicia*, too!

From the Hon. Mrs. Bluesang to Lady Goldmine.

YACHT "ALICIA," *August* 8.

DEAR LADY GOLDMINE,—I am sorry to be unable to accept your kind invitation to lunch, as just at present my time is not my own. A few intimate friends of the Prince dine on board to-morrow; and there is, I believe, to be a little music on deck afterwards. Beyond this, I know nothing about H.R.H.'s arrangements.

Very truly yours,

ETHEL BLUESANG.

From Orlando Kean Macready Kemble Fitz-Ranter, of the Theatre Royal, Portsmouth, to H.R.H. the Prince of Mona, K.G., on board the Yacht "Alicia," Cowes, Isle of Wight.

August 10.

May it please your Royal Highness,

SIR,—It has come to my ears, through sources which I deem to be sufficiently trustworthy, that, but yestere'en, a person calling himself "The Grand" Prance had the inestimable honour of going through his *performance* before your Royal Highness and a distinguished circle of your Royal Highness's "most familiar friends." Although, owing to the underhand machinations of a cowardly clique, I have as yet been debarred from the privilege of appearing before your Royal Highness on the boards of "Old Drury," the nightly and enthusiastic approbation of an appreciative although provincial audience, and the many laudatory critiques which I herewith am bold enough to enclose, encourage me to hope that your Royal Highness, in your capacity of the most august as well as most enlightened patron of the Drama whom old England can boast, will deign to command the attendance of the most humble of "Her Majesty's Servants" on board the *Alicia*, when he will do his utmost to prove that there are still professors of the histrionic art among us capable of interpreting the mind of the Divine Bard, although they may not be assisted by unlimited capital or gifted with an indistinct utterance and a shambling gait.

I am, Sir, &c. &c. &c.,

ORLANDO KEAN MACREADY KEMBLE FITZ-RANTER.

P.S.—I may add that my motives in addressing your Royal Highness are *entirely disinterested.* I should not *dream* of making any charge, however small, for my humble services.

From A. Manuensis, Esq., Private Secretary to the Prince of Mona, to O. K. M. K. Fitz-Ranter, Esq.

YACHT "ALICIA," *August* 10.

SIR,—I am commanded by H.R.H. the Prince of Mona to acknowledge the receipt of your letter. H.R.H. has no occasion for the services you are good enough to offer.

I am, Sir, &c. &c.,

A. MANUENSIS.

From Sir Simon Loborn, Bart., Yacht "Nouvelor," Ryde, to the Viscountess Cheltenham, Gardenia Cottage, Cowes.

August 8.

MY DEAR LADY CHELTENHAM,—You went into such fits of laughter when we

"Your too funny letter was handed to me just as we were embarking for the 'Alicia.'"

had our little conversation at the garden party yesterday that I am afraid you thought I was joking. It certainly *is* laughable that a man of my means should anticipate any difficulty in being elected to the R.Y.S. But, then, you see, the old fogies who work the oracle there knew my father, who, I am ashamed to say, *was* once a navvy, and they can't forget it, although I have done everything that a lavish expenditure *can* do to efface the stigma upon our escutcheon.

Now, I have set my mind upon getting into the R.Y.S. and I don't care what it costs me. I have been duly presented to the Prince of Mona, and have met him once or twice in a friendly way at garden parties and smoking concerts.

So, you see that, if my name happened to crop up in your next conversation with H.R.H., and you happened to say that a man who owns a steam yacht of 700 tons, a schooner of 300, and a 20-ton cutter (besides being real good company) *ought* to belong to the Squadron, it is very likely that H.R.H. might back me at the election next week. No one, however austere, could refuse *you* anything, I am sure; not even if you were to tell a fellow that life was very expensive, and duns very troublesome, and a friend's help very welcome. I know *I* should be too happy to receive any such confidence from Lady C., and to prove myself worthy of it by prompt action and strict secrecy.

Yours always sincerely,
SIMON LOBORN.

From Lady Cheltenham to Sir Simon Loborn, Bart.

GARDENIA COTTAGE, COWES,
August 9.

DEAR SIR SIMON,—Your *too* funny letter was handed to me just as my husband and I were embarking for the *Alicia*. Of course, I took it as it was meant—one of your amusing practical jokes—and laughed so much all the way that Lord Cheltenham (from whom, of course, I have *no* secret) insisted on sharing the fun. Well, he laughed a good deal, and then showed it to the Prince, who also laughed a good deal. But they both agreed that the Squadron was too "fogey" for a person of your infinite humour. And then they made me read it aloud, and we all roared with laughter. You will be glad to hear that the Princess was particularly amused, and suggested that you should take it to the Mediterranean Fleet, and make them all laugh out there. I am still laughing, so that I can hardly hold my pen.

Yours, in fits,
BLANCHE CHELTENHAM.

P.S.—You will be pleased to know that my husband is still *quite* able to continue my pittance of £5000 a year.

From Hercules Q. Goahed, Yacht "Pride of Columbia," Cowes, to H.R.H. the Prince of Mona, K.G.

August 8.

SIR,—Some twenty years ago you were riding out with a party in the environs of New York. You stopped a few miles from the city and allowed a shabby young man to hold your horse while you got down to take a look round at the prospect. You kind of took to that young man's face; and when he told you he was walking to New York to make his fortune, you gave him a silver dollar. That shabby young man marked it, and invested it on condition that the identical coin should be handed back to him if successful. He was. He has kept that dollar ever since. It is now mounted in diamonds, and will descend to his family as a heirloom.

I am that shabby young man; and your dollar has brought me millions. That is, *your* dollar, *my* brains, and *God's* blessing.

Now, I feel sort of nervous writing to a future Emperor and King. I'm not posted in the etiquette of the British Court. But I want you, more'n I ever wanted anything, to visit your Dollar, where it hangs in my state cabin. If I could see you there, and shake you by the hand, and look at that Dollar meantime, it would make me happy.

If it can't be done, I should value the *cartes* of yourself, your consort, and your children. You are a great prince, and I

am a plain man, but there can't be very much harm in my saying, "God bless you!"

HERCULES Q. GOAHED.

From the Prince of Mona to Hercules Q. Goahed, Esq.

YACHT "ALICIA," *Tuesday Evening.*

The Prince of Mona has received Mr. Goahed's letter with much satisfaction. He encloses the latest photographs of himself, the Princess, and his sons and daughters. The Prince will be happy to visit *the* Dollar to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock.

Notice Board at R.Y.S. Castle, Cowes.

HONORARY MEMBER.

Hercules Q. Goahed, Esq., New York Yacht Club, schooner yacht *Pride of Columbia.*

Proposed by H.R.H. the Commodore.
Seconded by Lord Cheltenham.

MY LITTLE LOVE.

By GERTRUDE DONALDSON.

MY little one's eyes are as blue as the sea,
They are blue as the skies above;
Her lips coral red, teeth white as the pearls,
And her voice speaks the language of love.

Tiny feet flying swift, where the incoming tide
Breaks, light as the wind-driven spray;
When in foam-flakes 'tis swept from the crests of the waves
Into mist, as it drifts o'er the bay.

Her laugh, so seductive, is silvery sweet;
Her smile's like the sunshine, ere clouds come between;
She's a creature of impulse, of whims and of fancies,
A sprite most bewitching, my fairy, my queen.

O'er the Ocean of Life may she sail onward happily,
And God's angels guard her from storm evermore;
Until safe from the turmoil of tempest, or shipwreck,
My little love rests on Eternity's shore.

"MISS HOOK OF HOLLAND."

Drawing by Charles E. Dawson.

FRIESLAND'S PLACID WAYS.

WHAT three vagabonds saw and did in Friesland is what anybody may see and do, provided they take the vagabonds' way of doing it. And a very entertaining way it seems to have been, a way that will, I fancy, commend itself to so many seekers after an original form of holiday-touring that I am persuaded the Frieslanders will speedily become much less curious about the habits and appearance of strangers sojourning in their land. For our vagabonds found themselves, in every town or village they ventured to explore in that little-visited part of Holland, objects of so deep an interest that the crowds, especially of children, who waylaid them on landing and dogged their footsteps after, became rather oppressive and exasperating, passing the bounds of simple hospitality and yet not rising to the dignity of a public reception. These eccentricities, however, are apt to pass away with increasing familiarity. Time was when an Oriental in his native garb would be almost mobbed in any part of London but the East End. It is not a matter of manners anywhere, but of use.

However—to start at the beginning—what was original in this special journey to give it its flavour of uniqueness? That it was unique in a sense we may take for granted, since one of the vagabonds has written a book about it.* It is a book of plain and unaffected narrative of a journey by boat, a little Dutch yacht, "broad in the beam, drawing two feet only, with big leeboards, attached to the sides like wings, her rig consisting of a mainsail with a curiously curved gaff, and a big foresail," in short a *Booier*. She had a fine well, a small cabin, and quarters forward for skipper and assistant, and for cooking.

In this craft our adventurers set forth from Stavoren, on the east coast of the Zuyder-Zee, and threaded the rivers and canals and meers of that much-watered district of Holland known as Friesland, a district somewhat akin to our own Broads, but with larger rivers and inland lakes, and all so connected up by cut-waterways where necessary that a voyage of several days may be taken in a sailing boat, working its way in and out of meer after meer and never repeating itself like a tiresome chatterer, but always bringing the traveller to fresh scenes and, incidentally, unsatiated hordes of wondering natives.

But before going any further, it ought to be said that the book is beautifully and richly illustrated, chiefly by half-tone reproductions of photographs taken by one of the three vagabonds, and one who is manifestly an artist in this by-no-means simple art of photography. It is rare, indeed, to see a collection of photographs of such uniform excellence as are those reproduced in this volume. Some of them accompany this article, and from them some impression may be gained of the quaintness of scene and incident that meets the voyager in the waterways of Friesland.

Given fair weather and a steady breeze, can any more interesting way of spending a holiday be imagined than to sail leisurely by winding rivers and lakes through an unfamiliar land amongst a people of comparatively primitive ways of thought, where a simple life abounds. Avoiding on the one hand the monotony of a long sea voyage, and on the other the dust of high roads or the noise and dirt of the railway, the traveller glides peacefully and restfully from point to point of his itinerary; never quite out of sight of land, and for most of the way within practical touch with it; a constantly varying landscape and always the prospect of arriving shortly at some new town or village with its timbered quay front, its diminutive cottages, its shaded footpaths and inquisitive population. Here, for example, we are approaching Ijlst. "The waterway forms the high-street. Both the banks are lined

* "Three Vagabonds in Friesland." By H. F. Tomalin. Photographs by Arthur Marshall, A.R.I.B.A. London: Adams Brothers.

with a row of trimmed limes. Under them runs a brick path and, beyond, a continuous row of quaint little cottages. In front of each cottage, between the trees and the water's edge, is a corresponding garden. Everything is miniature—cottages, gardens, bricks, trees, bridges, and everything with its note of colour in the morning sunshine. Dear old ladies kneel at the water's edge washing tubs or scrubbing pots. They are for ever cleaning, and it is part of the game in this odd little country that everything is washed most astoundingly clean in water which is usually most astoundingly dirty." But even the villages have each their special characteristics; they are not all monotonously alike. "Each village we came to," we read, "seemed to have developed an atmosphere of its own, just as further south the tiny island of Marken has its distinctive features totally apart from those of Volendam, two miles away, and Volendam again from those of any other village in Holland. The reason is probably to be found in the simple and primitive nature of the people, who work on the land or the water within well-defined areas, beyond which they rarely venture."

THE "MARIE" MOORED AT IJLST.

Now and again an imposing and important town marks the end of a day's journey — a town that from historical association or its antiquity invites to a few hours' stay and a closer inspection. Such is Leeuwarden, with its beautiful towers and splendid collection of old Delft china in the Museum, its fine Gothic Oude Hof, "one

of the most ancient and interesting structures of its kind in Friesland," from the tower of which a particularly noble view is to be had. Our chronicler makes especial mention also of the fact that in one of the shops of Leeuwarden he noticed photographs of Miss Gertie Millar and Miss Marie Studholme, a sign that the Leeuwardeners have something besides a sneer for the very modern—when it is pretty.

INTERIOR OF A DUTCH COTTAGE.
The Student.

Another old town that invited inspection from our tourists was Sloten. As they passed through it on their *Booier* "it looked so cool and tranquil that we hastened to tie up at the corner where the river turned again into the straight, after its *detour* round the town. We rowed back through the old bridge and found ourselves at once in the middle of Sloten. On either side rose brick walls, with little flights of steps leading down to the water, broad pathways, shaded with trees and, behind them, a line of delightful old houses. We tied our boat to a post in the middle of the deserted street. The local policeman stood watching us, the only sign of life besides ourselves. At once we proceeded to more nearly examine the buildings, which are most interesting. There are several eighteenth-century houses and a particularly fine seventeenth-century specimen, with excellent brick decoration and metalwork. Next door stands a smaller house, with the date '1694,' across the front, in iron figures of simple design. We had evidently lighted on another of the old Dutch towns which were alive with prosperous merchants in the days when Holland was famous over the seas."

And when in this fascinating journey the voyager is not inspecting the toy villages or the ancient towns on his route,

he is gliding through broad seas and past processions of *Ijalks*—the common cargo boats of the country—some laden with the round Dutch cheeses destined for all the markets of the world, and some piled high with blocks of peat, destined only for native consumption; the skipper-owner in charge, his daughter, perchance, at the helm; his wife, it may be, hanging out the family wash or cooking the family dinner; something akin, it will be perceived, to the domestic economy on our own canal barges. Provided, as nearly all Friesland is, with these connected and ramifying waterways, the greater part of the transport of the country is carried on by boats, which are built shallow and broad to suit the shallow waters on which they ply.

AT TERHORNE.

Life on such a boat as the *Marie*, on which our self-styled "vagabonds" voyaged, is much the same as life on a similar craft would be on our Norfolk Broads. Out in the open air all day, meals in the tiny cabin, where also there is room enough for our small party to sleep at night. No rough waters to disturb the peace of the poorest sailor, and for exercise an occasional turn at a tow rope when the wind does not serve in a narrow channel, or a swim in the waters of one of the meers. Provender seems to be a somewhat difficult matter to compass with entire satisfaction in Friesland, but adaptable spirits in genuine search of fresh fields are prepared to forego the luxuries of home life. Good fresh meat appears somewhat scarce, but there is always the hygienic and stimulating substitute of eggs—meat *in esse* at all events, though the three vagabonds occasionally longed for a dietary change, for the book of the scribe is dotted with reflections like these: "We got more tired of the Friesland children than of anything—except eggs." "Back to the boat for lunch. Peas, potatoes, eggs, cheese and currant bread. . . . We were already getting tired of eggs." "Supper of eggs and cheese, 'for a change,' as the printer said with gentle irony." Well, there are worse things than this dietary—eggs for a foundation, vegetables for a corrective, milk, bread, butter and cheese to be got

anywhere *en route*—no risk of starvation in that menu, and, if it does get monotonous in a week's time, such a voyage does not last interminably, and it is not amiss to have an attractive bait to tempt us back again to our accustomed haunts.

Besides this, the tourist, wherever he may be, should be prepared, like the mountain climber, to accept scenery as some compensation for short or monotonous rations, and from many rapturous descriptions in "Three Vagabonds in Friesland," it is evident that this was a very considerable item in the sum total of their enjoyment. The sunrises and sunsets over the level waters and equally level lands, where at all times the horizon stretches far into the distance; the beautiful twilights, with sky so clear that darkness comes only with midnight; the almost Oriental sense of colour and form that characterises the architecture; the gaily-painted crafts that rest in the tiny harbours or meet the traveller on every stream and lake; the glorious moonlight nights; the solitary windmill silhouetted against a crimson sunset; the flight of wild-fowl across the silent waters; a far distant church tower rising seemingly out of the placid lake; the light on the meers passing through every gradient of tone from pearly-gray in sunshine to sombre brown under a storm-cloud — there is no lack, seemingly, of appeals to a fine artistic sense of colour and to the sensitive imagination of the poet.

Friesland, too, shares with the whole of Holland a wealth of historic interest. It is a tiny country, but has achieved miracles in its time both n warlike and in commercial adventure. In the days when the unknown and mysterious spaces of the Western hemisphere were inviting the hardy and courageous spirits of all Europe to search for wealth and fame beyond the Atlantic, Holland took its full share in the risks and hardships of distant voyages, and her merchant ships were among the first and the most persistent in founding a commerce that brought riches and renown to the motherland. In the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the Dutch fleets more than once swept the seas; they sailed triumphantly up the Thames, landed an army on our coast, fought Spain and France, wrestled valiantly with England for naval supremacy, established many

A FRIESLAND INTERIOR.

The Watched Pot.

A VILLAGE QUAY IN FRIESLAND.
Water Reflections.

a colony, gave a king to Great Britain, and in every way played a great part in the tumultuous history of Europe. And all the time they were waging a costly and desperate fight with the relentless North Sea to preserve their very territory from the encroachments of the ever hungry waters.

And what about the cost of such a trip as this which we have been hurriedly summarising from Mr. Tomalin's interesting book. It is all set forth in detail for the information of the curious, but we may say in brief that it will amount, all told, to less than one pound a day for each traveller. A boat to hold four, with a skipper and boy to work it, costs six pounds a week. Food must be provided for crew and passengers and there are the small incidental expenses, bridge tolls, tips, meals on shore at hotels and restaurants; but there is little temptation to spend money. The estimate of a pound a day per person is more than ample for the entire cost from boarding the train at London to the moment of reaching home again after the trip. Flannels for the boat life and a change into "store clothes" for the shore are all the outer garments one requires, but the voyager should be prepared in the matter of underclothing for changes of temperature.

And finally, may everyone who is tempted to follow in the footsteps of the "Three Vagabonds" be able to say at the end of his travels in Friesland, as they have said :—

"The memories of the quiet heatheries and the bloomy skies, the soft green meadows and the shimmery meers of Friesland will abide with us, until we revisit them, as some of the happiest in our vagabond-voyages."

And doubtless Tom Hood's lines will recur to them more than once—lines as descriptive of Friesland towns as of Rotterdam:

"Before me lie dark waters
In broad canals and deep,
Whereon the silver moonbeams
Sleep, restless in their sleep.
A sort of vulgar Venice
Reminds me where I am;
Yes, yes, you are in England,
And I'm in Rotterdam.

"Tall houses with quaint gables,
Where frequent windows shine,
And quays that lead to bridges,
And trees in formal line;
And masts of spicy vessels
From Western Surinam,
All tell me you're in England,
But I'm in Rotterdam."

By HEBER K. DANIELS.

XIV.

MRS. HIPPLESTON KEEPS HOUSE.

ALL through that night I sat up waiting to catch the sound of Jim's latch-key in the door as he came in; but everything was as still as the grave, and I dropped off to sleep in a chair just as I was, and didn't awake till the sun was high up in the sky, and a hammering going on at the front door sufficient to have aroused the dead. When I opened it I see it was Mrs. Hippleston, and with her, too, was a crowd of neighbours that had got wind somehow of what had happened last night, and not seeing Jim nor me come out in the morning they'd reckoned p'rhaps on finding an awful tragedy inside.

So they went away disappointed, all except Mrs. Hippleston, who came in and stopped, and had a set by the fire while the kettle boiled, and listened to all I told her about what happened last night and the night before that, and how I was situated with a home on my hands and not enough money to run it with, unless Mr. Trapley raised my wages to a full mechanic's. 'Cause, you see, I didn't reckon on ever seeing Jim again now, on account of all his valuables and wearing clothes and settrer being gone, which I supposed he'd taken off with him. And Mrs. Hippleston, when she heard it all, she symp'thised with me at once, and said she was a widow with a pension of five shillings a week left her through Government, and old enough to be my great-grandmother nearly: and providing Jim he didn't come back in a couple of days she'd come over herself in the mornings and make the tea and set out the breakfast, and 'tend to the washing and clearing up generally, until such times as he did put in an appearance, and things got settled down for the better. She'd do this, she said, and a good deal more besides, if only for the sake of Mary and her mother, that had done as much for her many is the time when all her pension went in doctors and medicine, and she was on her beam ends so to speak. But she wanted the two day's grace, she said, on account of Jim; 'cause she knew he was prejudiced against her, and if so be he was to meet her while she was inside his house, p'rhaps she mightn't ever come out of it alive again.

And I thanked her from my heart for what she'd promised to do, and said I'd write and tell Mary and her mother about it; and then I found I was hungry on a sudden, and we hunted the cupboard out, and the larder, and didn't find enough to feed a mouse with; for it was the wrong end of the week, and Jim he was to have draw'd some money on account that very morning.

And Mrs. Hippleston she was in the same boat along with me almost, on account of her pension being bespoke to the baker for a month through the bronsquitis, and

said she was living on tea now until she could catch up with it again. All she had in the world was a halfpenny she kept in a jar at home to keep the wolf out of the attic she lodged in, and of course that wasn't sufficient for us two to have made a meal of.

So we set to work again, and ransacked the whole house upside down for some money; and Mrs. Hippleston she found an old waistcoat of Jim's that had a hole in the pocket, and in the lining there was a brand new sixpenny bit that he swore that I stole once; and I tell you it couldn't have looked lovelier to our eyes, not if it had been a five pound note even.

Then Mrs. Hippleston she put on her bonnet and went and laid the money out the best she could, while I set the table, and sifted the cinders for coal to keep the fire in with. And when she came back, she had as much in her arms as she could carry, and she 'counted for the way she spent the money like this:—

7 lbs. of coal ...	... 1½*d.*
¼ lb. of bacon pieces	... 1*d.*
½ lb. of brown sugar	... ¾*d.*
2 oz. of tea dust ...	... 1*d.*
1 loaf of stale bread	... 1¼*d.*
1 bundle of wood ...	... ½*d.*
Total, Breakfast for two ...	6*d.*

It must have required a deal of experience among the cheaper markets to have stretched it out like that, but, then, Mrs. Hippleston she was a born lawyer, and never 'lowed the trade to make too much profit out of her if *she* could help it, and Jim he used to say if so be they did, she took it out in the time they lost jawing over the prices. But, then, where was the odds so long as we had our fill.

After breakfast we draw'd up to the fire again, and Mrs. Hippleston she told me all about her history, and her father's and her mother's history, and most of her relations thrown in betweens.

She said she was a widow twice. Her first husband—the favourite one—he was a celebrated clown in a circus, and might have been alive now, and p'rhaps a manager, if it hadn't been that he went through the wrong clock at a pantomime and broke his neck. And the other husband he was employed in the Government ever since he was a lad, and got pensioned off when he was too old to stand about any longer; and the Government it passed on half of his pension to her to keep and enjoy so long as she was alive, and she helped it out a bit by doing a little dressmaking and charing among her acquaintances when the chance offered.

I could have sat listening all day to Mrs. Hippleston while she talked, she was that interesting and well informed, but I was fretting too much about them all being away, and the responsibilities that had come on to my shoulders, and so I left her washing up the breakfast things in the scullery with the back door ajar, ready to make a go for it over the garden wall if Jim should come in while I was away, and I went off down to Soho to see Mr. Trapley and do what I could for my own interests, seeing that the climax had come at last, and I was my own master now.

Mr. Trapley he took it very serious about Jim having gone away, and said if he'd only known it in time he wouldn't have given him some money on account, which he done only that very morning. He didn't reckon on his ever coming back again, knowing his temper so well as he done all these years; in which case he'd have a job to replace him by anyone else that would study his interests so well as Jim done. He said, too, he couldn't trust me yet to go out on a job as a first-class mechanic the same as he done Jim, 'cause I didn't know one half what Jim knew about booking up time and materials. The risk would be an awful one to him at the first go off. "But," says he, "I don't wish at the same time to be hard on you on account of your general good conduct, and the peculiar circumstances in which you are placed, so perhaps after all said and done I'll chance it," and he raised me another penny an hour in my wages and charged me full plumber's pay on the 'counts to cover all leakages, so he said. And he gave me some money to carry me on to the end of the week, and told me if I gave him satisfaction up to the end of the year, and wasn't too honest

and particular about how the work was done, he'd raise me up to a mechanic's wages.

When I left the shop I went round to most of the places that Jim frequented when he was on the loose, to see if I could drop across him and persuade him to come back home with me; but there was no tidings of him nowhere—not at the "High Admiral" even, so I gave up 'quiring any more and went straight home to Mrs. Hippleston, who was still in, and preparing for the dinner as soon as I brought the money. And I started her off on another foraging expedition while I sat down to write out all the news for Mary, to send her so soon as I got her address; and I hadn't hardly finished when a rat-tat came to the door, and a letter was shoved underneath it addressed to me in Jim's handwriting, and inside it there was nothing but a Postal Order for ten shillings, with "for rent" wrote on the dirty piece of emery paper that it was folded in. I see then that there was some hopes for him after all, and was adding the news to what I'd already told Mary when Mrs. Hippleston she came in loaded with parcels, and a letter she had fetched from her house which was addressed to me, and which came that morning from my sweetheart.

It was all about us, and begging me to send them on the news about myself and Jim, and a message to Mrs. Hippleston about some few things they wanted, and ended up by saying she'd pray for me and Jim every night, and would be true to me till death parted us; and there was half a dozen kisses enclosed in crosses at the bottom of the letter.

When I got those two letters I felt as if a load had been taken off my heart, and was ready for anything that might turn up, and I spent the rest of that evening in making preparations to stay in the house until further notice, and looked after Mary's plants and canary, and sent out Mrs. Hippleston to fetch in all I wanted in groceries, andsettrer, for the next few days; and after supper Mrs. Hippleston she prepared the dinner ready for me to take to the shop in the morning, and then went away home, leaving me alone to pass the night the best way I could.

XV.

A COUNTRY VISIT.

AFTER the two days' grace was up, and no sign of Jim having come back to his home again, Mrs. Hippleston she started calling twice every day regular to see after my meals andsettrer, and do all the marketing I wanted; and at the end of a fortnight, when he still stopped away, I persuaded her to give up her lodgings and come and stay permanently with me and keep house. And the good old soul she done it without a murmur; and the whole time she stayed with me I couldn't have been better looked after, not by my own mother even.

And we got on as comfortable as could be with my wages and her pension and Jim's ten shillings for rent that came in as regular as a clock every Monday morning by the first post. But Mrs. Hippleston she wouldn't take any money for what she done for me nohow, 'cause she said her pension was sufficient to keep her going so long as she didn't have to pay no rent; and as she never lived on anything except tea, with p'rhaps a bloater now and then for a make-weight, I began to believe her at last, and thought I'd just let her have her own way for once.

It was nearly a week after Whitsuntide that Jim and his family left their home so sudden, and it was close on midsummer of the next year when I got an invite from the old man to go down and stop a week with them in the country. And I was to bring Mrs. Hippleston along with me for them to thank her for all she'd done for me and the old home. And when I read the letter I fairly shouted for joy, and commenced to dance a waltz all round the room with Mrs. Hippleston and the saucepan in her hand, till she thought I must have gone clean mad.

After I'd explained it all to her, I had the biggest job in the world to get her to agree to come away with me, owing to her natural retiring ways, and her not wanting to put anyone to the expense of

paying her fare there and back, which, of course, *she* wasn't able to do without commuting her pension for the rest of her natural life. So I said it was only a loan that she could pay back to me the best way she could, and that I'd be sure to distrain on her furniture providing I didn't get the money from her. And that pleased her so, she agreed to come at once, and so I went off and begged a week's holiday from Mr. Trapley, and we set about preparing to go.

It was a beautiful morning in middle June when we locked up the house and set off together on our journey to see them that were always in our thoughts and conversation, day in and day out; and Mrs. Hippleston she looked so chirpy and respectable in her crêpe bonnet and black cloak that it brought all the neighbours to the doorstep to watch her go by. And you never see anyone so happy and pleased as she was at the thoughts of getting out into the country 'mongst the flowers and trees that were now in their full blow, 'cause she told me she hadn't been out of London since the time she was a little girl and went to a school treat with a label pinned to her shawl as a referee, in case she got lost.

The same time she felt so lowly and humble-like from always being to herself and being looked down upon, that she'd liked to have gone luggage if she could, for fear they'd think third-class was too good for her and turn her out on to the line after we'd gone half way.

By the time we'd got to the station where we were to meet Mary and her mother and the rest of the family, it was middle day, and the summer sun shining bright and high in the blue heavens above us. And I had hardly got out of the train, and was helping Mrs. Hippleston to get her bundle through the carriage door when up they all comes running to us in a regular flutter of pleasure and excitement, and you never in all your life see such a happy meeting as there was during the next five minutes.

There was my darling, looking so womanly and loving, with the healthy colour in her cheeks, and grown so tall and queenly that I felt almost ashamed to speak to her in the old familiar way I had been used to. But it wasn't long before she'd put me quite at my ease, and by the time we'd reached the cottage where they lived it seemed as if we hadn't parted from one another for more than a day at the most.

There was her mother, too, looking, as I thought, a trifle thinner and older than when I see her last, as if she'd been worriting a good deal over Jim since she left him; but she was a deal healthier and stronger looking, and there was a firmer expression on her face than I ever saw there before.

She was half wild with the delight at meeting me and being able to talk about Jim, and the prospect there was of his reforming and coming back to stay at his home once again. She told me, too, she hadn't heard a word from him since that awful day when she thought she'd never live to see another with what she went through. For all that I could see she'd forgiven him in her heart, and was ready, providing he had changed his ways, to let him take her back to him at last.

And the old man, her father, he was there too, along with the others, as smiling and hearty as ever he was, and made me welcome with both my hands in his, and cracked such jokes afterwards over me and Mary all the way to the house that even young Jim in his new p'rambulator he worked up a smile on his face that stopped there till he went to bed that night.

Of course Mrs. Hippleston she came in for her share of the welcome as well, and was made to feel just the same as if she was one of the family so to speak, and she declared to me afterwards that what with the green fields, and the flowers, and the fresh air, and the compliments that were being paid to her, it was like beginning her life over again; and you'd have said so yourself to see her laughing just like a child when she heard the cows mooing, and see the bumbly bees coming out backwards from inside the flowers.

The cottage they lived in belonged to a miller once, and had a dam all round it at the back, with a little wooden bridge across the water to the old mill, that had

Young Jim's favourite spot.

been out of use for many a year. And there was a garden in front of the cottage all filled up with roses and geraniums and marigolds, and the windows even, they were nearly covered with trailing plants, and the moss-roses they fairly peeped in through the openings and scented the whole house in a way that forced one to love every blossom that showed itself.

Inside the porch was a garden bench, where the old man sat regular every evening after sundown to listen to the birds singing, and another bench opposite for the use of them that liked to keep him company, and talk over with him all the news of the day.

Everything about the place was that spick and span and clean and fresh, that folks passing by on the high road would oft-times stop at the gate to have a long look at the prettiness of it before they could make up their minds to go on their way again.

The same inside. All was as tidy and bright as a new sixpence, with the old-fashioned rooms and their low ceilings leading one into another on a sudden when you least expected it, and the little narrow, winding stairs with creaky boards, going up into the bedrooms overhead.

My bedroom in particular, it was the picture of all that was clean and sweet, and showed signs of Mary's handiwork in everything that was in it, from the snowy-white dimity curtains about the bed, to the little window blinds that weren't any bigger than my handkerchief. On the mantelpiece there was a stuffed black-and-tan that looked remarkably like Jim's, and a pair of china dogs with gold ears on each side of it. Over it there was a painting of the old man and his wife when they were young and wore high-shouldered, starchy-looking clothes. Besides this picture there was a lot of others, mostly framed in cockle-shells, and of various different subjects.

There was Joseph in a blue pit over the door as you came in, and above the bed you saw the Profligate Son looking over his father's shoulder, while the old man hugged him and forgave him for everything he'd done; and you could see the fatted calf through the half-opened door —in the back parlour so to speak.

Above the chest of drawers was the parable of the fig-tree, in green worsted, that Mary had worked herself; and there was flowers on the table and on the looking-glass, and a little prayer book by the bedside, with "For William" wrote on the first leaf in Mary's handwriting.

How I spent the rest of that day it would be impossible to tell you in words. It seemed to have lasted only a minute before we were all saying good-night to one another, and with our candles in our hands were making our way upstairs to our different rooms; and then when I was in bed, and was trying hard to think it all over again, the sound of the water falling over the dam, together with the sweet smell from the flowers that kept coming in through the half-open window, lulled me off to sleep little by little, and I remembered no more till it was next morning.

XVI.

A VILLAGE CHURCHYARD.

THE week that followed seemed like one long unbroken dream of happiness to me; and as for Mrs. Hippleston, she began to get so fat through eating solids for once, that I believe if Jim did happen to have met her, he wouldn't scarcely have known his old enemy again for size.

One day succeeded the other so like it in general arrangements that to speak of one is to speak of the lot.

At daybreak we were all up and about the house, the old man down in the garden first, and 'tending to his beloved flowers, and me lending him a hand: while Mary she helped her mother and Mrs. Hippleston to do up the house and get the morning meal ready for us by the time we'd got through with our work. Then, when the breakfast was over and the domestic work done, Mary and I we'd leave the old folks indoors, while we took young Jim out in his p'rambulator for an airing as far as the village and back again, or maybe to the little old churchyard, a bit further on, where we'd sit and tell him stories about ghosts and fairies, and why the sun went round the earth, and other things about

'stronomy in general. And the way he listened and 'peared to enjoy it all, was a downright pleasure to anyone, and almost tempted you to stretch it a bit, just to see how easy he'd swallow it all.

And we'd pass most of the time till dinner there, wandering along the little gravel paths with young Jim, and reading the prescriptions on some of the ancientest looking old tombstones I ever saw.

As a churchyard, this one wasn't a bit to be compared for scenery with the ones I used to see down by Aldgate and Mark Lane, in the City. It was more like a beautiful laid out meadow, with bushes of rodendendrums, and wild roses, and daisies, and honeysuckles covering it all over, right up to the porch itself, where you'd have to stoop to go in without hurting the roses and jasmines that clustered and hung down about it so loving like, that you couldn't fancy any man able to enter such a place with an evil thought in his mind. And in the middle of it was the old grey tower itself covered half-way up to the top with creeping plants and their flowers, and the body of the church also it was covered so plentiful with ivy that it almost shut out the light from the stained glass windows on either side.

Young Jim's favourite spot was at the corner end of the cemetery, where the poorer folks were mostly buried, and facing the old church tower. He took a great notion to that place ever since the first day Mary brought him to it, and would stay there for hours at a stretch, lying back in his p'rambulator with his eyes fixed on the clock and listening for it to strike, while his sister sat knitting on the grass by his side, and reading to him from a story book.

It was a sorrowful day to me when we had to leave our little "flower garden," as we called it, for the last time; and we sat there that evening in young Jim's favourite corner so late, talking about the future and the home that we'd pictured in our minds for ourselves, that the twilight it had begun to deepen and the wind to rise and get quite chilly before we could bring ourselves to leave a place in which so many of our happiest hours had been spent. And as we rose to go, I noticed young Jim's white face with the big, sad eyes still fixed on the old grey tower, like for all the world as if it was his fate, and he couldn't keep his attention away from it for one minute. This made me look the more closer at the clock and the stone work around it than I'd ever done before, and then like a flash it came over my mind that the cause of all his fascination lay in the motto that was cut in rough old-fashioned letters into the stonework below the dial, and that stood out plain enough now in the rosy light of the departing sun:—

"*Watch and pray, for ye know not the hour.*"

(*To be continued.*)

GOOD-BYE.

THE LOST LAND OF KING ARTHUR.

By J. CUMING WALTERS.

(*Author of "In Tennyson Land."*)

V.—Of Caerleon-upon-Usk.

"Caerleon, now step in with stately style,
No feeble phrase may serve to set thee forth;
Thy famous town was spoke of many a myle,
Thou hast been great, though now but little worth:
Thy noble bounds hath reacht beyond them all,
In thee hath been King Arthur's golden hall,
In thee the wise and worthies did repose." *Old Poet.*

"Slow sets the summer sun,
Slow fall the mists, and, closing, droop the flowers,
Faint in the gloaming dies the vesper bell,
And dreamland sleeps round golden Carduel." *Lytton.*

"When Arthur first in court began,
And was approvèd King,
By force of armes great victoreys wanne,
And conquest home did bring." *Percy Reliques.*

"OLD Caerleon-upon-Usk" is the enchanted capital of the kingdom called Romance. Its domes of fretted gold, its countless pinnacles, its seventy churches, its gorgeous palace, and its giant tower—

"From whose high crest, they say,
Men saw the goodly hills of Somerset,
And white sails flying on the yellow sea,"

by the wonder-working art of poets and old-time chroniclers have a reality for us to-day, though they may never have been visible. But the city of the Hero-King is a city seen through a veil. The glittering spires show through the mists of time; in a half-shadow we discern the lofty turrets, and mark the lanceolate windows with their shining diamond-panes; a dreamy brightness reveals the gilded roofs and the "magic casements" where Guinevere and her maidens stood and watched the tourneying knights, and glanced their loves and hopes upon the combatants. The name of Arthur conjures up the scene, and fancy releases the city from its spell of slumber and ruin and fashions it again in splendour. It is said that this city of Legions was once the rival of Rome in grandeur. When the all-conquering king had subdued thirty kingdoms, he could find no more suitable place than Caerleon for "holding a magnificent court to place the crown upon his head, and to invite the kings and dukes under his subjection to the ceremony. When he had communicated his designs to the familiar friends, he pitched upon Caerleon as a proper place for his purpose; for, besides its great wealth above the other cities,

its situation was most pleasant and fit for so great a solemnity. For on one side it was washed by that noble river (the Usk), so that the kings and princes from the countries beyond the seas might have the convenience of sailing up to it. On the other side was the beauty of meadows and groves, and the magnificence of the royal palaces. Besides, there was a college of two hundred philosophers, who, being learned in astronomy and the other arts, were diligent in observing the courses of the stars, and gave King Arthur the predictions of the events that would happen at that time." So runs Geoffrey's chronicle, and he reports that at the festival there were present numerous kings, princes, prelates, and consuls, all named; and no prince of any consideration on this side Spain forebore attending. The ceremony of the coronation, as described by Geoffrey, was a stupendous event. The archbishops, headed by Dubritius, were conducted to the royal palace to place the crown upon the monarch's head. Arthur was invested with his imperial habiliments, and conducted in great pomp to the Metropolitan Church, supported by the bishops and four kings, who bore golden swords before him. The queen, "dressed out in her richest ornaments," and attended by bishops and four queens, bearing before her four white doves, joined the procession; and the people of Caerleon in their tens of thousands "made all imaginable demonstrations of joy." Then transporting music was played, both in the churches and the streets, all day, and was so beautiful that the knights knew not which of the many orchestras to prefer. After the service the king and queen retired to their separate palaces, "for the Britons still observed the ancient custom of Troy, by which men and women used to celebrate their festivals apart." One thousand young noblemen, clothed in ermine, served the banquet at the king's table; and in the queen's palace innumerable waiters, dressed with a variety of ornaments, performed their offices. The knights, in best apparel, were in full attendance, and the ladies, celebrated for their wit, encouraged them in their tourneys. No man, says Geoffrey, was worthy of a woman's love until he had given proof of his valour in three separate battles; "thus was the valour of the men an encouragement for the women's chastity, and the love of the women a spur to the soldiers' bravery." The victors in the jousts at Caerleon that day were rewarded by Arthur in person, and the capital was a blaze of splendour and a scene of unequalled exploits.*

We get further pictures of Caerleon from other of the early historians. Giraldus Cambrensis recorded in the twelfth century that at Caerleon might be seen many vestiges of its former glory, "immense palaces ornamented with gilded roofs, in imitation of Roman magnificence, a tower of prodigious size, and relics of temples." Three centuries before Cæsar's invasion, Belin Mawr laid the city's foundations; and in the sixth century—

> "Cymri's dragon, from the Roman's hold,
> Spread with calm wing o'er Carduel's domes of gold."

In the "Mabinogion" we also get a casual glimpse of King Arthur's royal state at Caerleon: "Arthur was accustomed to hold his court at Caerleon-upon-Usk. And there he held it seven Easters and five Christmases. And once upon a time he held his court there at Whitsuntide. For Caerleon was the place most easy of access in his dominions, both by sea and land. And there were assembled nine crowned kings, who were his tributaries, and likewise earls and barons. For they

*Silchester, originally a Celtic fortress, and a city of the size of London, is also reported to have been the scene of Arthur's coronation at the age of fifteen by Dubritius. Modern excavations have proved the importance of the city as a great centre of life and industry in Roman and British times, with its Forum, Basilica, and rows of shops and houses; and if the *Calleva Attrebatum* were really Arthur's crowning place, its fitness and worth for so imposing an event cannot be disputed. Although Silchester is not directly referred to in the Romances, Arthur's Hampshire connections are numerous. They centre in Winchester, where his predecessor and foster-father, Ambrosius Aurelianus, died in the year 508. It was at Silchester also that the chief men of the provinces met after Uther Pendragon's death and petitioned Dubritius, Archbishop of Caerleon, to consecrate Arthur the successor to the dead king.

were his invited guests at all the high festivals, unless they were prevented by any great hindrance. And when he was at Caerleon holding his court, thirteen churches were set apart for mass." But the scene at the coronation of Arthur was never excelled; and if Geoffrey of Monmouth may be believed, such a noble assembly, such a display of magnificence, such prodigality of sport and hospitality were never before or afterward seen in Britain; and the historian adds that at that time King Arthur's country had arrived at "such a pitch of grandeur, that in abundance of riches, luxury, ornaments, and politeness of inhabitants it far surpassed all other countries."

But what is Caerleon now? Late on an August afternoon, when the sky was stricken with the first shadowy pallor of evening, a white, sandy, deserted lane led me past a few scattered houses and a small church to the riverside. The tide was out and the waters had shrunk almost into silence. An old tower, thickly overgrown with trailing weeds, stands on the bank, and tells of other times. The fields stretching away from the right bank of the Usk are irregularly divided by the remnant of an old Roman wall, rising about twelve feet, and supposed to have been originally four miles long, connecting Caerleon with the outposts. Antiquaries differ in opinion as to whence the stone was obtained; those marvel-working Romans who came over with Julius Frontinus in the first century, and made Caerleon the headquarters of the second Augustan Legion, left the secret buried in the monument they raised. The wall passes by, and beyond, the Priory and the Round Table Field, where a deep indentation probably marks the site of a Roman amphitheatre. This supposition derives circumstantial confirmation from the fact that a contiguous field has borne from time out of record the name of the Bearhouse Field —the site of the house in which wild beasts were kept for gladiatorial contests. But legend floats about the scene and fantastically shapes itself into a marvellous tale, that here King Arthur with his knights sits entranced in a subterranean chamber, and there will remain until Britain in her hour of peril calls him forth to new and greater conquests. The Welsh bards have sung how—

> "He first ordained the circled board;
> The knights whose martial deeds far-famed that Table Round,
> Which truest in their loves, which most in arms renowned,
> The laws which long upheld that Order, they report:
> The Pentecosts prepar'd at Caerleon in her Court,
> That Table's ancient seat."

While one wanders about the green hillocks which compose that mysterious circle the mind can feel the inspiration of the scene and sport with the phantoms of the unreal world. It is on such occasions that one feels the touch of

other times and seems to hear the echo of voices stilled. The flame of romance kindles a thousand images; half the present fades away, and in its place appears what has vanished or has never been. The long procession of the dead troops by, and the tale of bygone days is recalled. Here, once, were the sounds of tumult; the king's pavilion was set, and the tourney was "let cry." Then were heard the clatter of the steeds, the rush to arms, the clang of sword and spear, the shattering of hauberk and shield; then through the streets resounded the trumpet-call to arms and the proclamation of the king; then gathered and dispersed the noble order of knights and the flower of chivalry, setting forth upon noble quests or returning to relate their deeds to Arthur and to lay their spoils at the feet of Guinevere. Along these lanes rode Sir Lancelot and Sir Galahad, Sir Gawain, and Sir Kaye. Here came kings from north, south, and west to do homage to Arthur. Here,

> "Among the myriad-room'd
> And many-corridor'd perplexities
> Of Arthur's palace,"

the drama of pain and shame was acted by the Queen and Arthur's greatest knight, a man "not after Arthur's heart." Here, where the bee hums and the moth alights, were knightly jousts and stubborn contests. Steel grappled with steel, and the hard ground trembled under the shock of mounted warriors. Here, where the grass grows long and the daisy and primrose brighten out among the green, were mailed men and mirthful maidens; here they feasted and sang and dedicated their days to love and chivalry. But the wind roves over the open plain; and scarcely a stone, a tottering arch, or a fallen tower, has escaped the iconoclasm of time's remorseless hand. The massive walls which defied the siege of the all-conquering Roman have been thrown down, and the regal palaces which never yielded to the pagan have sunk and disappeared in the dust. Their very foundations cannot be traced. But beneath the ruins sleeps romance, and in the pervading silence is closed the last song of ancient chivalry. The dust of the heroes is scattered, and

> "The attributes of those high days
> Now only live in minstrel-lays."

Everything is past but the names of men and places—names that we have and ideals that we make. A ford with Arthur's name, a stone associated with his deeds, a city where his temples were reared! Tranquilly flows the river and washes the unfrequented banks; and Caerleon-upon-Usk, like a wave that has been spent and dies upon the shore, has ebbed into the quietude of tideless time and has been lost. Yet, to him who goes with open mind and simple faith, Caerleon is even now a wonderland, and fragments of its marvellous story are scattered on the roadside, in the undulating meadows, and along the banks of the wide, brown river. Everywhere we find remnants of a remarkable past; and though the city has dwindled to a hamlet and is sequestered from the busy toiling world, it seems like the city of fable which slept until the promised prince came and released it from the fetters of enchantment. So may Caerleon one day be awakened.

The healing sun-god, Belenus (from whose name our modern Billingsgate is derived), was the Celtic Apollo, and to him is ascribed the foundation of Caerleon. Others, with better reason, ascribe it to Lleon, an ancient British king. The Romans, about the year 70 A.D., made it one of their chief stations in Britannia Secunda, and the city in their time is reputed to have been nine miles in area. Akeman Street went from it to Cirencester, and the maritime Julian Way passed through it from Bath to Neath, while the mountain Julian Way connected it with Abergavenny. Fragments of a Roman fortress 12 feet thick and 1,800 yards in circuit have been found, and the Roman amphitheatre, 16 feet high and 222 feet by 192 feet in extent, is popularly known as the festival scene of King Arthur and his knights. Some of the Roman bricks and tiles are to be found in the modern structures, and part of the old Roman wall 12 feet high is still visible. In the days of

SIR PELLEAS FINDETH THE LOVERS ASLEEP IN THE FOREST

Hadrian the best part of the city was Caerleon *ultra pontem*—that part lying beyond the wooden movable bridge, which is now replaced by one of stone.* The local museum is crowded with memorials of antiquity—tesselated pavements, Roman stones and inscriptions, baths, altars, sculpture, Roman lamps (found in a road cutting), glass vessels, bronze ornaments, harness buckles, keys, coins, and stone facings of the rooms in the Castle Villa. Most curious and valuable of all, perhaps, is a boundary stone showing that the sea-walls were the work of the third-century Romans and made by their soldiery. But the sea has receded from Caerleon and is now quite two miles away, and Newport has arisen where once the ships of Caerleon sailed. All the Roman temples which King Arthur found in the city he is said to have converted into Christian churches, St. Dubric, the most famous of the ecclesiastics of antiquity, being appointed the archbishop. On the other hand, the archbishopric is said to date from 182, and to have lasted until 521. But the remarkable and significant fact is that while relics in abundance of the early Romans can be found, nothing has been preserved of the later British or Saxon times, and not a trace can be discovered of the surpassing glory of the Arthurian capital. Tradition avers that for four hundred years before the Christian era Caerleon was a royal residence and the burial place of British kings; but tradition dispenses with proofs.

King Arthur's ninth great battle against the Saxons took place at Caerleon, and he had previously encountered them at the most celebrated of the city's outposts, Caerwent. The latter place has a history little inferior to that of Caerleon itself, and has strong claims to consideration both as a Roman settlement and as a reputed Arthurian stronghold. It is uninviting in aspect to-day, but the fragments of stately piles and the innumerable coins and medals that have been unearthed attest its former consequence. Caerwent is situated on the Via Julia, or military road, and Leland bore witness to the many evidences of its ancient importance, with its massive walls and gates. It is even affirmed that Caerwent was originally the capital of the Silures, but that afterwards it was a "dependence" on Caerleon, with which it communicated by a subterranean passage. The entrance to that passage was from a lane which still retains the name of Arthur.

Over thirty years ago a stranger came to Caerleon, and without giving his name or stating his errand, took up his abode at the Hanbury Arms, one of the oldest hostelries in the kingdom. The Hanbury Arms is a white, quaintly-built house, facing the Usk, and originally stood at a point in the road commanding three approaches to the city. But the change of time has given a new entrance to Caerleon, and travellers will now find the Hanbury Arms on the remote side. Its low-browed windows, with the stone mullions of unusual thickness, and the square, hooded drip-stones above, indicate that the house dates from the fourteenth or fifteenth century. To this place the stranger made his way, his advent being almost unnoticed and his purpose unknown. A local chronicler says: "Quiet

*Of this wooden bridge G. W. Manby in his "Guide" (published 1802) gives an illustration, and says: "As numerous coins have been found where the piles of the bridge are now placed, there is no doubt of its being the original pass. To a person unaccustomed to such a bridge, the rattling noise whenever any weight is going over naturally occasions some apprehensions. . . . The accounts of the tide rising so high as to cover the bridge are erroneous; it never has been known yet; but that assertion has given rise to the idea of the bridge being purposely loose to prevent its being carried away in such cases. The amazing floods to which the river is subject would render it not surprising if accidents did happen." Tennyson, who obtained from the *genius loci* both inspiration and enlightment, refers in "Geraint and Enid" to the rapidity of the turn of the tidal waters of the Usk:—

> "Scarce longer time
> Than at Caerleon the full-tided Usk,
> Before the time to fall seaward again,
> Pauses."

Modern Caerleon, however, with its commonplace railway station, its porters shouting "Car—lion," its new bridge, its spoilt Norman church, and its street of small dwelling-houses, is likely at first to disappoint the pilgrim, who only by searching and waiting can hope to find the links with the city's historic past.

THE BODY OF ELAINE IS BROVGHT TO KING ARTHVR'S CASTLE

and unobtrusive to a degree, he soon attracted attention from his very reserved and seclusive habits. Day after day passed, and his figure was seldom seen. Frequently he would leave the house early in the morning, and go no one knew whither, and on his return retire to his room until next morning. It was soon recognised that the stranger was fond of long walks, and there was not a hill in the neighbourhood up whose sides he did not climb. For a time no companion or friend seemed to notice him, but occasionally a letter arriving at the post office was delivered to him. At first the name attracted no attention, but at length 'Alfred Tennyson,' inscribed on successive missives, seemed to have a special interest for the local postmaster. He repeated the name until its familiarity led him to suspect that the stranger was no other than the Poet Laureate, and this ultimately proved correct. On the fact becoming generally known that Tennyson was staying at Caerleon, visitors frequently called upon him, but he endeavoured to maintain his seclusion to the last . . . . In 1859 the result of Tennyson's sojourn at 'Caerwysg' was seen, when he produced to the world his 'Idyls of the King.' Some few of the inhabitants still remember the poet." Tennyson's half-dozen allusions to Caerleon are slight, but they do not lack distinctness; the most striking are those semi-descriptive references in "Geraint and Enid," and in "Balin and Balan," neither of which could have been so written had not the poet visited the spot.

The Caerleon of fancy, not of reality, is described at much greater length and with much higher charm by Lytton. If Tennyson was content with a sweeping reference to the palace and its chambers, Lytton could only be satisfied with a detailed account of the High Council Hall in which was set the king's ivory throne, and around which gathered "the Deathless Twelve of the Heroic King," the Knights of the Round Table. He tells how the dragon of the Cymri "spread with calm wing o'er Carduel's domes of gold," how the city lay in a vale, sheltered by the dark forests which mantled the environing hills, and his picture of the daily customs of the people of the city was revealed in the words:—

"Some plied in lusty race the glist'ning oar;
Some noiseless snared the silver-scalèd prey;
Some wreathed the dance along the level shore;
And each was happy in his chosen way."

But this was purely the city of vision. The faint light which history throws upon the dark period of the British occupation shows us that Caerleon was continually given over to warfare of the wildest character. It is associated also in the Fabliaux with the darkest event in Arthur's personal history—an event in which Mordred eventually acted as Nemesis.

Were all the romances written which have Caerleon as their background of scenery, the long stories of the ill-fated brethren Balin and Balan, of Geraint and Enid, of many a knightly quest and adventure, and of many a great undertaking by the "fair beginners of a nobler time," would have to be related anew. The half-historic, half-fabulous histories of Dubritius the archbishop, of Taliesin the chief of bards, of Talhairan, the father of poetry—all men of Caerleon—would likewise have to be recounted, but the complete narratives must be sought in the chronicles, the triads, and the "Mabinogion." Yet some of the dust under which lies the golden-domed city, and some of the ruins beneath which sleeps slain romance, mingle with the dust and ruins of history; and a little of that history may be deciphered still in the Isca Silurum of the Romans, where Caractacus held his court, where the Præter deposited the eagles, where justice was dealt out in the name of Cæsar, where Saxons and Britons met in one of their last deadly struggles, and where the dragon of the Cymry ultimately prevailed, and Arthur Pendragon rose and had his name set "high on all the hills and in the signs of heaven."

(To be continued.)

THE LAST SKIPPER OF THE "LAPWING"

By PERCY SANDOWN.

"MASTER wanted for a 1,000-ton steamer. Immediate employment offered. Knowledge of the China Seas indispensable. No investigation necessary. Apply at once, with testimonials, to Messrs. Mavis, Gray and Co., Hong Kong."

The above advertisement used to appear with more or less regularity in the columns of the *China Mail* every three or four months. At first a single insertion appeared sufficient, but as time went on it might sometimes be noticed running for several consecutive numbers. After a while most of the regular Hongkong skippers grew to know to what ship it referred. Still, it must have been constantly answered by outsiders from other ships or other trades. These, however, can never have retained their command for long, for the advertisement invariably reappeared after an interval to announce that the *Lapwing* was again without a master. There was no doubt she was a most unpopular ship. Yet it was difficult to ascertain the cause. Most people, if asked, said they could not understand it. A few looked as if they could tell something if they chose. No one seemed to have any definite knowledge—or if they had they kept it to themselves.

Now I have learnt the reason. Now I understand why the command of that vessel passed from man to man till the phrase, "skipper of the *Lapwing*," raised a smile on Hongkong lips. Now I know not only that it is a fact that every captain, save two, left that ship after the first round voyage in her—and of the two exceptions one was washed overboard in a typhoon, and the other committed suicide—but, also, I know the reason why!

Some months ago, Jack Forrester and I ran up against each other most unexpectedly in old Ambrose's Store at Hongkong—a noted gathering-place for officers of the merchant vessels trading to and from the port. We had been friends ever since we were boys, and, consequently, we hailed each other with a genuine delight after the years that had elapsed since our last meeting. I was, by this time, first officer of one of the Indian mail boats then running between Hongkong and Calcutta, and he had recently been master of a China coaster that plied mainly between Shanghai and the southern ports.

When the war broke out between China and Japan his owners promptly sold their vessel at a good price to the Japanese, and he lost his berth. Times were bad, and he had not yet succeeded in getting another ship—so he told me as we sat over our drinks at the rough store table. Then we talked of many things: of the happy days spent as cadets together in the dear old training ship on the Mersey; of apprentice days round the Horn in a 'Frisco wheat ship; of vessels that we had sailed in, and vessels that we had seen from afar; of the Board of Trade examinations, and the long weary struggle up the ladder of a sailor's profession. From that the conversation turned back again to homes in England, and I asked him if he was married.

"No," he answered, with a sudden

flush on his bronzed face, "but I am engaged."

"My best congratulations, old fellow"—I was beginning conventionally, when he cut me short with abruptness.

"Her name is Jessie Collier, and she is governess in the family of an English merchant named Price at Shanghai," he said, in rather troubled tones. "And, of course, I think her the sweetest girl on earth, Frank. But in another three months the family are returning to England. Unless I can get a berth before then, and one, moreover, which will enable me to marry her and take her with me, she will have to go back to the Prices. The thought of it is worrying me badly."

Just at that moment, before I could reply, someone, quite by chance, flung down on the table beside us the current copy of the *China Mail*. Jack picked it up carelessly, and there was the advertisement about the *Lapwing* staring him straight in the face. He pounced on it eagerly with a quick exclamation. In five minutes he had departed unceremoniously, leaving me to cut the fatal slip out of the paper and speculate idly on its real meaning. I have that very cutting in my possession still.

He was radiant with delight.

Two hours later I met him again in the street. He was radiant with delight. He had gone direct from Ambrose's Store to the office of Messrs. Mavis, Gray & Co., to apply for the post, and had obtained it on the spot.

It was in vain that I hinted, at first slightly, and then, after a while, more plainly, that he ought not to have been so precipitate. That the ship might not perhaps be a desirable one. That if it was the first-class berth that he declared it to be, it was at least peculiar there should have been such an evident absence of competition for it. Growing more explicit, I warned him that there were curious rumours afloat; that more than one skipper had left the *Lapwing* in the greatest hurry. That none had ever remained, so it was said, more than three months in her, and that although, strangely enough, the same did not apply to the crew, yet the high wages offered by Messrs. Mavis, Gray & Co. to the masters of their desirable 1,000-ton steamer invariably proved of no use in retaining their services for any lengthy period. It was even whispered that the bad end of her first skipper—who had committed suicide—had something to do with the aversion felt by his successors for their vessel.

But Jack Forrester scoffed at the idea, and ridiculed my indefinite warnings. He laughingly declared that it would take more than all the ghosts of all the skippers that had ever had her to prevent his accepting the command of the *Lapwing* on the terms offered by the owners. Never, he averred, had such a stroke of luck turned up so opportunely. Mr. Mavis, the senior partner of the firm, had been so pleased with Jack's testimonials that the latter had ventured to ask him whether, after the first voyage, he might be allowed to take a wife with him. And the tall, courteous old owner, looking gravely at his new captain from

under his bushy, grey eyebrows, had replied, after a momentary hesitation, that he thought there would be no objection—provided, of course, he remained in command when the time for the second voyage came round.

Which highly significant proviso, as I thought it, Jack treated as merely the ordinary caution of a shipowner's business.

And, forthwith, we went off to have a look at the steamer. She was lying abreast of the lower part of the town on the far side of the Fairway Channel, engaged in taking on board bunker coal from a large lighter alongside. Consequently, everything was plentifully besprinkled with coal-dust. Her two pole masts were grimy in the extreme, and recent brine-whitened patches on her funnel were rapidly assuming a more sooty colour. Her iron decks, in places, were distinctly rusty. But she was not at all a bad ship of her kind. Built on the Tyne about five years earlier, she was a steel boat with triple expansion engines and many modern improvements. One peculiarity of her construction was that all the berths for the officers and engineers, as well as their mess-room and the steward's pantry, were amidships, the skipper's cabin and a tiny saloon being situated aft by themselves. This arrangement seemed to be rather unusual, and I drew Jack's attention to it.

"Oh, that does not matter," he answered promptly. "I always sleep in the chart room under the bridge at sea, so as to be available at once in case of necessity."

"You won't be able to do that aboard this 'ere ship, sir," commented the mate, who was showing the new skipper round. "There ain't no proper chart room so to speak. All the chart room we 'as is a bit of a table and some drawers at the back o' the wheel'ouse." And this fact was speedily confirmed on investigation. "The cap'n allus 'as to sleep aft," continued the mate, who struck me as wishing to emphasise the fact. "Bit lonesome at times, I'm thinking." And the speaker blinked queerly in the sunlight.

Isaac Smerton, as the mate called himself, was a rough, battered-looking individual, one of those men who never rise above subordinate rank, but, sturdy and hardworking, are content with the lesser responsibilities of life. A splendid seaman in his uncouth way, who had voyaged in almost every corner of the globe — from Mauritius to Honolulu, from Alaska to the Cape—he had, so he told us, come out with the *Lapwing* from England on her maiden trip, and remained in her ever since.

"Ay, she ain't such a bad boat," he opined slowly, "though not the sort o' craft as you'd make a yacht of. A bit too much given to rollin' when she ain't full, that's what she is; and contrary-like, she pulls strong on 'er 'elm when deep. But she don't seem to suit her skippers, them that lives down aft. Lord! what a 'eap I've had over me. 'Bout full moon 'tis mostly as they gets uneasy too."

"Full moon!" exclaimed Jack in surprise. "Why, what has that got to do with it?"

"Can't say, sir, I'm sure," answered the other, shrugging his shoulders and looking his questioner straight between the eyes. "Never did rightly understand it myself. But 'tis a fact, for all that. Maybe you'll find it out before long, sir," he added rather significantly.

"I wonder they have not given you the command," I remarked, with some curiosity.

"Wouldn't have it, sir," he replied promptly. "I knows a good berth when I gets it. I'm mate of this 'ere craft and I sleeps 'midships and I'm content like. Mr. Mavis 'e offers me the ship two year ago come next week. 'No thank ye, sir,' I says, 'mate I am and mate I'll stay.' But now I'll just be lookin' after them coolie thieves forrard, by your leave, sir."

And straightway Mr. Smerton departed in some haste, while from the hubbub that shortly afterwards arose in the bows we judged his presence was not unneeded.

"What does the old fool mean, Jack?" I asked my companion as we went down into the little cabin aft to drink to a prosperous voyage from certain stores

abandoned by the last skipper, who had departed—so unkind rumour alleged—without even the formality of getting a discharge.

"I don't know and I don't care," answered the *Lapwing's* new master, curtly. Then his honest, sunburnt face flushed slightly as he added:

"I have got to make a home for Jessie in three months' time, you know. So I cannot afford to be too particular. Here is luck to us all three," he said.

As I put down my glass, after drinking heartily to the toast, I swear that I distinctly heard a low, mocking chuckle at my side. I glanced sharply round the dusty little saloon in astonishment. Of course there was nothing there. Jack, apparently quite unconscious of it, was overhauling an empty locker. So far as I could see no one was near the companion ladder or by the cabin skylight overhead. Could it have been merely imagination? I suppose it was—and yet?

But my chum speedily cut short my wondering by declaring that he must return ashore to fetch his kit. The ship was to sail almost immediately. And so my visit to his vessel was at an end. And as I went overboard I felt a distinct reluctance to refer to that curious sound. So I didn't.

Both the *Lapwing* and my own ship cleared from Hongkong the same evening. We left just after her, and steaming rapidly seawards, passed her outside the entrance to the harbour. It was my watch, and as I paced the bridge I could see Jack's tall form standing by the binnacle on the other craft. We waved mutual farewells. For my part I thought he was a fool to go. There seemed to me an air of mystery about his ship that puzzled me, and which I did not like. But then I had no Jessie Collier to consider. Perhaps, if that had been the case, my point of view would have been different. I have never married yet.

I was back again in Hongkong before many weeks had elapsed, and I inquired at once for the *Lapwing*. But she was still away on some round voyage to the Philippines and Java, and there was no news of her. Then I was sent on an intermediate run to Rangoon, and it must have been a good two months later before I found myself opposite Jack Forrester again in a cosy corner of Ambrose's hospitable store. I was just in from Calcutta; he was off next morning for Labuan and the Straits Settlements.

He seemed unusually grave, and at first was very uncommunicative. But after a time he threw himself back in his seat, lit a fresh pipe, and told me the whole yarn that follows quietly and thoughtfully. I think it was a relief to him to have someone to talk to about it whom he could trust. As far as I can remember, this is how it ran, more or less in his own words:—

"There was something uncanny, something horrible about that boat of mine, Frank, that baffles me. I never knew what fear was till I joined her, but I think I understand the feeling well enough now. Just about the full moon—as old Smerton hinted in our first interview, do you remember?—the evil things seem to have power to manifest themselves. Evil they certainly must be too! I used to laugh at stories of ghosts and spirits; I do it no longer, I can tell you.

"For some time after leaving Hongkong all went well. Once or twice I thought I heard curious sounds in the cabin for which I could not account; but as I was accustomed to have it all to myself, except when the steward was about at meal times, I put them down to fancy. The night before the moon was full we were steaming through Mindora Strait on the way to Manilla. The heat all day had been fearful, and the tropical evening had brought no respite; it was close and sultry. The sea was smooth save for a slight oily swell from the northward. A few ghostly gleams of phosphorus broke from the *Lapwing's* bows as she made her way sluggishly against the set of the current. I had been on the bridge till we were safely past Apo reef, which divides the strait in two, and then shortly before eight bells, midnight, I went aft to get some sleep. A strange feeling of depression had been

The faces made me shiver.

creeping over me all day, and by this time it had become almost insupportable. My cabin, as I daresay you recollect, has two doors, one in the passage and the other in the little saloon. On this occasion I made straight for my bunk without passing through the latter, and I was in the act of turning up the little swinging lamp when a sudden most unexpected noise made me pause in astonishment.

"Next moment it was repeated. A distinct burst of hoarse laughter rang out boisterously from the saloon itself.

"I confess I was startled. Who on earth could be there at this hour of the night. But then it occurred to me that the steward must be making free with my whisky, and I flung open the door angrily, intent on giving that gentleman a lesson.

"The words died on my lips. At the table were seated three strange forms. The lamp was burning brightly, and shed a vivid light on them; every detail is burnt on my memory. One looked like a Chinaman of the lowest description, a sallow, round - faced specimen, with hideous triangular eyes and a degraded cringe in every movement. Opposite was what appeared to be a burly, red-headed man, in a dirty sailor-blue suit, minus a collar, smoking a black clay pipe upside down, the ashes from which strewed a long thick beard. This latter appearance was wild and uncouth in the extreme; I can hardly describe the impression made on me in words. I can only think of it with a shudder.

"The third shape was a woman's. It was sitting in my armchair at the head of the table, leaning carelessly backwards. It was the dress that struck me as so extraordinary, for every colour there is seemed to be blended in one hideous glare that made my eyes ache to look at

it. It, or rather she, was busy sorting a pack of greasy cards, and her face was hidden behind them. Her hands were white and active.

"I was never so completely taken aback in my life. Everything looked solid and substantial, from the sailor's ragged cap on the floor to the black spirit bottles on the table. And yet the faces made me shiver. On all of them—for the woman was gazing straight at me now with piercing black eyes—was stamped the same fierce expression, the same reckless, abandoned look. One felt there was nothing, however wicked, such people would not dare; no deed, however cruel, they might not attempt if it suited them.

"My entrance was greeted with a rude shout.

"'Here is a partner for you, Nell,' cried the man in a rasping voice. 'You two can take on Ah Fung and me. Whist, mate, that's the game!' And he motioned me imperiously to a seat opposite the woman.

"I suppose I must have taken it mechanically, for I found myself shuffling the cards like a man in a dream. They certainly seemed real enough. I can almost feel the touch of them still.

"The Shape opposite me gave a horrible little laugh.

"'The usual stakes?' demanded its woman's voice, shrilly.

"'Aye, that's it,' agreed the other; while the Chinaman rocked backwards and forwards, and peered at me with beady eyes. 'Look ye here, mister; you think you're master of this ship, I reckon. So did others afore ye, mister. But that is where you are all mistaken. There is only one skipper aboard this craft, and that is Me! And I am going to have my way. This ship'—the Thing that was speaking thumped the table furiously till the bottles rang—'has got to be lost—to go to the bottom. Do you understand? May be you have a kind of objection to sinking her. So did some of the others in your shoes; and those are the lucky ones that shifted quietly, I can tell ye. But I'll make a sportsmanlike offer. We'll play for it. The ship's safety shall be the stake; that is a fair game, ain't it? If we wins the rubber, you sinks the ship. If you and Nell there'—with a ghastly leer—'beats us, then the old tub floats. See? Play up, Ah Fung—you lead!'

"And he kicked his partner under the table till the creature screeched with anger.

"We played that awful game, those three Shapes and I. I have the reputation of being rather good at whist. But I do not remember in the slightest how it went that night. All I know is that a sudden fiendish yell of triumph warned me that I had lost. And I became aware of those horrible mocking faces glaring fixedly into mine.

"An indescribable feeling of terror seized me. I sprang to my feet, scattered the cards in all directions, and rushed madly on deck. Their last threatening chorus rang in my ears:

"'Lose the ship before We meet you at next full moon, or face Us again if you dare.'

"And its discordant echoes haunted me along the quiet decks, up the bridge ladder, and even while I stood beside the mate, looking mechanically into the glowing binnacle at the restless compass card.

"But I am not going to be scared away from the *Lapwing*. Neither, of course, am I going to lose her if I can help it. Last full moon we were lying in Batavia harbour, and I confess I spent the nights ashore. But during the next one, in about ten days' time, we shall be at sea. Then I will face it out, and tell you the result when we meet again."

I begged him, with the utmost earnestness, not to be so rash. I urged, I argued, I entreated, and at last I cursed his obstinacy. Then only I learnt the reason of his determination.

"Jessie sails with me this voyage, Frank," he said slowly. "She knows all the story, and has made me promise to go and take her with me. We were married two days ago."

I stared at him in silent surprise, and after that I gave up my attempt to persuade him. Moreover, when, later on, he introduced me to his young wife, I ceased to wonder. There was that in

the girl's clear dark eyes, and sweet, rather wistful face, that made me in some degree realise how a man would risk everything for the sake of keeping her with him.

Besides, in this matter she herself was resolute. If such a girl had ever wished me to do anything for her, I should have done it unquestioning. Alas! none such ever has. And Jessie Forrester had heard her husband's story, and had declared that her place was to face the evil Things at his side, come what might. And she had made Jack, who loved her, reluctantly acquiesce. Of what use, then, was argument of mine?

They sailed next morning at sunrise, and I watched them go with a dim foreboding, for which I could not account.

One evening, rather more than a week later, my own vessel was steaming rapidly southward towards Singapore. The night was fine, with a light breeze, the sea smooth, and the moon, approaching her full, was bathing everything in a wondrous glory of silver hue. Dinner was over, and the passengers aft were having a dance. It was my watch on deck, and as I paced the upper bridge the waltz music hummed dreamily in my ears. All that day a vague sense of approaching calamity had haunted me, mixed up in some strange fashion with the thoughts of the *Lapwing* and her crew. Once that evening I could have sworn I heard Jack's voice calling me. Another time it was as if Jessie's low tones came across the rippling waters in a cry for help. Of course, it was all imagination. The heat in the daytime had been stifling, and I had not been able to get my due share of sleep.

But what was that glare away to the southward? Suddenly, interrupting the music and the laughter on the after deck, a hoarse shout broke from the man on the lookout forward:

"Strange light on the port bow, sir," his voice rang out ominously. Then a minute or two later, "Ship on fire ahead, sir!"

The dancing stopped abruptly. There was a general rush to the side rail. The captain joined me on the bridge, and ordered me to alter the course to bring us

What was that glare?

close up to the burning vessel. He rang up the engine room to "stand by."

The distance between us lessened rapidly. Soon we were able to distinguish the outline of a steamer lying motionless in the midst of a circle of flame-coloured sea. The fire was bursting out furiously, and mounting upwards till the very sky above was reddened with the glare. As we steamed nearer fresh volumes of flame and smoke could be seen breaking out along her decks, whilst we seemed almost to hear the fierce crackling of the woodwork and the dull hissing of the flames.

But she appeared to be deserted. There was no sign of life on board.

"Can you make out her name?" said the chief to me, as the sharp "Ting, ting" of the telegraph carried his orders to the engine room to slow down.

I steadied my glass on the canvas wind screen of the bridge, and directed it on

the bows of the doomed steamer. Long and earnestly I looked. Then a mist seemed to steal over my eyes as I spelt out the white letters one by one—

"L-A-P-W-I-N-G."

"I shall not go any nearer," said the chief decisively. "Take one of the boats and make sure there is no one on board," he ordered. And the throb of our propeller slowed away and then stopped.

The boat's crew gave way with a will, and we were soon as close to the burning vessel as I dared approach. As it was, the heat of the fire was almost unbearable. We hailed her again and again—no answer. Once, indeed, my shout seemed to linger curiously, as if it were caught up on board and repeated in derision. But I must have been mistaken. She was low in the water, and from where I stood I could see no living thing on her scorching decks. Her boats had been cleared from the davits and were gone.

I gave the order to return. As the men pulled round we went quite close under the *Lapwing*'s stern. Tongues of flame were shooting out all round it and licking hungrily at the unburnt sides. And there, looking out of one of the cabin port holes, I saw a face.

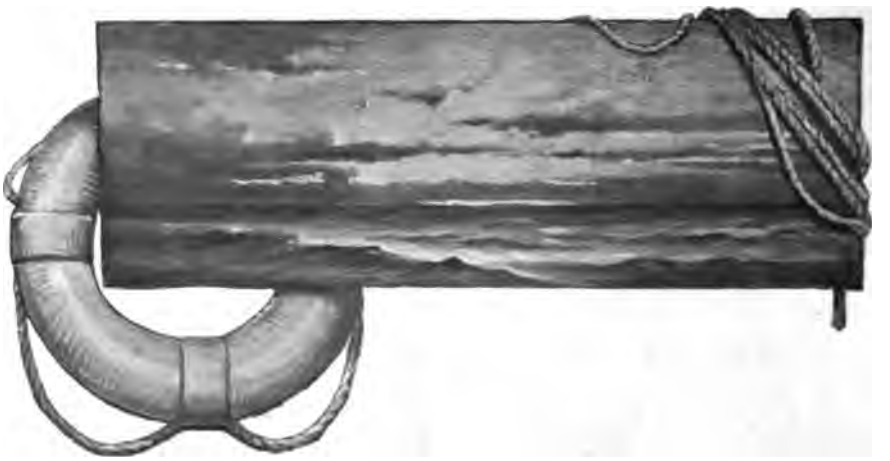
A face such as no honest man should see! A face the likeness of which—please Heaven—I shall never gaze on again! Its weird fiery eyes glared at me with the sinister triumph of evil accomplished at last. A terrible grin played round its white mocking lips. A second only was it there, and then there remained but the darkness of an empty port hole, through which the smoke was creeping.

A deadly fear seized me. I shouted incoherently to the men to row for their lives, and fell back in the sternsheets like a man that is stunned.

From that day to this I have never seen anyone connected with the ill-fated *Lapwing*. When I reached Calcutta, at the conclusion of the voyage, I was transferred on promotion to one of the European-going liners. After a while I learnt that the crew of the lost vessel were reported to have taken to their own boats, and to have been picked up by a passing Dutchman previous to our arrival on the scene. From the same source I gathered that the origin of the fire, which was supposed to have commenced in the captain's cabin, was wrapped in mystery. So far as I know it has never been explained. And though I have made every endeavour to trace my friends the Forresters, as yet my efforts have been in vain.

Now I am to go back to the East again to command a fine new steamer in the China Seas. Perhaps before long I shall grasp Jack's sturdy hand as of old and look into his wife's sweet face once more. Perhaps at last I shall hear the conclusion of the strange weird tale.

Who knows?



THE ENTENTE.

ALPHONSE: "Zat ees an old gun; it vill not fire."
TOM: "Ah! A gun with a kind of cordiale entente, eh?"

By OSCAR PARKER.

THE Pioneers have produced, in the almost faultless style we have come to expect at their hands, two more plays by playwrights who have still to pass their novitiate on the professional stage. It is a mistake, as some critics have stated, to suppose that the Pioneers pose as a kind of Court of Appeal from the judgment of the professional manager, and say to the rejected dramatist: "Come to us, bright genius, to whom the blind autocrat of the theatre has refused a hearing, and we will salve your wounds." The Pioneers does not know—does not ask—does not care—whether any of the hundreds of manuscripts that pass yearly through its hands, have ever been offered to the manager of any theatre. It only asks: "Is there enough merit in any of these to make its success possible? If there be, we undertake at our cost to produce it before a highly critical and experienced audience with all the care of a genuine first-night performance, and from this ordeal let managers judge, and the amateur playwright take heed of his shortcomings." And one condition of such action is that the amateur playwright be indeed an amateur with no play to his credit on the professional stage. It was under such conditions that the society produced at the Imperial Theatre a one-act play by Miss Diana Cholmondley, entitled "A Man's Foes," and a three-act comedy, "Clothes and the Woman," by George Paston. Both plays were produced with a professional cast of acknowledged excellence, and under such capable direction as Mr. Norman McKinnel and Mr. Charles Rock. The Pioneers did their part well; the question remains: What of the plays themselves?

The root idea of "Clothes and the Woman" possesses truth to Nature and humour. That clothes—by which is meant all that goes to the real adornment of the body, making it attractive according to the fashion of the day—play at least as big a part as brain, or character, or temperament, in attracting men, is a fact we men might like to deny but can't. The author of "Clothes and the Woman"—who is a woman beyond all doubt—satirises us unmercifully, but with a kindly forbearance for this our weakness, if it is a weakness. Of all the men who know Robina Fleming, there is one, the author graciously concedes, who has insight, but even he quite rightly prefers Robina in an alluring garb; so that the upshot

Photo by] [*Dover Street Studios.*

MISS MILLIE LEGARDE.

As Miriam Hawthorne in "My Wife."—HAYMARKET THEATRE.

is, that however sweet and tender and gracious and bright a woman may be, she stands a very poor chance of winning a mate if she takes no thought for her personal adornment. To pronounce a woman a frump is to cast her out into spinster darkness. Miss Wynne Matthison played the part of Robina with uncompromising fidelity, and with a delightful sense of the humour of the situation. Robina in the first act is an authoress who has given all her time and thought to "arriving." She has male friends in abundance, but they are only pals. Their affections go to other girls—girls who dress well and look "nice." Robina never looks "nice"; she is too busy. Then she is persuaded, of course by a feminine friend, to spend £200 on all the fashionable "cures" for dowdiness, and she makes so bewitching a butterfly, and plays the game so heartily, that all the old pals desert their sweethearts for her. Thus the second act; but in the third she is back in her den, as frumpish as ever, and her lovers are all disillusioned—all except one, the man of insight, and he gets his reward.

"George Paston's" management of his case betrays at times the apprentice hand, especially in the second act. There are roughnesses and openings for a more exacting invention. We feel that the author had a more serious intention than he (or she) has been able to disclose; but the play is brightly written and was admirably acted by a cast including, besides Miss Matthison, Miss Darragh, Miss Kate Harwood, Miss Florence Haydon, and Mr. Trevor Lowe.

"A Man's Foes" is a strong but gloomy little tragedy of the Cornish shore—a tale of an intemperate woman whose uncontrollable passion for drink brings about the death of a son she dearly loves. It is a very clever piece of work, too poignant, perhaps, for most tastes, but with a dramatic *dénouement* that catches at the heart-strings. Its author is an acute student of character, and has the ability to reveal it. Her play has more than promise; it has distinction.

One must perforce admire the courage no less than the ideals of the man who elects to produce such a play as "Great Possessions" in the face of the indifference, the contempt, and even the opposition with which its theme is sure to meet from present-day playgoers. Not from all playgoers, of course, but from the great majority; for if serious drama, however modern in social interest it may be, is detestable to most, where stands a serious tragedy of unrelieved gloom, founded upon a Biblical story of the first century of our era?

There are few incidents in the Gospel narratives which have taken greater hold on the imaginations of men and produced more controversy than that of the young man who "had great possessions" and went away sorrowful from the presence of Christ when commanded to sell what he had and give to the poor in order to attain perfection. This is the episode dramatised by Karl Rössler, and produced in an English version by Mr. Martin Harvey at the Adelphi Theatre for a week in June. Out of the bald narrative the author has conceived an environment of truly dramatic interest. Nathaniel is the reputed son of a Jew, Asarja, who has amassed great wealth by usury and grinding the poor. In reality, Nathaniel is a son of a light-living and free-thinking Greek, who had a *liaison* with Asarja's, now dead, wife. The youth is a dreamer; he has spiritual aspirations. He feels the shame of his kinship with one who is despised and hated by all; he has sympathies with the poor and oppressed. He is also pledged to wed his dead brother's widow, Ruth, who is ambitious and loves wealth and high station, but he is a cold lover, for his mind is sorely discontented. As with Hamlet, his "time is out of joint" and he would rail at cursed spite that ever he "was born to set it right." Then, to this ill-balanced household and the oppressed and turbulent peasantry of the village comes, first, rumours of a great teacher, who heals the sick and gives sight to the blind, and preaches the curse of riches, and in their various ways the persons of the drama construe this wonder. The ignorant peasants see in it the end of their sufferings, the doom of labour and the coming of the kingdom

Photo by] [*Dover Street Studios.*

MISS MADGE CARR COOKE AND MR. FREDERICK BURTON.

"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."—TERRY'S THEATRE.

of social equality. The great Rabbi draws nearer, and the whole village flock out to the shores of the lake to hear Him. Irresistibly Nathaniel is drawn also and comes back with that command ringing in his ears: "Sell that thou hast and give to the poor." The villagers, too, come back, for they have heard the command, and call on Nathaniel tumultuously to divide his wealth with them. Between the old order of things and the new gospel—between the Jewish creed of filial devotion and the Master's novel doctrine that a man should forsake all and follow Him—between the seductive arts of his affianced bride and his strange spiritual exaltation, Nathaniel is driven hither and thither, a poignant example of the distress highly-wrought and sensitive souls experience at the parting of the ways. The influences that play upon Nathaniel's character are five-fold: his Jewish training; the erotic wiles of Ruth; the material philosophy of the Greek, Spintharos; the hapless state of the poor; the destructive criticism of a faithless disciple of Christ, who is supposed to be Judas; and, lastly, the tender faith of the healed epileptic, Simon, a part rendered with rare pathetic charm by Miss N. de Silva. Mr. Martin Harvey's Nathaniel was a refined and poetic study, all the more impressive from its vivid contrast with the seething emotions by which he was surrounded. The play, though absorbing, was depressing, and the gloom was evidently purposely accentuated by the entire absence of music during the evening. There was but one scene, the rise of the curtain on each of the four acts being heralded by three strokes of a gong. A most interesting experiment, for which every sincere playgoer must congratulate Mr. Harvey, though it is not likely to be often attempted.

Mr. Tom Taylor's "Clancarty" began at the Lyric with a blustering scene in which smugglers, Jacobites, and distressed royalists play hide-and-seek, without catching anybody, in a disreputable inn in the stormy times of William III. We cannot understand much that is going on because everybody speaks in a kind of muffled roar that is supposed to accentuate the blood-and-thunder character of everybody's occupation, but the atmosphere has a distinct odour of brimstone and melodrama. Gradually it becomes apparent that Lord Clancarty, a follower of the exiled James, has just landed in England, and that a carriage accident has brought to the inn Lady Clancarty and her brother, who are loyal to King William. Lord and Lady Clancarty do not know each other, for they have not met since the day they were married when children, by parental arrangement, and immediately thereafter parted at the church door. Observe the convenience of this fiction, because the author can bring them together in the most compromising situations without shocking a single soul in the audience, it being generally accepted as sound doctrine that not a man's conscience but an Act of Parliament settles the morality or immorality of his acts. Lord Clancarty commits the solecism of falling in love with his wife, and when the famous Assassination Plot comes into the story we know just what is going to happen. Astonishing foresight! For all does happen just as we foresaw. Clancarty, disgusted with plot and plotters, warns the King, just in time, but, passing under an *alias*, is not known for what he is. One of the plotters, however, turns renegade, and, hating the Earl, names him as among the conspirators. Clancarty, hotly pursued, takes refuge in his wife's bedchamber, where he is found by her brother, and, to save his wife's honour, reveals his true name, and is promptly marched off to the Tower. By a timely intercession his wife saves his life. This crude outline will indicate what glowing opportunities were afforded Miss Evelyn Millard and Mr. Lewis Waller for those passionate love scenes, those displays of disinterested and self-sacrificing devotion, those acts of dauntless courage, which form the backbone of melodrama; and most efficiently did they rise to all the demands upon them.

If "Clancarty" (or "Lady Clancarty," as it was originally christened) goes on enjoying these transitory revivals, it will become a sort of classic in time. It is

Photo by MISS ALEXANDRA CARLISLE AND MR. CYRIL MAUDE. *Dover Street Studios.*

In "The Earl of Pawtucket." -THE PLAYHOUSE. "I've a telegram from Sarah Sarah's better.'

interesting, however, to note its influence over a modern audience. The taste of the public does not seem to have altered much in all these years—not towards flamboyant semi-historical drama at all events. Of course, "Clancarty" has been pruned and reformed, or I am afraid we should have found it tedious; but the story is the old story, and it proves that we can all be blinded to eccentricities of construction and improbabilities of plot by a straight appeal to our human sympathies—our fathers no more than ourselves, who take pride in being less emotional and more sophisticated than they.

The story of "My Wife" at the Haymarket Theatre would in real life, if it were possible there, make a dire tragedy or a laughable farce; there is no middle ground. Or, perhaps, it might be both, a tragedy for the participants and a farce to the onlookers. For the onlookers would declare: If you will do such mad things you must expect Nemesis. As presented on the stage, it is a farcical comedy of character, and accepted (as, of course, farce must always be accepted), with a blind eye to the incongruities, it is very diverting. But you must suppose a lot. You must suppose that two people, a girl and a man, who have lived in society and not in a desert, will agree to contract a most Platonic marriage for the sole purpose of saving the girl from another marriage her parents have planned for her, and of keeping her, so to speak, on ice till the man she does love will come home, when a divorce is to set her free to marry him. And you are also to suppose that the roving lover is complaisant enough to consent to this device—to go on roving while his *fiancée* bears another man's name, and to trust them both to play his game for him. For that is the situation of "My Wife." Frankly, it would be hideous if we could believe it.

Happily in farce we delude ourselves with our eyes wide open, and that leaves us free to enjoy the fictitious entanglement, the miseries of the Platonic husband and the irresponsibilities of the Platonic wife, with whole-hearted delight. When the wife carelessly drops an ardent letter from her absent lover and its contents get to be public property, the husband is just as upset as if he were not a mere *locum tenens* (since, of course, no one but the three conspirators has any suspicion of the real case), and to us his wrath is as amusing as is his wife's calm assurance that all gossip will be put to rest when she marries Réné. The upshot of the imbroglio is a farcical duel with a young Frenchman, followed by the flight of the Platonic husband to London, leaving his wife in the hands of her father and mother in a Swiss hotel. The *dénouement* is, like all the rest, a miracle of improbability, but engineered with an amusing deftness of dialogue and situation.

When, however, we have so charming and vivacious an *ingénue* as Miss Marie Löhr in the part of the wife, and an actor who can play the distressed husband with so entertaining an air of seriousness as does Mr. Aubrey Smith, we are disarmed and accept "My Wife," *con amore*. Still, it is to Mr. A. E. Matthews that our chief debt is due for the evening's fun. His Hon. Gibson Gore is in exactly the spirit of the play, irresistibly droll and amusing.

"My Wife" is a very free adaptation from the French play "Madamoiselle Josette, Ma Femme," Mr. Michael Morton being the adapter. He has pruned it of much of its Gallic humour in inuendo and facetious situations, to which the nature of the plot lends itself in the hands of an author who may dare more with his audience than the adapter for the English stage. There is quite enough fun of a harmless sort left in the play, however, to keep an audience in the best of spirits.

Photo by } *Dover Street Studios.*

MR. BASIL GILL AS NIATAWA AND MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER AS ADULOLA.

In "The Last of his Race."

I.

SO the end had come, and Dolly, his own sweet Dolly, for whom he really had tried to keep straight of late and had stuck to business, so far as he was capable of sticking to anything, had changed her mind regarding him. Of course, it was the fault of that money-grubbing old father of hers, who had persuaded her to favour the attentions of that scoundrel Forster! Ah, well! She would be sorry some day when she knew how she had wrecked his life. What was there to live for now? And soliloquising thus Tom Trenoweth turned moodily back over the cove and gazed savagely at the endless stretch of sea before him. Tall, dark and well favoured, Tom was a young fellow whose fond glance any maiden might have coveted, and there was no doubt that he could have had his pick of St. Margaret's village had he chosen. But, caring naught for the lasses whom he might have wooed successfully, he had his heart irretrievably bound up in Dorothy Stanhope, and until quite lately she had reciprocated his affections.

Her father, a comfortably well-to-do merchant, who had retired with his motherless daughter to St. Margaret's to finish his days in peace and ease, had only one wish, which was to see his Dorothy well married, and as he did not particularly dislike Tom personally, his objections might have been overruled by that young lady, of whom he was passionately fond, but unluckily the young man's record was not clean enough to satisfy the sturdy old gentleman. To tell the truth, there was a great deal of illicit trading done along the Kent and Sussex coast, and rumour asserted that Tom, if not actually connected therewith, at least was very intimate with those who were. His rival—a Lieutenant Forster—at the thought of whom he was very bitter—was a Revenue officer stationed at Deal, and on account of the smuggling propensities of the fisherfolk along that part of the coast had plenty of work to do in putting down their illicit practices, or in trying to do so. He was a robust man about thirty-eight years of age, fair, good-looking and of strong will and cheerful temperament, and had first made Dolly's acquaintance at a tea-party in St. Margaret's. He soon gave evidence of his admiration of Miss Stanhope, while she, on her side, learnt to like and respect him on account of his upright and honest character, which showed up in striking contrast to her scapegoat sweetheart, whom she loved devotedly in spite of his reckless mode of life and bad habits. At the death of his father, Tom had found himself the possessor of three good fishing smacks, with which he might—had he been steady and persevering—have earned a comfortable living; he said it was his bad luck. Anyhow, in less than a year one of the boats had capsized and sunk through the careless management of the men whom Tom had left in charge, and another had to be sold to keep his head above water. His friends were not so well chosen as they might have been, and on several occasions a quiet bit of smuggling had seen Trenoweth engaged therein, not merely for the gain and profit of it, but because it afforded a certain amount of excitement which to a nature like his was absolutely necessary. Dolly had remonstrated with him on several occasions, and he had promised that he would forsake his old companions and ways, but the temptation being too much for him he had again and again

broken his promises. Therefore, it was not to be wondered at that Dolly, tired of his dissolute behaviour and fruitless promises of amendment, resolved to see no more of him, in spite of her love, as she saw that marriage with him would only result in misery. For that purpose she had sought to-night what she intended to be their last interview; hence Tom's presence in the cove in obedience to her summons. Whilst thus engaged in moody retrospection the flutter of skirts announced the arrival of the subject of his thoughts. Rather *petite*, very pretty, with a fair creamy complexion and waving chestnut-coloured hair, Dorothy Stanhope was the envy of all who knew her. Her manner was charming and easy, she was bright and vivacious, and her lover had thought himself a lucky man when she had listened to his wooing, and told him she loved him.

Dolly advanced slowly across the sands towards Tom with a half-averted face, for she did not at all like the duty she had to perform. Of course, she loved Tom, but thought it better to obey her father, who had told her only this afternoon that she must really give up Tom Trenoweth. "It is for your own sake that I ask you this," he had said; "I should not like to see my little girl unhappy in her married life, and Tom lacks that steadiness of character that would make a good husband." He was quite right, he always was, and she must do it, but—she choked back a sob. Tom came towards her with open arms, and would have clasped her to his breast, but she quietly repulsed him.

"Is it true, Dolly darling, that you are going to give me up altogether; won't you give me just one more chance? I know I don't deserve it, dear, but life without you would be death to me, and I should go from bad to worse. Don't cry, Dolly, only say that I may—that you will marry me yet, and I will make you so happy, dear; I will reform, upon my word I will."

"It is no use, Tom; I must give you up; papa said so, and you know you have promised me so often, and have broken your promises again and again. I should only be miserable if I married you and you went on as you are doing now. No, dear, we must part; this is the very last time we shall meet each other, except as strangers. Don't think it too hard on you, dear; I am just as hard on myself, for I love you so; but it is for the best, so let us say good-bye and part friends." She held out her hand to him, but Tom thrust it from him.

"Well, I suppose that scoundrel Forster is to be your next victim, only he will be treated differently to what I have been,"

"Let us say good-bye and part friends."

he said bitterly, forgetting that Dolly's treatment of him was his own fault entirely.

"What do you mean? Mr. Forster is no scoundrel," cried Dolly angrily, her grey eyes fairly ablaze and her temper aroused at his cruel words, "and he's a far better man than you will ever be, so there!"

Tom was slightly taken aback at her outburst, and his feelings were not rendered particularly amiable towards his rival after the comparison just made between them, and his anger got the better of him.

With a muttered malediction on the absent officer he turned to Dolly and said, "Now, mark my words, if ever you marry Forster, you shall both rue it as long as you live, and if ever I get the chance I'll do for him," and without waiting to see the effect of his words he turned on his heel and strode away.

Poor Dolly burst into a passion of tears. If Tom had been kinder and had shown more penitence he would have won her in spite of her father's opposition, but his exhibition of anger ruined his cause entirely, and Dolly found her thoughts drifting further and further from Tom, and becoming slightly more in favour of Lieutenant Forster, whom she knew was longing to propose to her, though hitherto her indifferent demeanour had repelled him. Drying her eyes, she turned towards her home, thinking that he would never have treated her as Tom had done, and that she might, after all, be happy as his wife.

II.

SIX months later saw Dorothy Stanhope, who had deferred to her father's wishes, at the altar with James Forster. Although she did not love him as she had done Tom, she had a great respect and a calm affection for him, and determined to do her duty by him as a wife. After a short honeymoon in the metropolis, the happy pair went to live at Rottingdean, where a small cottage had been very nicely furnished for their reception, and Dolly felt quite happy, her chief drawback being that her husband's calling compelled him to be so often away from her. At first her married life was overshadowed by the remembrance of her old sweetheart, but she crushed her feeling for him with determination, knowing it to be disloyal to her husband. As the weeks and months flew by, she gradually forgot the past, especially as Tom had left the neighbourhood just before her marriage, and had not been heard of since, and in her heart she fervently prayed that he would never cross her husband's path, especially when she recalled his last threat regarding Jim.

One evening, as she sat in her little sitting-room quietly sewing and looking out on the calm sea, she found herself thinking a great deal more than usual of her old sweetheart, and wondering what had become of him. In some way or other she could not help connecting him with a series of successful runs made by a band of smugglers who had latterly been giving her husband a great deal of trouble and herself a great deal of anxiety on his account. Sadly she thought over Tom's blighted life, and his promises to reform, and in fancy she could again see the little cove where he and she had parted last. She could hear his voice still pleading for——But what was that? She started up in alarm, for from the beach came a sound of firearms and shouting.

Listening intently, she heard someone running quickly in the direction of her house, and it flashed upon her that the Preventive men had at last met with the smugglers, and no doubt blood was being shed. Nearer and nearer came the sound of flying feet. What did it mean? Who was it? Her blood seemed to race through her veins, and an undefined dread of, she knew not what, agitated her. To her horror, the footsteps left the shingle, and she saw a figure come hastily towards her little lonely cottage. It was too dark to see his features, but the figure of the man seemed strangely familiar. Her heart beat furiously, she put her hand on her side to still its throbbing, the door opened—and there before her gaze stood a man, tall, dark and smothered with dust and blood, dressed in

a fisherman's garb. In an instant she recognised him. It was Tom, her quondam lover. In a voice she vainly tried to steady she said, "Oh, Tom, why have you come? What is the matter? Are you hurt, and where is my husband?"

"He's all right, Dolly; I'm not hurt much, but for God's sake hide me. The Preventive men are after me, and I can't go any further." He paused with a gasp.

For a moment Dolly could not reply, her emotion being too much for her, and Tom, thinking that her manner implied refusal, advanced towards her with hands outstretched: "Won't you help me?" he cried, fixing his dark eyes imploringly upon her face.

All her old feelings for him rushed back, and her fear left her. Placing her hands in his she looked at him with tears in her eyes. "Oh, Tom, Tom, why did you not give up smuggling long ago when I asked you?"

While she spoke she heard the sound of several men's footsteps following hard upon the track of the man she was addressing. It was no time for argument, and she cast her eyes about the room for a suitable place in which to conceal the fugitive, whose agitation was marked and whose capture meant death, or, at least, a long term of imprisonment.

"Won't you help me?" he cried.

Nothing, however, presented itself that was capable of giving refuge, and they both looked despairingly at each other. Just then a thought stuck her, and hastily motioning to Tom to follow her, she opened her bedroom door, disclosing a large old-fashioned wardrobe, one of her father's wedding gifts to her. Quick as

thought, and without another word, she opened the door, and taking out some dresses and cloaks she half led, half pushed the massive man into its recesses, hastily hanging up the articles of clothing so as to completely hide him. Then telling Tom to keep quite still, and to make no sound till she came to him again, she closed the door upon a muttered "God bless you, my darling, for this," and withdrew hurriedly to her sitting-room, sweeping aside all traces her visitor had left.

The whole thing had occupied only a few moments, and her breast heaved with emotion, while her fingers trembled so that she could scarcely continue her sewing.

At last the footsteps stopped outside her cottage, the door opened, and in walked Lieutenant Forster, clad in his oilskins, and armed with a gleaming cutlass, which sent a cold shiver through his wife as she contemplated what it meant for Tom, if her husband only suspected where he was.

Did he guess? She had carefully shifted her position so that her face was in the shadow, and her voice slightly trembled as she looked up, and said, "Why, Jim, dear, whatever is the matter? I have heard such a lot of shouting and firing, and it frightened me dreadfully. You are not hurt, I hope?"

"No, no, dear, not at all, and I shall have to leave again at once. I only came in for some cartridges and my muffler. Why, dear," as he put his arm round her, and kissed her, "you are as cold as ice! I won't be away any longer than I can help, but we've run down a gang of smugglers just by Denthorne Cove, and one of them has escaped us. Did you hear anyone pass, my dear, just before I came in?"

While speaking he was picking up some loose cartridges and stowing them away in his pocket. For a moment Dolly hesitated; how could she utter a deliberate falsehood to her husband? then, "No, Jim, dear; no one has passed this way," for the man whom she was hiding from his pursuers had certainly not passed the cottage.

Just then her heart nearly came into her mouth as Jim said, "Well, I want my muffler, lass; where is it?" for she suddenly remembered it was in the wardrobe where Tom was. What should she do? If he rummaged in there, he might find Tom. "Let me get it for you, dear; I know just where it is," and so saying she went to the wardrobe and fetched it, murmuring to Tom, "Don't breathe, the Preventive men are here." Taking out a warm woollen scarf she went back to her husband and wrapped it round his neck for him.

"Now, dear, you will be back as soon as you can, won't you? I shall be so lonely till you come," and standing on tip-toe she gave him a kiss.

"You may be sure, my darling, that I don't want to leave you at all, but duty, you know, must come before pleasure." And giving her a tender embrace, he quitted the house, leaving his wife listening to the departure of the Preventive men with anything but sorrow—if he had only known.

As soon as the sounds had died away in the distance, she sprang to the wardrobe door and let Tom out. She then hastily placed some food upon the table, which he ate ravenously and without speaking, while Dolly sat looking sadly at the misguided sweetheart of her girlhood. At length, when he had satisfied himself, and removed the traces of his fight, the moment came for them to part.

"Ah, Dolly, if you had only not given me up when you did, I should not be in this plight now. Why did you do it, dear? In sheer desperation I joined the smugglers. Do you know," he added, fixing his eyes sadly on her sweet face, "you fairly broke my heart then? I know what you would say, that I ought not to speak to you like this now you are married, but I can't help it. I won't trouble you again, dear."

"Oh, Tom!" sobbed Dolly, "you know I did love you so, too. I never quite forgot you, but I have tried to be a good wife to Jim. I am fond of him, too, but not as I loved you, darling. If only you had reformed when I asked you, I would have"—a flood of tears choked her utterance for a moment—"but there is no good talking like this; the past is over

and done with, and regrets won't mend it. We must make the best of it, and go our separate ways."

Sorrowfully Tom looked at her. "Ah, dearest, what havoc you girls play with men's hearts! Won't you kiss me, Dolly, for the sake of old times? Just once, dear!" and he held out his arms to her, and with a sob Dolly hid her face on his breast.

One long embrace and he set her free. "Good-bye, dear, you won't see me again, I expect; but I never shall forget your kindness, and if ever it be in my power to do you or your husband a good turn, I will do it for your sake."

With a long last look, Tom left her, and as in a dream she heard the door close upon the man whose wife she was to have been, and he passed out of her life for the second time.

III.

MR. and Mrs. Forster were spending a short holiday at Tonville, about twenty miles from their old home, just two years after the events of the foregoing chapter. Much as she felt she ought to, Dolly had never told her husband of what had transpired that night the smugglers had escaped the Preventive men near their home, and the matter was almost forgotten, especially as her baby gave her so many things to think about, to the exclusion of smugglers and their ways. Just recently they had been extremely active, and among a population nearly half of whom, if not actually engaged therein, secretly sympathised with the illicit traders. Mr. Forster was continually on the alert, although on pleasure bent. Consequently, when Captain Jones, an old friend of his, confided to him one day that he had received information of an intended run that very night, his blood fired, and he urged his claim to be one of the revenue cutter's crew, which was to run the smugglers down. Dolly's fears revived when he told her of his intentions that afternoon, and she did her best to dissuade him from going out with the Preventive men.

"Don't be silly, lass, I shall be all right; you go to bed early, there's a dear, and don't wake up until you hear me come back in the morning," was all he vouchsafed in answer to her remonstrances and fears.

The night was overcast and threatening, while the pale moon gleamed fitfully in the watery heavens, and the Government cutter floated noiselessly upon the water. For two hours the expectant crew had waited, and were beginning to weary of their inaction. Suddenly Lieutenant Forster, who sat in the bows, heard a faint noise not far away, and knew that their prey was well within reach. Instantly the boat shot round the point where she had been lying, towards the now alarmed smuggling craft. Totally unprepared for such an attack, it was a foregone conclusion for the Preventive men, and in a few minutes the latter came up with the smugglers; but if Captain Jones had calculated upon an easy victory he was mistaken, for his opponents were desperate men, and determined to sell their cargo dearly.

The Preventives, with a cheer, ran their boat alongside, and began to clamber aboard, but they were too confident, and one man fell back into the sea with his skull cracked with a blow from a boathook wielded by a stalwart fisherman. Lieutenant Forster was soon very busy, and in a few moments had laid two smugglers *hors de combat* with his cutlass. Never so happy as when engaged in his business, he was in his element now, and, with blood on fire, he fought his way along the deck of the little brig, ably backed by his friend Captain Jones, who swore like a bargee at every stroke he dealt.

Suddenly a giant smuggler sprang up like a tiger from among the little knot of howling combatants, and aimed a terrific blow at Mr. Forster with his cutlass, which, had it struck him, would have closed that gallant officer's career for ever, but he cleverly parried the stroke. Madly the man pressed forward, and mutually the two sides left Mr. Forster and his adversary face to face. The smugglers were fast getting the worst of it all round, and Lieutenant Forster held his own ably. Suddenly, before he was aware of what was intended, the

A giant smuggler sprang up like a tiger.

pistol he carried in his belt, and had hitherto refrained from using, was snatched out by his savage opponent, and presented at his face. Never had he been so near death before, and while for a brief moment he gazed at the little round tube which glittered so murderously, the thought flashed through his mind of how Dolly would receive the news of his death—and—he felt a terrible blow in his chest, and saw a figure leap up between himself and the upraised revolver, which, simultaneously with the blow, exploded. He staggered back, just in time to see his late adversary felled by his old friend, and the figure of the man who had received the bullet intended for himself sink to the deck.

The fight was over, and a crushing blow had been dealt to the smuggling fraternity of Sussex. It took only a few moments to clap the discomfited smugglers in irons, and in a short time the smuggler and the Government cutter were speeding towards Tonville. Mr. Forster sat on a keg of brandy resting, after his herculean efforts, thinking complacently how pleased Dolly would be to hear of the successful ending to the adventure, and feeling very pleased that he was still alive to tell the tale, when Captain Jones, who had been examining the craft, came up to him and said, "That fellow who got shot instead of you just now, wants to see you; d'ye know him?"

"No, indeed," replied Mr. Forster. "I'll come and see him, though, if he is conscious."

"Yes, he is, but the poor beggar won't live many hours; the bullet has entered his lungs, I fear."

The unfortunate man had been raised to a sitting posture, and his dark eyes, hair, and beard made his face appear ghastly in the dim light of the oil lamps. Two of the crew had been making him as comfortable as possible, but without the assistance of a surgeon nothing further could be done.

As the smuggler saw Mr. Forster approach, his eyes lit up, and he made a violent effort to speak clearly. "You're Lieutenant Forster, aren't you? Dolly's husband—" then, the effort proving too much for him, he fainted just as the two boats glided alongside the little pier.

Compassion for the man who had fallen at the hands of a comrade filled Forster's breast, and he resolved to do his best for the man who had given his life for him. "I'll take him to my place," he remarked to Captain Jones, and in a few minutes two men were carrying the insensible man on an improvised stretcher to the house where he was staying, while another man had gone for a surgeon.

He met his anxious wife in the doorway, and hastily assuring her that he himself was all right, requested her to prepare a couch for the wounded man, who lay so still and quiet upon the stretcher. Dolly, whose sympathy was instantly aroused, glanced at the face of the prostrate man, when, uttering a startled cry, she sank with a white face into a chair. "What is the matter, lass?"

enquired her husband, anxiously. "Do you know the man at all?"

"Yes, Jim, he is—he is—Tom Trenoweth," and then and there Dolly told him of her early acquaintance with him, and of how she had helped him to escape two years before. To her surprise, her husband took the matter far better than she expected, and after listening attentively, only remarked, "Well, dear, it is a pity you worried yourself over it so long; why did you not tell me sooner?"

Just then the surgeon arrived, and to Dolly's grief pronounced the wound fatal. "He may live a few hours yet," he added, "but nothing can be done for him. It's no use my waiting here, so I'll be off to my other patients"; and he hurried away to attend to the injuries of the more fortunate survivors of the fight, accompanied by Mr. Forster, who had offered to assist him in his humane duties, telling Dolly he would be back shortly.

Quietly arranging the few articles the doctor had left, she scarcely had seated herself in a chair by the bedside when Tom opened his eyes. For a moment they stared round the room stupidly, and then lit up with glad recognition as they met his old sweetheart's gaze. "I'm done for now—dear," murmured the dying man, painfully, holding out his hand. "I'm not sorry—I had—nothing to live—for after I—lost you. I wanted to see you—dear—before I died"; here he coughed pitifully. "I did it—saved him—for your sake—Dolly."

He pressed her hands in his, and gazed earnestly upon the face which he had loved so dearly. Dolly's tears fell like rain, as she silently returned the dying man's clasp. She felt she could not trust herself to speak. Her mind travelled back to the little cove where he and she had so often strolled arm in arm looking into each other's eyes, and where they had parted for ever in anger. She saw the little room at Rottingdean, and again heard him imploring her to hide him for old time's sake; and now he was dying—he had laid down his life for her sake; it seemed terrible.

Tom again spoke, fainter this time. "I have always—loved you—darling—I tried to crush—my love—when you got married—but I—couldn't. Look at me—dearest, let me—see—your sweet eyes—once more. I know I have been bad—dear—but won't you forgive me—now—now I'm dying—?"

"Oh, Tom, dear, of course I forgive you; you never were really bad, you know, and if only you had done as I begged you in the old days, how much happier——" here she broke down and sobbed.

"Yes—dear—I know—but try to love Forster—he is a good man—dear—and loves you truly. Dolly, won't you—kiss—me? I'm going—dear—I hope you—will—always—be—happy——"

And as their lips met in a last kiss on this earth, Tom's face brightened and his troubled life ended with a gentle sigh.

* * * *

In Rottingdean churchyard there is a small tombstone under a cypress tree, erected to the memory of Tom Trenoweth, aged twenty-eight, and bearing the following inscription: "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend."

He took the animal and threw it away.

HINDU TALES AND FABLES.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE SANSKRIT BY HENRY FRANCIS.)

VI.

ON SELF ESTEEM.

THE Courtier observed: "It is written, '*Whoso, forsaking his own kin, devotes himself to strangers, will one day be destroyed by those strangers, like the blue jackal.*'"

The Rajah asked: "What was that?"

The Courtier narrated:

"There was once a jackal who, for his own ends, was one night roaming about the outskirts of a town, when he fell into an indigo vat. As he could not get out, towards morning he laid himself out as if dead. When the owner of the vat arrived and saw the jackal, he thought that it was drowned. He took the animal and carried it to a distance and threw it away.

"The jackal, coming to himself, and seeing that his body was dyed a purple colour, reflected: 'Now I am of the noblest hue; what advantage can I take of this?'

"Thus considering, he summoned the other jackals.

"'Here! Here! you dwellers in the forest! Understand that I am appointed by the deity of this forest to the kingship thereof, with all due ceremonies anointed. Behold my colour! Therefore, from henceforth, be it known that I am the governor of this place!'

"Then the jackals, perceiving that he was of the noblest colour, with eight-fold prostration did homage to him, saying:

"'According to your word be it! Great Lord!'

"So by this act all the other dwellers in the wood admitted the blue jackal's supremacy. Thus by the act of his kin the dyed jackal attained great superiority, and by the lions and tigers and such like animals the highest position was granted to him. But having gained his position, the other jackals were overlooked by him, for he, being ashamed of them, passed them by at a great distance.

"The affront to his relations being

perceived by an old jackal, he said to them: 'Do not be cast down! What matter that by this ignorant one you are passed by. Just as he despises us, so by me shall he be destroyed. For if by these tigers and others it is known that he gained his prominence by colour alone, and they find out that he is after all only a jackal, they will soon deprive him of his kingdom. Therefore, as I advise, let it be done. Towards evening, when he is surrounded by all other beasts, suddenly let a loud yell be raised by us, as we are wont to do in the forest; then he, from his nature and instinct, will join in the cry, for it is written:

"'*Whatsoever anyone has implanted in him by nature, that is difficult to overcome.*

"'*A dog, even if he be made a king, will he not gnaw an old shoe?*'

"Then they collected and made a loud yell, and the blue jackal joined in the cry of his relations, which sound being recognised by the lions and tigers around him, they killed him. So ended that circumstance.

"As it is said:

"'*A secret fault, as well as courage, is soon found out by an enemy from one's own country.*

"'*Fire quickly burns into the interior of a dry tree.*'

"Wherefore I say:

"*Whoso, forsaking his own kin, devotes himself to strangers, will one day be destroyed by those strangers, like the blue jackal.*"

VII.

ON DISREGARD OF GOOD ADVICE.

IT is written: "*Whoso does not regard the word of friendly well-wishers will perish.*

"*He will die, like the vain turtle who fell from a stick.*"

The Rajah inquired: "How was that?"

The Courtier narrated:

"There is in the South Behar country a lake called 'Lotus Blossoms.' There, for a long time, Sankada and Vikada, two geese, dwelt. With them also resided a friend called Armourneck, a turtle.

"Now one day a remark was made by a passing fisherman: 'Let us camp near here to-night, and let us kill all the fish

He summoned the other jackals.

and turtles in this pond early in the morning.'

"The turtle, hearing this speech, said to the geese: 'O friends, did you hear the talk of that fisherman? What now is to be done?'

"The geese replied: 'Let the matter be well ascertained. Afterwards what is desirable, having been well considered, let that be done.'

"The turtle exclaimed: 'Not so. If I stay here another day, I shall see misfortune. Therefore let it be contrived that I may soon reach another piece of water.'

"The geese replied: 'To go to another tank of water would be for your happiness, but how do you intend to contrive the journey?'

"The turtle said: 'I propose that I shall go carried in the air by your worships. That is the plan I suggest.'

"The geese asked: 'How is that plan practical?'

"The turtle replied: 'If your honours will hold a stick in your beaks, I will seize it with my mouth, and the plan can easily be carried out. For by the strength of your worships' wings, easily I can go.'

"The geese remarked: 'Let the plan be tried, but this is the fact:

"'*If a wise man makes a plan, he thinks it well out.*

"'Hear how a mongoose ate up the young ones of a fool of a crane.'

"The turtle inquired: 'How was that?'

"The geese told him:

"'There is on the northern road a high mountain called "The Vultures' Peak." There, in truth, on the banks of a river, cranes build their nests on a large Indian fig tree. In a hole at the root of that tree, a serpent took up its abode, and constantly devoured the young ones of the cranes.

"'An old crane, hearing the lament of the heart-stricken parents, said: "There! you cranes! this should be done by you. Bring some fishes, strew them one by one, all the way from the mongoose's hole to the hole of the serpent; then that mongoose, following the food step by step, will reach the serpent's hole, and from its natural animosity to snakes, will kill the reptile!"

By the lions and tigers the highest position was granted to him.

"'Thus, on this advice, the scheme was carried out. But when the mongoose, after killing the snake, was searching about the root of that tree, it heard the cries of the young cranes for food. Then that mongoose got up into the tree, and ate all those young birds.

"'Therefore we say:

"'*If a wise man makes a plan, he thinks it well out.*

"'When we are carrying you as proposed, and it is seen on the earth, there will be a great outcry by the people, and, hearing it, if you make any sort of reply, your death will take place at once. Looking at that on all sides, let it be determined.'

"The turtle replied: 'What, am I so stupid? Not a word by me will be spoken!'

"Then, as arranged, the plan was carried out; but the cowherds and all the other rough people in the villages, seeing the turtle carried in the air, began to cry out and jeer: 'Aha! See this great wonder! A turtle carried in the air by birds!'

"Then by one was said: 'If by chance this turtle should fall, I will cook and eat it.'

"Another shouted: 'I would like to take you to my house.'

"Another cried out: 'If I could only make the turtle fall, I would take it at once to the fire, cook, and eat it.'

"Hearing this abuse beneath him, the turtle, in a passion, forgetting the agreement, called out: 'By you only ashes from cow-dung shall be eaten!'

"At that word, opening its mouth, and falling from the stick, the turtle was seized by the cowherds and others on the plain and killed, and forthwith eaten.

"Therefore I say:

"*Whoso does not regard the word of friendly well-wishers will perish.*

"*He will die like the vain turtle who fell from a stick.*"

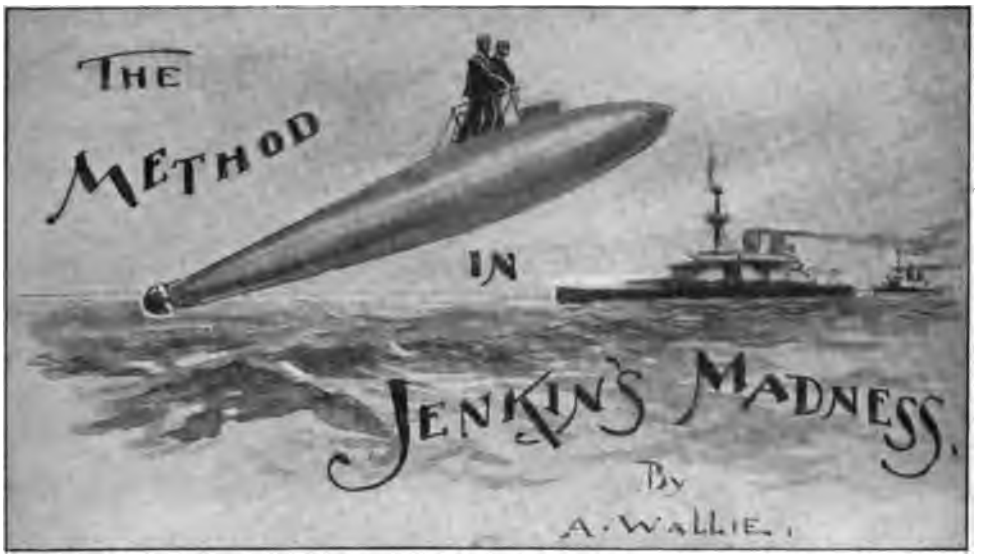
The lions and tigers killed him.

THE END.

COMFORTING.

TOURIST: "Are we going to have a good passage?"

MARINER: "Why, yes. There's a nice breeze springing up, and you'll have a regular blow all the way across."



I TOLD Jenkins he was mad, and he retorted in language more plain than polite.

"You're a bigoted stick-in-the-mud," he told me. "The same thing was said to George Stephenson when he started his first locomotive. You're a century behind."

"I'm in good company, then," I retaliated. "What did you say about this message from Mars business?"

"That the man was crazy—and so he is. But this invention of mine is different; you've seen the model working."

"Yes," I admitted, glancing towards where a roughly-constructed, cigar-shaped tube of aluminium lay on the dingy lodging-house table beside us. "Yes. Let me see it going again, will you?"

Jenkins rose, and inserted his hand into the model, which was, perhaps, three feet in extreme length. He twisted one tiny lever one way, and another in a different direction, then closed the door through which he had gained access to them, and held the whole thing above his head.

"Now," he demanded, standing in the middle of the room, "where do you wish it to go?"

A faded lithograph of the Duke of Wellington hung above the doorway—the great general's nose the central point round which the artist had grouped the subordinate features of the picture.

"Send him for the old chap's proboscis," I answered irreverently.

Jenkins steadied the model, touched a wire projecting from it, and let it go. It flew straight towards the frame, with an uncanny motion reminiscent of the long, inert sweep of an albatross, and, a moment later, was nozzling the glass covering the counterfeit presentment of the head of the victor of Waterloo.

Jenkins, having followed it, stood on a chair, caught the other end of the machine, pulled it down, and laid it again on the table.

"I suppose this is mad also?" he asked drily, tapping the metal case as he spoke. "If you ask me, Forsyth, I think the only lunatic in this room is yourself. Here am I offering you a share in the biggest thing since Watt invented the steam engine, and you turn up your nose at it."

"Not at all," I answered, for the proofs he had given me appeared incontrovertible. "I'm willing to join you. What I say is that you should go straight to the authorities, show them what you have shown me, and make a fair bargain with them."

"Not much," he retorted. "I am an inventor, but I happen to be a business

man as well, and I've no notion of being knocked from pillar to post amongst them, whilst—possibly—someone else chips in, grips my idea, and collars the shekels. I know the uses of advertisement, and mean to go one better than that."

"As how?" I queried, well knowing my friend's head to be screwed on straight.

"If you put your money to mine we'll buy a schooner—I'll have no chartering with men we've no control of, telling tales—ship the first large aircraft we build on her in parts, set it up out at sea, and fly back on it, to land in front of Whitehall or the Horse Guards at the busiest hour of the day. We'll have every paper in London booming the thing free, and the public would not stand any confounded red-tape delay, you bet."

"Now," said he, "where do you wish it to go?"

"And you propose I should accompany you?" I asked, not caring much, I confess, for that portion of his programme.

"I guess," he said "you'd accompany your money."

"But," I objected further, "what would Edith say?"

Edith Lester—a cousin of mine—was engaged to Jenkins, and his face fell at the question.

"She would not like it," he answered, with more hesitation than he had yet shown. "I am afraid that, as far as she is concerned, we should have to keep it dark for a while—until we returned. Luckily my Spanish trip is about due, and I could easily lead her to understand I had gone off on it. You could say you had joined me in it for a holiday."

Jenkins was buyer for a large firm of fruit importers, and, as such, went annually to the Peninsula—so that part of his scheme appeared feasible enough.

"All right," I responded; "let's get to details. How much money will you require and how much have you got?"

"It will take at least two thousand pounds," he replied, after a moment's calculation, "and I can scrape together five hundred by selling almost all but my boots."

"And I could manage the rest by doing the same; is your plan worth it?"

"I cannot hope to bring out the thing in any other way so quickly," he responded, pacing the room, "and until it is on its feet I cannot marry Edith. Old Chap," he stopped and faced me, "it is a lot to ask you to do, and there is not another man breathing whom I would ask. But will you do this for Edith and for me—and for old sake's sake?"

Of course, as a matter of business, it was sheer madness; but so convincing was he, so confident in his own powers, this appeal went straight to my heart, and our conversation ended in my agreeing to all Jenkins had proposed.

Thus it was I became owner of the *Sara Sutcliffe*, an ancient schooner of

some 200 tons burden. It was thought best I should buy her, as she could then be chartered from me without remark, to carry light machinery to an out-of-the-way Spanish port—the said "machinery" being, of course, Jenkins' airship, carefully cased up. The schooner, though old, was sound and roomy, and, as master, I engaged a skipper of my acquaintance, named Marr—a Scotchman, who could be depended upon to keep to himself what little it was necessary he should know. His crew of five hands he brought from the North, and they were like unto himself for closeness.

The vessel loaded in London, where so many strange cargoes are shipped that one more or less is not particularly noticed; and everything being on board, Jenkins and I joined the *Sara Sutcliffe* as she dropped down past Gravesend.

Then he raised his glass as I did mine.

"Well, captain," I remarked to Marr, as I clambered over the rail, "the weather looks good. You'll be giving us a real yachting trip."

"Maybe ay, Mr. Forsyth," the old chap cast a look round as he spoke, "and maybe no. "Ye ken the sayin'—them that goes tae sea for pleesure micht as weel gang tae Auld Nick for pastime. We'll hae wind afore we sight Ushant."

But his prognostication—in its evil sense at least—fortunately proved mistaken. Wind we certainly had, but it was a light summer breeze which wafted us softly down Channel until we viewed the French headland, when we stood off again, beyond sight of the land, in order that Jenkins might put his invention together. He had everything so arranged that it was not, with such assistance as the crew could give, at all a heavy job; and by the third day from commencing it the air-ship floated complete by the schooner's low side. It was not quite thirty feet long—just large enough to carry two persons, with their provisions. Its motive power—an adaptation of liquid air—and its machinery were of the lightest; whilst, as its steering was managed by jets of the first-named—little or nothing projected outwardly from its hull to indicate its character.

"If it wasna' for the want o' the smell," old Marr remarked, as he looked over at it, "I wad think I was walein' again, and had had a bit fish alongside trying out."

But Jenkins was too eager for comment. "Here goes," he cried, "to christen her"; and balancing a bottle

of champagne carefully in his hand he threw it fair on to the fore-part of his novel craft.

"Good luck to the *Edith*," he exclaimed, as the wine trickled over the metal plates. "Now, here's another to drink 'Good-speed' to the first true air-ship." And he produced a second bottle.

"Let's do it on board, Forsyth," he called to me, and in response I stepped on to the flattened area which constituted the *Edith's* deck. There he raised his glass, as I did mine, and thus, with all the honours, the *Edith* was christened.

"Hold tight," he said next, whereat I gripped the slight rail in front of me; "off she goes."

He handled a lever beside him; the gentle ocean swell on which we had been rocking appeared to sink beneath us. A moment later the *Sara Sutcliffe* was a mere blotch of black on the blue floor below. Jenkins swooped down again and round the schooner; then brought the *Edith* back quietly to the spot by her side we had quitted a few minutes before.

"Hech, sirs!" ejaculated old Marr, bending over the side, his mouth and eyes wide with amazement, "but it's no' cannie."

"There's money in it, captain," retorted Jenkins gaily. "Will that reconcile you to it?"

"It micht," he answered with caution, "ye're aye fleein' up onyway."

Jenkins laughed. "Good old chap, you are," he called back, "money's good, and so is heaven, but a combination is best of all. Now we'll leave you—you have your orders. Straight back to Plymouth — we'll tell them you are coming."

Once more he touched the lever, and again the *Edith* rose, but this time, when we had attained a height of about half a mile, my friend headed her north. What the speed was I could not tell. Jenkins put it at over one hundred miles an hour, and the rate at which we passed the specks underneath us, which represented ships, seemed to justify his calculation. Presently two rows of these of five or six each appeared ahead.

"Good luck," ejaculated my companion, who was now directing our course from the glass conning tower just showing above the "deck." "There's the Channel Fleet—now to boom the new air-ship."

Swiftly, yet steadily, the craft bearing us bore down upon the men-of-war until we hovered just above the flat disc, huddled with bridges, boats, smoke-stacks, and guns, which to us represented the flagship, but which was, in reality, perhaps the most powerful battleship in the British Navy. Jenkins, who had been scribbling on a piece of paper, handed it to me, and I read out:

"Air-ship *Edith*—British, and therefore friendly, but if this had been a bomb you'd have reached kingdom come ere now."

"What is this for?" I demanded, wonderingly.

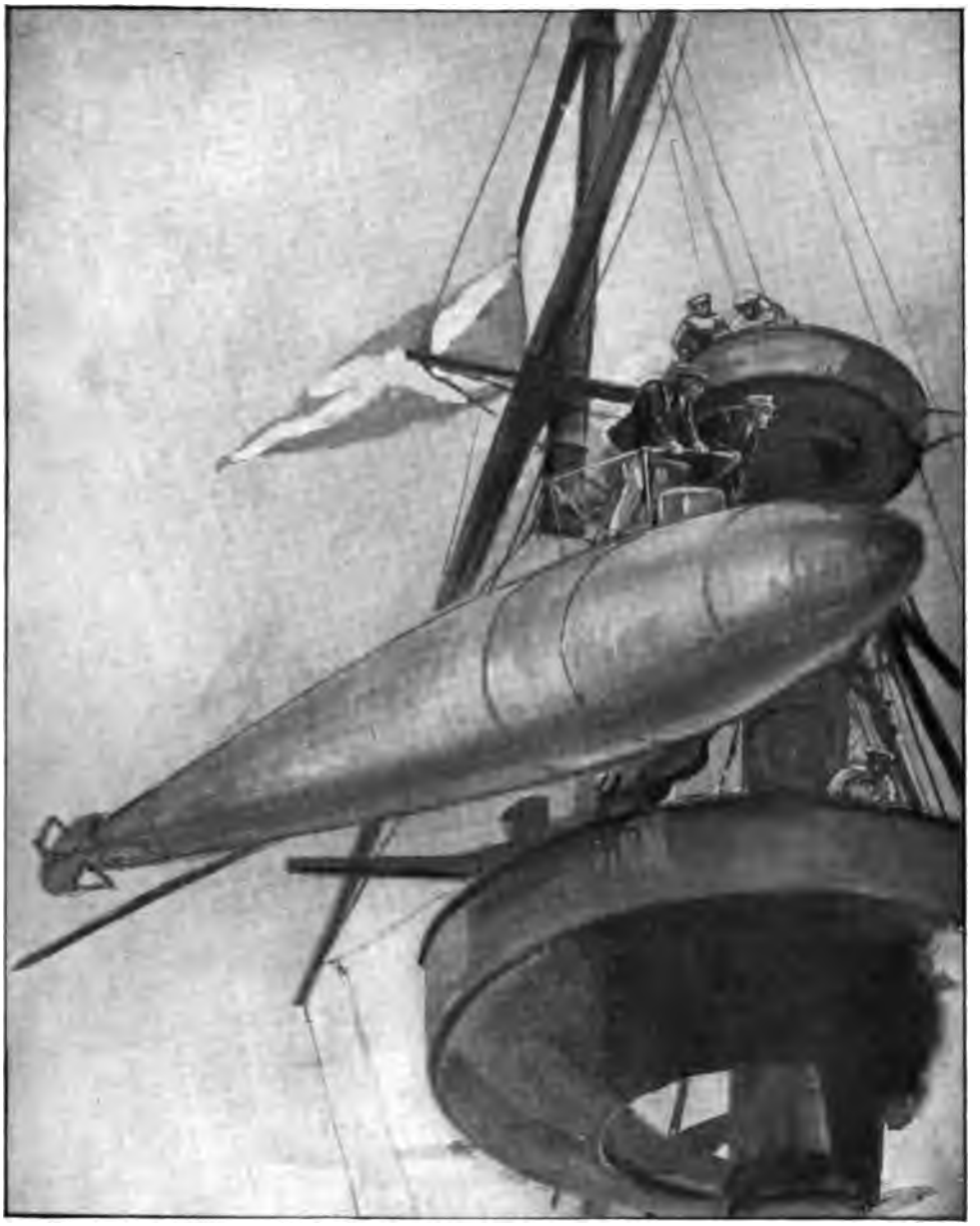
For answer he took out his handkerchief, put the paper, together with a spare rivet he picked up, into it, moved on deck, and dropped the whole into the middle of a group of officers standing on the great vessel's forward bridge gazing wonderingly upwards.

"That is merely introductory," he explained to me. "What I want you to do is to board her, offer to take dispatches home, or, better still, try to persuade the admiral to let one of his officers come with us—only see he is light. The *Edith* depends much upon balance, and I only calculated for two this trip. However, I think she'll carry another. I'll land you now."

Expostulation was useless; Jenkins had taken charge, and I could only submit. He brought the *Edith* close to one of the fighting tops, and I scrambled over into it with no worse mishap than a barked shin. The men stationed there drew off from me as though I were a spirit, but a middy who had been sent up to meet me was less impressed.

"The admiral's compliments," he said, with a grin, "and he will be glad to see you in his quarters. My eye," the youngster added confidentially, "but he's in a holy wax at the way you sent your message."

With the mid as guide, I made my



He brought the "Edith" close to one of the fighting tops.

way to the chief's room, well stared at *en route* by wondering crowds of bluejackets. The admiral was, as I had been told, very angry indeed.

"How dare you, sir," he demanded of me, "use a dirty handkerchief as the medium of a message to one of Her Majesty's ships?"

I was astounded; this was certainly not the ground of quarrel I had anticipated. Luckily the answer was obvious.

"Because we had nothing else," I stammered, "and I am extremely sorry if our necessities - "

"Ah!" he interrupted, with a sudden change of manner, "if it was a case of necessity, that alters matters. I gathered from the medium in which the message

was conveyed, and from the message itself, that it was a studied insult—and in our service, sir, we do not put up with that, either from sea or air."

"Far from it," I explained. "The truth is, it was an advertisement."

The admiral passed his hand over his short grizzled beard and moustache, but I caught a smile flickering at the corners of his mouth.

"An advertisement!" he repeated; "how on earth is that?"

Thereupon I entered into details, and when I had ended the admiral appeared mightily amused.

"Your friend must be a remarkably clever man. To invent the craft you descended from is no mean thing; to force the hand of the Whitehall people is still more difficult; wish I could do it myself," he added, with seaman-like frankness.

This seemed to call for no reply from me, and I simply bowed.

"Despatches I cannot give you," he continued, "for several reasons, but you can have a letter from me detailing the hour, place, and other particulars of the fleet falling in with you, and if an officer volunteers to join you, I'll grant permission. A light one, I think you said?"

I assented, and he touched a bell beside him, sending the orderly who appeared for his staff-captain.

"Who is the lightest officer we have on board?" he asked of that officer.

"Mr. Oakes," the other answered, after a moment's thought. "He was cox of the winning gig in the last races, you may remember, sir."

"And steered without leave," said the Admiral, with a smile. "Well, send him here, will you, please?"

Presently the mid who had first greeted me appeared, looking somewhat scared, and evidently reckoning up his most recent iniquities.

"Mr. Oakes," the chief said to the lad, "are you prepared to take an aerial trip in that thing aloft of us? I don't order you to go, and, let me say, to avoid misapprehension, that your weight, and not your merits, has earned you the offer."

"Certainly, sir," answered the boy promptly.

So it was settled, and the admiral, after chatting for a short time, did me the honour to accompany me on deck, from whence I signalled to Jenkins, and the *Edith* dropped down again to the level of the top.

"I hope I won't get into hot water over this," remarked the chief, as he bade me good-bye, and I ascended once more to the air-ship, on board which I found the midshipman already ensconced.

"Well," said Jenkins, "as he set the *Edith* heading northwards, "how did you get on?"

I reported my proceedings, and, ere I had ended, the fleet had sunk out of sight far astern. Just then my companion glanced at one of the gauges beside him.

"By Jove!" he ejaculated, with alarm; "the beggar's small enough, but I doubt he's upsetting the apple-cart."

"How?" I demanded, in fear at his expression.

"I should have left him out—the whole thing is a matter of balance, and the extra weight is exhausting the sustaining power. We'll be in the water in another fifty miles—see for yourself."

I glanced at the gauge, then down towards the ocean, which seemed to have risen towards us.

"Tell him," I suggested. "He's as plucky as they make 'em."

Jenkins called to Oakes, and explained the position.

"That's easily settled," the boy answered at once. "I see a tramp boat down there homeward bound; drop me alongside. He'll pick me up, and you go ahead."

"I wouldn't," retorted Jenkins, "and if I did it would be no good; there is not power to take us ashore. I reckon," he added, with a break in his voice, "this game's up. We'd best all get out near that steamer, and quick, too."

He was steering towards the tramp as he spoke, and, as we reached her, the *Edith* took matters into its own charge. With a sickening rush the air-ship suddenly dropped; a moment later we had

"A moment later we had plunged, amidst a whirl of foam, into the waves beneath."

plunged, amidst a whirl of foam of our own creation, into the waves beneath.

Luckily that was the worst of this part of our adventure. The steamer's people picked us up, and a day or two later landed us, dejected and travel-worn, at Dartmouth. From there we took the first train to town, where Jenkins, accompanied by Oakes, went at once to the Admiralty. I awaited the result with a heavy heart. We had not money to build another air-ship, and Jenkins himself had dolefully admitted to me that his prospects of marriage with Edith were further off than ever.

Therefore when, on his return, he

gripped my hand until it ached, and demanded loudly that I should congratulate him, I once more set him down as mad.

"I've pulled it off," he cried; "stirred their dry bones after all, my boy, so that they hummed round as they've never done before. It takes a live man to work 'em."

Then he went into details. "I bluffed them," he said, "for all I knew—told my tale, and proved it by the admiral's letter, or what remained of it, and by Oakes. Then I said I'd build a fleet of *Ediths*, and, after a lot of palaver, they asked me not to. They said—and I rubbed it in—the invention would make scrap-iron of every British fighting ship that floats, and of most fortifications, and the nation couldn't afford it. 'All right,' I said, 'what will you pay for model, plans, and all rights?' They named a sum, subject to confirmation, and we're rich men. Only the whole thing is to be kept dark, especially the secret balancing power, which no one knows except myself."

"You'll go now to Edith," was all I could gasp.

"When I've bought a wedding-ring," Jenkins answered, and for the third time I told him he was mad.

MAROONED.

From a water-colour by E. F. Gregory, R.A.

MONTHLY MATTERS MUSICAL.

By GEORGE CECIL.

THE VANITY OF AMATEUR WARBLERS: THE INIQUITIES OF ACCOMPANISTS: THE UNMUSICAL PRESS: THE MOODY-MANNERS SEASON: COMING EVENTS: SEASIDE MUSIC: THE OPERA: THE IMPORTED SINGING MASTER: THE "TALKING MACHINE" AS SINGING MASTER.

The Vanity of Amateur Warblers.

At all times of the year it is difficult to escape from amateur warblers, but during "the season" it is almost impossible to avoid them. They insist upon being heard, no matter how inopportune the occasion, and utter incompetence is no bar to their attempting the most difficult music. "Eri tu" has no terrors for baritone beginners; the "impossible" suburban soprano gleefully pounces upon a dreadful English version of "Ah fors' è lui"; and the throatiest of throaty tenors murders "Salve! Dimora." Sometimes these people have the assurance to pit themselves against noted professional singers, appearing in their company at charity concerts and at "At Homes." They may be divided into three classes—the vain, the stupid, and those who suffer from both diseases, the last-named being the most common. The vain variety is, of course, very terrible, but the merely stupid are so unnecessary that they should be heavily taxed. Indeed, in neglecting to tax all amateurs who sing outside the home circle the Government loses an opportunity of largely increasing its revenue. A similar check might be placed upon most of our leading professionals.

The Iniquities of Accompanists.

Though many accompanists—both amateur and professional—know their business, a surprisingly large number are irritating beyond all endurance. Many of them but vaguely guess at the requirements of the performer who has the ill-luck to be accompanied by them, while those who are common-place beyond all hope of redemption usually possess no musical intelligence. But there is a remedy—and a simple one too. If accompanists were to be coached by singers, or by instrumentalists, they might eventually enlarge their sphere of usefulness.

The Unmusical Press.

Although many of the musical performances which take place in London are of sufficient importance to justify their discussion in a musical paper, the metropolis possesses no such publication. That is to say, the two or three alleged musical papers are quite dull and unimportant, while the prominence which they give to the doings of fifth-rate performers would almost be nauseating if it were not so amusing. The singing of artists of the first rank often is dealt with by ignorant reporters who state that "Mr. Caruso scored heavily," or that "Mr. Sammarco lent vocal assistance." In fact, there is no publication which commends itself to intelligent persons, and from which the lower musical orders might learn something.

The Moody-Manners Season.

The Moody-Manners season at the Lyric has commenced well, and, judging from results, enterprising Mr. Manners again has struck oil. Mme. Fanny Moody once more is associated with the *rôles* in which she so often has gained successes; and Madame de Vere's flexibility of voice stands out as one of the most welcome features of the season. "La Bohème" and "Madame Butterfly" have been added to the *repertoire*, and those who care most for the easily followed ditties and plots of the Balfe-Bunn school have not been forgotten. It is, however, to be hoped that the public will prefer Puccini to the homely "Bo-Girl."

SIGNOR ZUCCHI, WHOSE SPOLETTA IN "LA TOSCA" IS ONE OF THE ATTRACTIONS AT THE ROYAL OPERA.

Coming events include the opening of the new St. James's Hall—a most ill-chosen name, considering the unmusical nature of the performances which so often took place at the old St. James's Hall. It is to be hoped that the badly-behaved persons who were present when the foundation stone was laid will not be invited to the inaugural ceremony. Upon that auspicious occasion the majority of the light-hearted guests, entrenching themselves round the refreshments, ate and drank as though they had been undergoing a forty days' fast. They finished by despoiling the tables of their floral decorations, and many female ruffians looked capable of collaring the spoons and forks. Another coming event will be the annual season of promenade concerts at the Queen's Hall—entertainments which are noted for good instrumental playing, extremely bad singing, and the odour of particularly dreadful tobacco. A little later a series of early autumn ballad concerts is threatened, and rumour has it that Mlle. Suzanne Morival will return to "the scene of her recent triumphs." Preparatory to making her first London appearance, the lady's enterprising (but highly indiscreet) press agent advertised in the *Daily Telegraph* that her singing master, M. Jean de Reszké, has the highest opinion of her astounding talent, and that M. Massenet—who is noted for his honied words—considers her an ornament to her profession. The more ignorant amongst the music critics unreservedly endorsed these golden opinions, but the few who have learnt to discriminate between singing and its spurious imitation described her as a promising beginner. If Mlle. Morival is wise, her reappearance will be delayed until she has overcome the difficulties which beset her. The young lady also would be well advised to listen to a competent Zerlina before she again attempts the "La ci darem" duet. The combination of Mlle. Morival's unnecessary turns and original rhythm and M. Edouard de Reszké's extremely faulty singing was, in the opinion of this scribe, enough to make Mozart turn in his grave. In the meantime, it is pretty clear that M. Jean de Reszké's reputation as a singer is superior to his reputation as a teacher.

Coming Events.

One seldom hears desirable music at the seaside. The bandmasters are, as a rule, quite ignorant of the time at which certain movements should be taken, and the efforts of the singers usually are beyond the pale. Fortunately for the vulgarians who help to make the holidays hideous, those who sanction and support the beach performers know nothing about music. But the intelligent visitor suffers.

Seaside Music.

The opera, alas! will almost have come to an end by the time the August number of this magazine is in the hands of its readers. The season has chiefly been notable for the warmth with which Signor Caruso and Mme. Donalda were received, and for the success of Signor Sammarco and of Mlle. Destinn—who was heard to advantage in (the now hackneyed) "Madame Butterfly," "Aïda," and "La Gioconda." Perhaps a certain performance of "La Traviata," with Signor Caruso, Signor Scotti, and Mme. Donalda,

The Opera.

was as memorable as any. For the Alfredo of the evening, in addition to utilising a really admirable command of light and shade and of tone colour in the exceedingly musical "Un di felice," gave the "Dei miei bollenti spiriti" with such remarkable beauty of voice that his hearers positively were entranced. Upon this occasion Signor Scotti sang in the duet of the second act with a degree of success which astonished even his most ardent admirers, and if the brilliant "Ah! fors' è lui" is a little beyond Mme. Donalda's present powers, in the more sustained passages she sang with a purity of tone that charmed her most exacting listeners. Odious though comparisons are, it must be admitted that in the ever-welcome "La Bohème" Mme. Donalda showed herself to be by far the best Mimi who has appeared in the part at Covent Garden. Signor Sammarco (who is about as fine a Rigoletto as one could wish for) was heard in several of his old parts; Signor Scandiani sang with the artistic restraint which distinguishes the singer from the common shouter; M. Journet added the *rôle* of Badoero to his many successful impersonations; and Signora Giachetti's intensely realistic Tosca was, dramatically, as convincing as ever, though it must be confessed that her vocal resources are diminished. At the commencement of the season "Hänsel und Gretel" and "Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor" formed a most agreeable contrast to the "Ring," and Fräulein Hempel, Fräulein Fiebiger, Herr Zador, and Herr Knüpfer covered themselves with glory. Amongst those who appeared for the first time at Covent Garden were Signor Bassi (whose Canio has its good points) and Mr. Wheatley—who sang the part of Turriddu, while Mr. Putnam Griswold's Daland was by far the most satisfying feature about the "Flying Dutchman" performances. For further details of a statistical nature the inquiring reader is referred to the daily papers.

The Imported Singing Master.

Plenty of assurance is a useful asset in most callings, and the Italian and French singing masters, who are well provided therewith sometimes prosper. Some of the alien *maëstri* who visit these shores also are adepts in the art of asserting themselves. They advertise their alleged claims to the mantle of the late lamented Garcia, and ignorant youths and maidens—mostly maidens—enrich them without, in return, learning how to sing properly. A couple of years ago there arrived in London a distinguished member of the foreign fraternity, and now the ranks are recruited by another—who used to delight Covent Garden audiences. Unfortunately, neither of the twain sings in a manner which inspires confidence. And, judging from the utter incompetence of the pupils, neither master is capable of teaching.

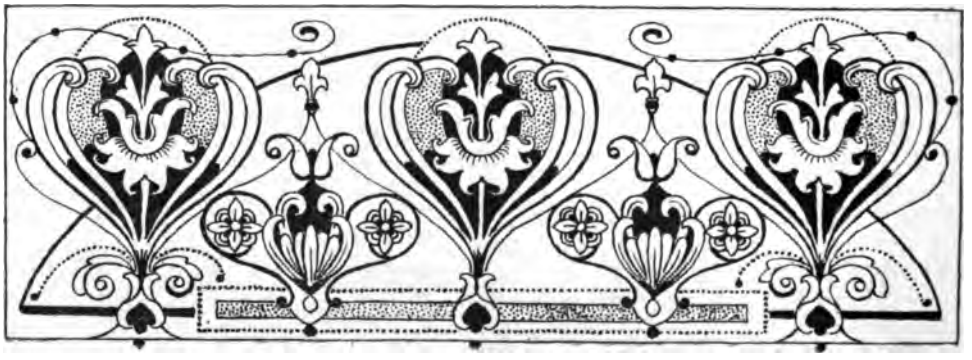
The "Talking Machine" as Singing Master.

Those who condemn the "talking machine" should remember that unless the needle is firmly fixed in position and the screw so adjusted that the music is given in the *proper* key, the operator fails to do justice to the record. By adopting these exceedingly simple precautions a good record cannot fail to give a good result. At the present moment there are a large number of operatic records obtainable, many of which provide intelligent

MISS TONI SEITER. MOODY-MANNERS OPERA COMPANY.

students with an excellent object lesson. Amongst these are the exceptionally fine records of the Fonotipia Company, those by the world-famous Bonci being a veritable triumph of reproduction. Interesting also are the De Luca records, for they enable the stay-at-home music-lovers to judge of the distinguished Italian baritone's performance. The Gramophone and Typewriter Company has lately added to its *repertoire* Battistini's extraordinarily fine rendering of "Povero Lionel," a delightful air to which few singers are able to do justice, while the "Rigoletto" quartette, with Caruso, Scotti, Louise Homer, and Bessie Abbott (whose D flat in alt. is of singularly good quality), is a most interesting and satisfactory one, the characteristics of Caruso's singing of Il Duca's fascinating music being reproduced with wonderful fidelity. The National Phonograph Company also has produced a number of good records, amongst them being "Nobil dama," sung by Ancona; Des Grieux' air from the third act of "Manon Lescaut"; the "Chanson du Toréador," sung (in French) by Van Rooy; and "Durch die Wälder," which Burgstaller sings in German. Equally enterprising is the Columbia Phonograph Company. It has been particularly fortunate in its discs, many of which are amongst the finest reproductions obtainable. The list embraces airs from celebrated operas which are no longer heard in England. The student who is anxious to get a lesson on "Ah! Mon Fils!" the duet from "Les Pêcheurs de Perles," the melodious "Una furtiva lagrima," and the enchanting "Solenne in quest' ora," can do so by investing in the records of the above.

MADAME FANNY MOODY. MOODY-MANNERS OPERA COMPANY.



QUEEN GUINEVERE AT ALMESBURY.—TENNYSON'S "IDYLLS OF THE KING."
From the painting by Mary F. Raphael, exhibited in the Royal Academy, reproduced by permission of the artist. *(Copyright reserved.)*

THE

English Illustrated Magazine.

SEPTEMBER, 1907.

SOME LADY ARTISTS OF TO-DAY.

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I HAVE no doubt that every artist whose work is illustrated in this article would very cordially acquit me on a charge of discourtesy if I had entitled it, "Some *Women* Artists of To-day." No professional artist, whether man or woman, whatever his or her recognised social status may be, can really hunger after distinctions of mere courtesy that have nothing to do with their art. If one were to use the expression, "Gentlemen Artists of to-day," he would, unless he plainly intended a distinct social class, be ridiculed for the euphemism; and why he does not lay himself as open to derision if he write of "Lady Artists" it would be hard to say. However, custom accepts the one and ridicules the other, and this preamble is merely by way of saving the susceptibilities of any women artists who might think the title of the article implied that a special standard of judgment should be used in dealing with "lady" artists.

MRS. MARY F. RAPHAEL.

Women should be the first to resent any such shifting of critical ground when passing from the work of men to the work of women, and I have no doubt they would resent it. There are subjects,

IPHIGENIA AT TAURIS.

From the painting by Mary F. Raphael, exhibited in the Royal Academy, 1905.

of course, that none of us would care to see on a canvas painted by a woman. The carnage of battle is an example, and I am very sure that no one, man or woman, would care to see a woman's name signed to Mr. Cadogan Cooper's brilliant painting of "The Devil among the Nuns," in this year's Academy. This reluctance, however, is partly due to the fact that the nature of woman is so subtly in sympathy with the spiritual side of humanity, and her intuitive apprehension of spiritual truth is so keen that the scope of her art seems primarily to be defined, and we naturally and impulsively look to her to interpret for us the relations between the temporal and the eternal. Child life, motherhood, the calm courage that waits on hope, the divine beauty of resignation, the consolation of faith—such are the themes on which she may reveal much that would otherwise remain hidden.

It will be seen how aptly these latest pictures of living women artists justify the above remarks. With few exceptions the illustrations are from paintings exhibited in the Royal Academy of this year. Some are by those who have already gone far on their course, if measured by the success attained in public acknowledgment; others, and the majority, perhaps, are works of young artists who are steadfastly pursuing their art for love's sake, and, while not despising rewards, are not discouraged because these do not come at once.

Our frontispiece this month is a reproduction of Mrs. Mary F. Raphael's large painting of "Queen Guinevere at Almesbury," which, when exhibited a few years ago in the Royal Academy, obtained a wide recognition from the art world and an appreciative public for the grace of the composition as a whole, and for the pathetic figure of the beautiful and remorseful queen. There is no occasion to tell the story of Guinevere's retirement to the Abbey of Almesbury after her downfall. Readers of "Idylls of the King"—and who is not one?—know it well.

Mrs Raphael has studied under several masters, both here and in Paris, but she acknowledges a special debt to Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, R.A., whose earnest and kindly encouragement in her student days was both a spur to achieve and a guiding help on the way. She also studied at Julian's in Paris, and enjoyed the immense advantage of the critical hints of such masters as Benjamin Constant, Jean Paul Laurens, and other leaders of French art. Her first picture was exhibited in the last decade of the nineteenth century, and since then her pictures have been hung on the Academy walls, we believe, every year. Among her later productions are "Iphigenia" and "Her First Communion," both of which are reproduced herewith.

The story of "Iphigenia" has supplied material to the dramatic, the lyric and epic poet, and it is not surprising that it appeals also to the artist. She was the daughter of Agamemnon, King of Argos,

and of Clytemnestra, and in consequence of a vow made by her father to offer up to Artemis his most precious acquisition during an ensuing year, she was claimed by the goddess, as she was born during that twelvemonth. Agamemnon, how-

HER FIRST COMMUNION. Mrs. Mary F. Raphael.

ever, shrank from the parting, and on his voyage to Troy Artemis detained his fleet at Aulis by contrary winds. To appease the anger of the goddess he was obliged to give up Iphigenia, and she was bound to the altar to be sacrificed. Artemis, appeased, spared her life, substituting a beautiful hind in her place, and carried Iphigenia to her temple at Tauris, where she became priestess. There she saved the life of her brother Orestes, who was about to be slain in obedience to a decree of Artemis that all strangers must be sacrificed. Iphigenia escaped from Tauris with Orestes, and carried off with her the sacred statue of the goddess. Mrs. Raphael has conceived the priestess wandering in the sacred grove of Diana. It is a figure of great dignity, clothed in a diaphanous robe of white and crowned with a face of singular beauty and nobility of expression, as of

one worthy to be both the daughter of a great king and the priestess of a great goddess.

We also reproduce in "Her First Communion" a very characteristic work by this artist, one in which her sensitive feeling for symbolic expression is allowed full play. There is great charm, too, in the profile of the young girl, dimly seen through her veil. It is the perfection of virgin innocence; an unspotted soul as white as the lilies that border her path.

Careers may, in a sense, be measured by promise as well as by length of years and their achievement; and if of some artists it is as yet impossible to record a succession of triumphs, it is often possible to say with conviction that what has been accomplished points to the coming triumphs. Miss Eleanor Langford Thomas has had her pictures accepted and hung at the Academy, at the Derby Corporation Art Gallery, at the Society of Women Artists' Exhibitions and elsewhere, but she is still little beyond the threshold of her profession, and she elects rather to look forward to years of riper work than be judged ultimately by what she has hitherto done. In her painting of "A Devonshire Maid" in this year's Academy, however, the achievement is so excellent that we may regard her future as assured. Her restraint is admirable. Her theme is simplicity itself, and no theatrical devices mar its direct and telling homeliness. The appeal is straight to the heart of the observer. The same qualities of simple directness and naturalness dignify her portrait of Mrs. Henry Rowlands, also exhibited in this year's Academy.

A DEVONSHIRE MAID.
Eleanor Langford Thomas.

Mrs. Thomas is among those artists whose career has been a battle with untoward circumstances. Born in London, she lost her father while still a child, and afterwards two long and severe illnesses seriously interrupted her studies. She commenced her training at the Highbury School of Art, under Mr. Stephen Hunter, and while there obtained the art class teachers' certificate from South Kensington. Gaining admission to the Academy schools, she studied there for five years, during the period securing a silver medal for figure painting in one of the school competitions.

Miss Elsie Higgins, who lives and labours in the art atmosphere of Bushey, has marked individuality as an artist. Practically her entire training has been under Professor von Herkomer, though she studied drawing for a few months in the Paris studios of Delécluse and Cola Rossi. Her *métier* lies in combined landscape and figure subjects, by preference such as express the intimate relations between the soil and those who live on it and by it. Her latest picture, "Gathering River Grasses," has this quality. The girlish figure, browned by the sun, buffeted by the winds, familiar with all the moods of nature, taking storm and sunshine as the grass and trees, and almost as unconsciously, dimly feeling the

MISS ELSIE HIGGINS.

life-giving bosom of the earth like a mother's breast, seeking sustenance there as vaguely as a hungry babe feels for nourishment, is a subject dear to the artist's heart. The artist who can faithfully interpret this subtle sympathy, these chords of harmony that vibrate to the same pitch in man and nature, as Millet did, has indeed chosen his profession well, and I think it cannot be doubted that Miss Higgins has a rare quality of expression in this respect. Her independence of mind and attitude is shown by the fact that, having once determined upon the phase of Nature that commanded her deepest sympathy, she has pursued it entirely by herself and in her own method. Since her first picture was exhibited in the Academy in 1900 she has been a regular exhibitor, with the exception of two years.

Miss Myra E. Luxmoore excels in miniature work, and there is in her Academy picture of "The Princess and the Magic Poppies" much of that delicacy and refinement of feeling and the daintiness, which belong to miniature painting. The incident which Miss Luxmoore has so graphically and sympathetically rendered in this painting is that beautifully romantic episode in Hans Andersen's tale of "The Wild Swans," when the jealous stepmother had placed three toads in the water where the princess was to bathe, commanding one to sit on her head so that she become stupid, another to sit on her forehead so that she become ugly, and the third to sit on her heart that she might be ever after bad-hearted. So the princess came and bathed, but when she raised herself up three scarlet poppies lay floating in the water. She was so good that instead of being harmed by the toads, her innocence had changed them into flowers; no evil spells had power over her. This is not the first time Miss Luxmoore has taken a subject from "The Wild Swans." Some few years ago she painted "The Princess and the

GATHERING RIVER GRASSES. Miss Elsie Higgins.

MISS LUXMOORE.

From a painting by the artist exhibited in the Royal Academy.

Nettles," which was exhibited in the Royal Academy and bought by the Corporation of Pietermaritzburg in 1904; and the Corporation Art Gallery of Manchester also contains one of her paintings, a three-quarter length portrait of the late Dean Maclure of that city. Besides the picture we reproduce, she has in the present Academy exhibition a large miniature of Miss Dorothea Phillipps Treby. Miss Luxmoore studied first at the Herkomer School, Bushey, and afterwards continued her training for some time in Paris.

Miss Florence White is another miniaturist whose larger pictures exhibit something of the polished daintiness of miniature work. "When as in Silk my Julia Goes" shows this quality of refinement, of almost microscopic brush-work. The head and shoulders might have been copied from some old miniature. The beautiful face, the slim figure, the delicate hands, the gown of fragile lace, are all in harmony, a spring song of virginal charm and innocent happiness. The eyes look out on a world that has never dared be gross or cruel in that presence and the smile has all the tender assurance of a child's spirit. Miss White has painted a great many miniature portraits, and with distinguished success. Lately she has received the well-deserved recognition of election to the Vice-Presidency of the Royal Miniature Society, an honour that attests the high regard in which her work is held by her professional contemporaries. But in spite of the fact that so much of her time is occupied in the branch in which she has attained so firm a position, she still does larger paintings, in oil and pastel, as the picture referred to, which is in this year's Academy, attests.

Miss Dorothea Sharp is still a student, pursuing her art studies at the Regent Street Polytechnic (London), and it is

THE PRINCESS AND THE MAGIC POPPIES.

"The Wild Swans" (*Hans Andersen*).

Myra E. Luxmoore.

MISS FLORENCE WHITE.

high praise both for the school and for Miss Sharp's intelligent use of the facilities it offers that she has been successful, so early in her career, in having a picture accepted and hung on the Academy walls. But this is not the only gratifying recognition she has received at the hands of her fellow artists. She was, last year, elected a member of the Royal Society of British Artists, of which society there are, I believe, but four lady members, including Miss Sharp. She has also been recently made a member of the Society of Women Artists. Her Academy picture (which we reproduce from a pencil sketch made by her for our use) is a delightful landscape study with a pond and ducks in the middle ground and a quaint little baby figure in the foreground, apparently feeding the ducks from a full apron held up before her. The picture is entitled "The Duck Pond, Amberley," but the precise spot is of no moment. It might with equal truth be called "Wisdom and Innocence" or "The Cycle of Life." The sweeping landscape—the bowed trees, appear to be greeting the newcomers with a pleasant, indulgent, sophisticated air. They have lived long; they know the world, the earth that has nursed the child's forbears for many a generation; the trees have bent before many a storm but thrive still to refresh the wayfarer. And the child's first instinct is to nourish creatures smaller than itself. The painting is an allegory; it has depth of intuition.

Mrs. Mary L. Waller's portrait of Miss Betty Pease is one of those intuitively discriminating studies of girlhood that give pleasure to those who have no knowledge of the sitter—those to whom the picture makes no appeal on the score of likeness. At the same time the spectator is assured that it is a likeness from those unmistakable marks of individuality that every good portrait possesses. I have used the word "discriminating" with a meaning. I am disposed to think that a young girl's portrait ought always to be painted by a woman, just as I think that the portrait of a matured woman ought always to be painted by a man. Always bearing

WHEN AS IN SILK MY JULIA GOES.

Miss Florence White.

in mind the fact that a portrait more than any other class of subject, must, to be successful in the truest sense, get beneath the surface presentment and disclose fundamental traits of character, who but a woman can gauge with discriminating sympathy a young girl's outlook on life, fearless because innocent, wondering because ignorant, eager because not yet disillusioned? Only a memory can interpret individual characteristics through the beautiful glow of a young girl's complete guilelessness, and that memory is not one of man's possessions. Mrs. Waller has accomplished a portrait of peculiar charm, because she has insight and the gift of realising her mental perceptions.

MISS DOROTHEA SHARP.

all the more profound from the direct simplicity of her composition, upon one of the most poignant experiences in the lives of toilers. In these bent figures and worn faces, in the gaunt hands and whitening hair, in the reverent attitudes and the air of patient resignation, we seem to realise anew and with a deeper sense how large a part that almost constant apprehension of disaster plays in the lives of the mothers and wives of those who earn their bread on the treacherous waters. The composition, as I have said, is very simple. It does not depend for its impressiveness upon a great assemblage; the scene is as far removed as possible from storm and tempest; there is an absence of all melodramatic incident and even of moving signs of grief or despair. The dim and silent church, the perfect calm, the repose of a simple

THE DUCK POND, AMBERLEY. Dorothea Sharp.

In the picture which Miss Maud Harris *has designated* "For those in Peril on *the Sea*" *she* has touched with feeling,

faith, and the three devout women laying the burden of their daily and hourly fears at the feet of Him who said "Come unto Me all ye who are heavy laden and I will give you rest"—that is the sum of it all, and yet the picture holds the spectator by this very simplicity more potently than would a scene depicting the horrors of shipwreck or the fury of tempest. What the artist has set out to do she accomplishes, and so too, in the companion picture, "Departure of the Fishing Boats," is expressed all the long, heroic endurance of souls that contend with an ever-present dread.

FOR THOSE IN PERIL ON THE SEA.
Miss Maude Harris.

Miss Harris's art training has been obtained at the Goldsmiths' Institute, when Mr. Samuel G. Enderby was at the head of the art school, and at Blackheath under Mr. Zerrick Williams.

Miss Etheldreda Gray's delightful picture of childhood and Nature, "The Skylark," will repay careful study. I admit that it is often possible to read more into a picture than the artist consciously intended, but it is certainly not possible to read more into it than is there, consciously or unconsciously. It is easy to err as a critic, but as an interpreter one cannot go far wrong if he sticks to his text. In Miss Gray's picture it would seem that all animate nature is keyed to the same harmonious pitch of exulting joyousness, and the carolling of the

DEPARTURE OF THE FISHING BOATS, PICARDY.
Miss Maude Harris.

unseen lark is its full expression. The daisies, also, appear to be lifting their heads to listen to the inarticulate melody as if they shared the delight of it with the two children whose faces are turned intently skywards. The stream and the meadows and the tree bursting into leaf reflect the same sense of the joy of life. The life-giving blood and sap flow quickly; the earth clothes itself in royal colours rejoicing. The picture is at once a symbol and a realisation. It is a symbol of the wonderful unity of all nature, of the unity that makes us mortals thrill to the songs of the birds when the sun is warm and the sky bright and the flowers beautiful—that brings despondency and gloom upon us when Nature shrinks disconsolate under sunless skies and chilling rains. Especial mention should be made of Miss Gray's technique.

MRS. MARY WALLER

The foreshortening of the upturned face of one of the girls is admirable and a difficult achievement. The face remains lovely and nothing is lost of the rapt expression.

BETTY, DAUGHTER OF ARTHUR S. PEASE, ESQ.

Mrs. Mary L. Waller.

Miss Edith Kemp-Welch is a sister of Miss Lucy Kemp-Welch, who has attained an enviable position especially as an animal painter, and Miss Edith is now devoting herself largely to the same class of subject, though she commenced her art career as a miniaturist. She has been a member of the Society of Miniature Painters for nearly ten years, and it is only three years since she commenced exhibiting larger work at the Royal Academy Exhibitions. Her first picture, which was painted in the New Forest, was entitled "After the Rain." The two sisters showed an early fondness for drawing, their mutual taste in this direction acting no doubt as a spur to each. Pencil and paper occupied all their spare moments, and at a very early age they were diligently drawing from Nature in the garden or on the road. Then came lessons in drawing and water-colour from a local teacher in Bournemouth,

THE SKYLARK. Miss E. Gray.

their home, and at last they showed such promise that it was decided to give them a thorough art education. This was pursued, first at the Bournemouth School of Art and then at the Herkomer School at Bushey. The death of their parents led the sisters to adopt Bushey as their permanent home, and in that atmosphere of art and earnest work they have lived and laboured ever since. Each is proud of the other's achievement, for Miss Edith Kemp-Welch writes us: "My sister has no more genuine admirer of her work than myself."

Since 1904 Miss Edith has had her pictures hung every year in the Royal Academy, and in 1906 the full complement accorded to non-Academicians and non-Associates. This year her picture, "The Day's at the Morn," was hung on the line in Room 6—a large canvas, of which we give a reproduction. The painting testifies to the intimate study she has bestowed upon animal life and to the acuteness of her observation. It also reveals her love of Nature, for no painter could so faithfully interpret the splendour and a certain

THE DAY'S AT THE MORN. Miss E. Kemp-Welch.

MRS. C. R. WALTON.

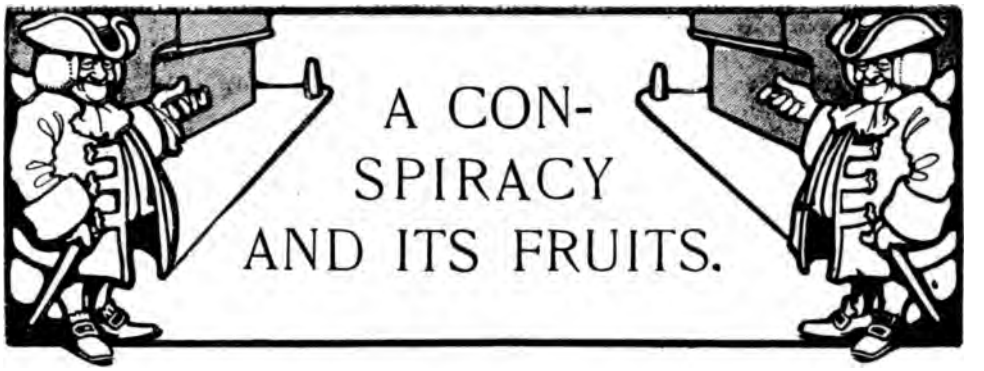
mystic significance of early day—the poetry of an awakening world—unless a love of Nature lay behind the interpretation.

"Tendresse Maternelle," which we reproduce, is one of two pictures by Mrs. Catherine R. Walton in this year's Academy, and, therefore, among her latest work. Both were painted in Brittany. In the one reproduced we scarcely know whether most to admire the beauty of maternal love expressed in the mother's face or the artist's restraint in so handling her subject that the eye and mind are at no moment distracted from the essential *motif* of the painting. We are scarcely conscious whether this be a cottage or a palace, a home of Brittany or Holland, in a London slum or a royal nursery. We are only conscious of one of those attributes of our humanity which in every land brings us closest to divinity. Maternal love is the picture and all the picture, and nothing else counts; all else is merely the setting.

Mrs. Walton began her studies in London in Ludovici's class, pursued them further in Paris under Deschamps, and after in Rome and at the Brussels Academy. Her first picture at the Royal Academy was exhibited in 1898, and since that year she has twice had pictures on the line, both of which she sold. She has also exhibited at the Walker Art Academy in Liverpool, and at Manchester and Leeds. She has devoted some time to portraiture as well, and has had several commissions at Oxford, including two well-known M.A.'s.

In conclusion, it may justly be said that the women artists of to-day are amongst the most sincere of modern painters. They eschew sensationalism and all appeals to false sentiment. They seek the deep, perennial springs of human emotion, and we could ill spare their earnest interpretation of life.

TENDRESSE MATERNELLE. Mrs. C. R. Walton.



By ELEANOR TREASE.

I.

IF the streets of Little Exmarsh had been better lighted, the affair might not have happened, though when one man is scorching to make up time and the other is a duffer at turning corners, to lay all the blame of the catastrophe on the local authorities is a trifle inconsiderate.

It was the duffer who blamed the rustic economies. "They might put the lamp posts less than half a mile apart," he grumbled from the top of the hedge where he had comfortably dropped.

Selwyn, however, had, in the hurry of the moment, chosen the fine hard road for a bed; a beautiful road for cycling, provided the cycle is under you and upright, but a poor sort of pillow. He laid his head on it so hard that he saw enough lights to more than make up all the deficiencies in the duffer's underestimate. Then he lay very still and all the lights went suddenly out.

The duffer rolled off his perch with a few scratches and tatters, but otherwise intact, and proceeded to take stock of the situation.

Item: One sound bicycle.

Item: One damaged ditto.

Item: One dead man.

At least he so noted down the third item in his mental stock-book, and the asset terrified him out of such small sense as had fallen to his share in the distribution of that article. He stared at the motionless figure in the roadway for one dazed moment, while his heart stood still, and then mounted the sound bicycle, which happened not to be his own, and went reeling down the road on it. The night swallowed him up; he is not worth following.

II.

"DO your best to restore him, doctor, and then the law must take its course."

So spake the stern voice of the logical male, after which the gentler tones of womanly compassion made comment—"It seems so dreadful to bring anyone back to life only to assign him to a living tomb."

"Would you have us let him die, then?"

"Oh no, no! But——"

It was all expressed in that "but"—sorrowing pity for the wrongdoer and the grievous burden of human suffering. Women are so often fatalists minus the fatalist's resignation.

Little Barbara crept up to her sister's side and laid her little soft fingers on her sister's hand, and her big, inquiring eyes looked up, as if she wished she knew what the trouble was and could do something comforting. She supposed they were talking about the man with the very white face who kept his eyes shut all the time and didn't talk any, whom they picked up in the road last evening and brought home in the carriage, and who was upstairs now in the blue bedroom.

"We must reap as we sow," said her father. Proverbs are such comfortable bed-fellows!

"I think he will pull through it," said the doctor. "A remarkably sound body for a man who has abused his life as you say he has done. I will call again this afternoon. Meanwhile perfect rest and quiet are his best aids. Good morning, Mr. Doster; good morning, Miss Doster. Well, mite Barbara, what is it?" The big, burly fellow bent over the child and took the hand she was holding out to him.

"Do live peoples get put in tombs, Mr. Doctor?"

"Sometimes, dear, if they are wicked."

"Is sat worse san being dead?"

"I should think so."

"So s'd I," and then she transferred her hand to her sister's clasp again and seemed to find it more restful.

Mr. Doster went out of the room with the surgeon and closed the door behind them. "It's a remarkable thing," he said, "that I should be playing host to this young scoundrel. I know his people well, though I never saw him before. His father was a client of mine for many years, until he was ruined by this son's extravagance and crimes. His mother died of a broken heart. He has lately taken up again one of his old practices—forgery—but he will not find his present victims as lenient as his father. I want him out of my house as soon as he can be safely moved."

"A week, I should say, Mr. Doster."

"Well, we must endure it. Good morning."

Within the room meanwhile Barbara was exhibiting the usual childish hunger for information and adapting it to theories of her own. "Is sat sick gen'man vewy wicked, Mywa?"

"I am afraid so, Barbara."

"I fink I s'd like to make him good, Mywa."

"Why, dear?"

"So he needn't go and live in a tomb where it's dark. I don't fink sat would make him good."

"Nor I, Barbara."

"Would you like to have him made good, Mywa?"

"Yes, dear, very much."

In dealing with inquisitive children of active imaginations an alert mind is desirable, but Miss Doster was just now somewhat distracted. One cannot reasonably expect that a young woman of twenty would remain entirely composed while a strange young man whom she had helped to pick out of the road was lying in the house in such dire extremity, who might even now be at death's door, particularly when he is presented in the light of a sinner temporarily harmless and very much in need of saving grace from some quarter. Little Barbara, therefore, got but scant attention, but it appeared to satisfy her.

From that hour the child began to haunt the chamber where the invalid lay, and the approaches to it. At last her vigilance was rewarded. Peeping in through the half-open door, she saw him lying with open eyes that wandered here and there wonderingly. She made her way in on tiptoe with a lifted finger of warning. "Hush!" she whispered. "You's to be vewy quiet. I can talk, but you mustn't."

He most obediently kept silent, but greeted the little curl-framed face with the faintest of welcoming smiles as it came up to the side of his bed. She made a delicious vision of real life for him, but he felt too weak and languid to ask questions. He scarcely felt the need for them in this first return to consciousness.

He hoped she would speak to him again, and she did. She had come for that very purpose indeed. For a moment she stood looking at him gravely, resting her elbows on the bed, which she could just reach, and her face in her two hands. Then she shook her head reprovingly. "Of course I know you's vewy wicked," she said to begin with.

Selwyn opened his eyes wider and felt very guilty indeed, quite lost in depravity.

"Mywa and I are going to make you good if we can."

So there was hope for him, he reflected, but who was "Mywa?"

"Mywa is my big sister, you know," Barbara explained as if he had asked the question. He was not grieved to hear that a big sister was to be associated with the little one in his reformation; the plan had obvious advantages.

"You didn't see Mywa when she helped to pick you up, because your eyes were shut all the time."

Oh! The big sister had helped to pick him up. Had she? *Him*—no insignificant weight! A sort of Amazon she must be, with a mission for reforming desperate characters.

"But Mywa is so pwetty and she's sorwy because you are wicked."

So "Mywa" was pretty, was she? Well, that might balance the mission. On the whole, he thought, dreamily, he had rather be taken in hand by a pretty missionary than a frump.

"Papa says when you are well you will have to be put in a tomb where they put wicked live people."

This was news indeed! There were drawbacks apparently to a reputation for depravity which might counterbalance the luxury of a pretty missionary.

"But I fink you would raver not go sere."

A wise judgment, little curly-head; the idea does not seem inviting.

"So Mywa and I are going to make you good before you get well, only you mustn't get well before you get good, must you?"

As it appeared to him at the moment desirable that the recovery of a healthy condition of body and morals should be concurrent, he pursed his lips into an unspoken "No" to her question and moved one hand along the bed-clothes until it reached the child's arm and gave it a weak little pat or two, while that faint smile came again to his lips.

"I didn't fink wicked people looked so nice as you do," Barbara went on, dropping one hand from her face to give his fingers a return pat; "but papa and Mywa say you are wicked, so I s'pose you are. Are you weally?"

He felt that it was a little hard to be asked to confess to his own condemnation, but it was safe to admit that he was not as good as he might be, and he answered her by half-closing his eyes in a mute assent.

"And—and—do you fink you would like to go to sat tomb?"

This proposition was met with a most decided shake of the head, a shake that brought a spasm of sharp pain.

"No, you wouldn't," said Barbara emphatically, who interpreted the look in her own way; "it makes you feel sick to fink of it. Zen may I go and tell Mywa zat you want her to make you good?"

Now that *was* a sensible proposal, very much better than the tomb idea, and Selwyn managed to make Barbara understand that he voted for "Mywa" and all her works.

"I'll tell her. Do you fink you feel any gooder since I came to talk to you."

He wanted to say "heaps," but his voice was not equal to even that call upon it yet. He made Barbara understand, however, that he was quite a new man, and she went away radiant after a parting assurance that "Mywa" was so much the "gooder" of the two that she would make him "feel vewy good indeed."

An unhealthy reputation travels fast on its course. Perhaps Barbara was responsible for the servants in the house and many of the neighbours learning that the unwelcome invalid was a scapegrace. To bestow much care on him appeared uncalled for. Therefore, save for the doctor's visits and occasional attentions from the servants, he was allowed to get well in his own way. This gave the little lady who was so solicitous for his welfare opportunities for *tête-à-têtes* she would not have had otherwise. She paid him other visits before she was able to persuade "Mywa" to undertake her part of the reformation, and then she had to urge the pitiful side of the case with all her childish ardour before her sister quite escaped from conventional restraints.

"Well, well, Barbara, I'll go up with you," she assented at last; "just for a minute, to see if I can do anything for him."

"Here's Mywa!" cried the triumphant Barbara as *avant courier* to the sedater visitor; "She's so sorwy and—and" (as an afterthought) "so pwetty!"

"Barbara! You little chatterbox!"

Selwyn's power of speech had returned with a further gain in strength. "Don't

stop her," he said, "please, Miss—Doster, is it not? Barbara told me. You are very kind. I'm an awful nuisance."

Miss Myra, listening, was trying to adjust preconceptions to new impressions. Hardened criminals were not a part of her stock experiences, but she supposed they must have a physiognomy of their own, something repulsive at least. She might not have found it easy to be definite, but the signs were certainly not very apparent in the pale face before her. She had come quite prepared to be shocked by appearances of baseness. Instead of that, she found all her womanly sympathies stirred to their depths, and she was bewildered.

"I am afraid we have neglected you," she said, conscience-stricken, and, fumbling for some justification, added, "but papa is very busy and ——"

"Says you's vewy wicked," suggested Barbara, at the pause. An evil reputation appeared to have the attraction of novelty to Barbara.

"Papa is quite right," assented the invalid, with a propitiatory twinkle in the eyes; "I'm awfully wicked to come on a visit where I haven't been asked, and then to stay in bed all the time—quite shamefully wicked."

"Don't mind Barbara," pleaded Myra, "she's ——"

"She's an angel," he interrupted, "and is going to make me good."

"Mywa is going to help," insisted Barbara.

"She will have to come oftener, then, won't she, Barbara? But, you see, she doesn't know me as well as you do, and doesn't know how bad I am."

This was distressing to Myra. It was like a conspiracy between the child and the invalid to make her uncomfortable and commit her. Her life was, as a rule, so direct, that she was not prepared for these complex impulses. Her sympathies demanded something active from her in the way of help; her father's stern condemnation of their guest made her feel that much intercourse with him would verge on disobedience. And yet any man who could see the angel in Barbara, did not seem so really hopeless. Still, she could not question the terrible future in store for him, and thus she veered to sympathy again as the dominant emotion, and she impulsively asked: "Can you tell me how I can help you?"

"Yes; how did I get here?"

"We were driving home and found you lying in the road."

"And brought me to your own house? How good! But you don't even know who I am."

"Oh yes, we do," answered Myra gravely; "there was a card case in your tool bag."

Selwyn's face had a puzzled look, but he accepted the explanation gratefully. "Well, I'm glad you know," he said, with a cheerful air that shocked the girl. "Some brute ran into me. My head feels as if it had been boiled. Do you—do you think you could put something cool on it?"

A moment later she found herself, and very much surprised she was, bathing the boiled head with eau-de-Cologne.

"Ah!" murmured the invalid, "I wish you knew how delicious that is. It is too bad to make all this trouble, though."

"No, no! You must not think that. You must not let anything trouble you till—till you get well."

"And sen must he go to sat tomb, Mywa?"

Selwyn, whose eyes seemed to find Miss Doster's face as soothing as his forehead found her touch, was surprised to see a look of distress appear there. After a moment's pondering, he asked: "What does Barbara mean by that? She harps upon that fancy quite relentlessly."

Miss Doster's only refuge was a diversion. "I'm afraid you are talking a great deal too much."

"But worry is quite as bad," he answered, maintaining a grave face in spite of an impulse to be jocose. "If you don't tell me, I shall keep on thinking all manner of evil. What is behind Miss Barbara's forebodings?"

"Don't you know, or cannot you suspect?"

"Then there is something. No, I am quite in the dark. Won't you enlighten me? You are not going, are you? O, of course, I mustn't keep you. Indeed,

I'm a selfish brute to want you. Can Barbara stay? Truly it is a bit solitary."

So Barbara stayed, and Selwyn exhausted all his art—and exhausted himself as well—in a vain effort to draw out of the little damsel what was really meant by her mysterious tremors for his future. But he found nothing more lucid than a cordial belief in his general wickedness and his approaching consignment to a "tomb for live peoples."

III.

LEFT to himself, Selwyn continued to ponder the puzzle in a dull irritation of mind, for which weakness was largely responsible; while Miss Myra, though perfectly healthy and mentally robust, was passing through a tumult of emotions which, in their way, were quite as aggravating and no more definite.

"Papa and Mywa say you are wicked, so I s'pose you are. Are you, weally?"

"Ought I to tell him or not?" she asked herself; "if I did what could he do? What a pity that Barbara has said so much! If I don't tell him now, he may worry himself into a fever. If he could only be got away from here before he is arrested! Can he really be so bad as they say he is? There must be some good in him—he doesn't look like such a wretch. Perhaps he might be saved if just the right person could—but nobody must know, of course. How absurd in Barbara to talk of my having any influence over him! He must have thought me a conceited and presumptuous prig of a woman. I wonder what he really does think of me. He must be very lonely, and can it be a Christian act to quite neglect him, whatever he may be? I don't know—there is papa, of course, but papa won't go near him, and won't discover how honest a look he has. What ought I to do?"

When a young lady cogitates in this bewildered fashion, and asks herself innumerable questions without arriving at any answers, it may be surmised that she does not permit herself to be entirely frank with herself.

The invalid, who was creating so much turmoil in a gentle breast downstairs, fell into a long sleep, from which he awoke to a clearer grasp of things, and with his first conscious thought he saw the solution of the mystery. It was clear, he reflected, that the other party to that bungling collision which had landed him on this bed, had suffered more injury than he himself, and all this childish prattle about innate wickedness and the living tomb must have been prompted by what the child had heard her elders say touching his responsibility for the catastrophe. That was it, of course! Stupid in him not to have seen

it before! And Miss Doster's reluctance to talk about it was—to be sure—most natural. Bless her sweet thoughtfulness! How soft and soothing her touch on his brow had been that morning! When would she come again? In some way he must let her know that he had seen through the mystery unaided, so that she might not keep away from him through dread of being questioned. Painful as it is to admit it, the truth is that Selwyn thought a good deal more about the effect of the catastrophe on Miss Doster's visits to his bedside than on the other party to the collision.

After a long interval of waiting, the patter of Barbara's footsteps fell on his listening ear.

"All alone, Barbara?" he asked.

"Ess. Mywa wants to know if you's comfor'ble."

"Very, and do you think, Barbara, that you could get a pencil and some paper without troubling anybody."

Barbara thought she could, and proved a valiant searcher. Then she brought a book, and on this desk the following note was composed:

"DEAR MISS DOSTER,—I have thought it out, and understand your reticence. And now, since I realise the unfortunate position I am in, is there any reason why you should avoid coming here? I promise not to talk of it.

"THE RECLUSE IN THE BLUE ROOM."

Thus Barbara became a postman, and mighty important she felt herself. She busied herself, while Myra was conning the note, in emptying her sister's work-bag with the object of fitting it for Government service for the carriage of His Majesty's mails between the Blue Bedroom and the morning room.

"How absurd you are, Barbara. You don't suppose I am going to carry on a correspondence with him, I hope."

But Barbara stood swinging the plush mailbag with a confident and waiting air, and it turned out that her preparations were not in vain. It did seem to Miss Doster at the moment a little easier to write an answer to that note than to face the writer. Therefore, not long after, Barbara was proudly mounting the stairs with the post-bag swung with official precision over her shoulder. The mails consisted of a single epistle, unstamped, and at the risk of a prosecution for tampering with His Majesty's postal service, we will read it:

"The Recluse in the Blue Room does not probably realise that my father would be greatly shocked at our having any intercourse. He is a dear, good father, but stern, and he has a strong sense of right and wrong. I am afraid I am not so relentless, and I find myself wondering whether, if you had another chance, you would not make a better use of it. If I could be sure of that, I could almost persuade myself to assist you to escape."

The postman continued very busy that afternoon. The next missive read thus:

"DEAR MISS DOSTER,—If I put myself unreservedly in your father's hands and beg him to exact the utmost penalty for my misdeed, don't you think he would be more lenient towards our intercourse? As to having another chance, I don't think I crave it, but when I am up again I will make the man I injured all the amends in my power without seeking to escape any responsibility.

"YOUR UNHAPPY RECLUSE."

At the bottom of this note Myra Doster wrote: "I will ask father to see you when he comes home this evening," and so returned it by the indefatigable letter carrier, and with that Selwyn was compelled to rest content.

It did not occur to him to look to Barbara to confirm his conclusion that he had accidentally done someone a serious injury. It was the only theory he could form that explained the facts, and he accepted it without question therefore, and waited Mr. Doster's appearance as patiently as possible.

He had formed a rather unflattering opinion of his host, whose failure to pay him even one brief visit of inquiry had an inhospitable look. "And he must be a bit of a churl," reflected Selwyn, "to visit me with quite so heavy a judgment. I'm a confounded nuisance, I don't doubt, but he needn't make me feel a malicious trespasser."

Neither of the two men, accordingly, had a very high opinion of the other when they met that evening for the first time since the accident. For Mr. Doster was persuaded, against his inclination, to see their guest. He had been disposed at first to be angry with Myra for bestowing any personal attention on the invalid, but the girl surprised him, as well as herself, by her ardour in pleading the claims upon their charity and humanity.

Still, he only relented as a concession to the man's helpless state, and Mr. Doster was grimly stern when he entered the room where the supposed scapegrace lay. Naturally the expression on his face was not likely to soften the scapegrace's opinion of him.

"I understand you are much better," said Mr. Doster, standing by the bedside and maintaining a stiff and uncompromising air.

"I shall not long encumber your house or you, sir," answered Selwyn, "and it will be a great relief for both of us when I go. For what you have done I thank you."

"I have only done what humanity compelled me to do. My daughter's visit was without my knowledge and has not my approval. I, of course, regret your accident and your suffering, but you will, perhaps, reckon that as part of your penalty."

"I am sorry indeed if anyone has suffered worse hurt than I. I have been wondering whom I collided with. You will relieve me greatly if you can assure me that he is not seriously injured."

"I don't understand you, sir. If you refer to your accident, no one appears to have known of any other party to it. It is not even clear how you fell."

Selwyn had mental capacity only for the profound relief he felt. He did not at once see the need for another interpretation of all those mysterious charges upon his moral conduct. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "that's a blessing, at all events. I got a wrong impression somehow. Then I have nothing to regret, except my infliction on you."

Mr. Doster stiffened a little more as he answered: "I can't supply your regrets for you. A man who has committed as many iniquities as you gets beyond the pale of regrets, perhaps, but you will have plenty of leisure to cultivate them in the future."

The bewildered look on the young man's face was, of course, misread by his biassed host, who turned away and strode to the door, pausing there merely to say: "Whatever it is necessary for you to have, will be supplied to you," and then passed out, cutting off all chance of an explanation.

To say that he left a very indignant man behind him does scant justice to Selwyn's mental state. He felt as if someone had struck him a foul blow, and he burned to hit back. Meekness under such an affront was no part of his creed; he had not been trained that way. To get on his feet was his first strenuous impulse, and under the stress of it he rose half out of bed, only to tumble back helpless. Then his anger found the only vent possible in wrathful mutterings and wild protests, unsatisfying because they merely beat the air. "A gratuitous insult!—kick a disabled man and then run away!—You coward!—a helpless man, and in your own house, too! Well, of all the incredible brutes!—I'll get out of this if it kills me."

That was the inevitable conclusion to which all his rage brought him—to get out of the house where he had suffered such indignity.

Then he thought of leaving little Barbara, who had been in her childish way a delightful solace. And he thought of leaving Myra, whose compassion had seemed so genuine and whose touch—it thrilled him now to recall it. Could it be possible that she was a daughter of this—this monstrous cad! How could so gracious a creature be of the same blood as such a brute?

Contrasts widen in such extremities and the more he depreciated the father, the more he exalted the daughter. Her ministrations, slight as they were, grew in his memory to most enchanting proportions. Her one brief visit to his bedside became the tender condescension of an angel. Her note to him was a message from a princess. He reached to get it from under his pillow where he had

placed it, and—yes, the truth must be told, when his eyes fell on the words she had written and he felt the kindness they were meant to express, he pressed the paper to his lips and with that act seemed to enter into a secret understanding with her, as though she were indeed a princess in the power of a demon in an enchanted castle from which it was his high task to rescue her.

Rescue! What was the connection between this idea of rescue and Myra's note? Ah, here it is! "I could almost persuade myself to help you to escape." Now what did she mean by that? Why did she want him to escape from that house? What, in the name of common sense, was the explanation of all this mystery? He must be too blind or too weak to fathom it at present, but the idea of escape was delicious. Would she help him? He could not help himself much; that was clear, and to get out of the house was imperative. To eat that man's food and lie on that man's bed was intolerable.

Once more he read the girl's note. Her offer of help seemed connected with some pledge on his part to make a better use of—why "another chance?" She could not mean another chance to run a man down on the road, and what then? Never mind it—a part of the mystery. He would pledge himself to do anything in reason to ensure her aid; and how delightful it would be to owe his escape to her!

Selwyn still had a sheet of paper by him, and he scribbled another appeal.

"DEAR MISS DOSTER,—Since seeing your father I realise that I must leave this house at once, but to do so I must trust to your help. How can I thank you for your great goodness and compassion! In part by giving you the pledge you ask for. You can trust me to make a better use of another chance. How I am to do that you will tell me when I am quite recovered, but if you will lend your aid now to enable me to get away quietly and into some safe place where I can recover my strength and spirits, you will have done a blessed act of charity to

"YOUR GRATEFUL GUEST."

When he had written this note he lay reflecting, with a grim realisation of the humour of the situation, upon the reversal of the parts he had originally conceived for Miss Doster and himself. Instead of his playing champion to her as the caged princess, he was now coolly assigning to her the valorous part in breaking the charm and smiting the chains under which he ignobly lay. The reflection served to make another night under the hated roof a little more endurable.

The small postman called early the next forenoon, and he got his note delivered to Miss Doster. Its effect upon her was for a few moments paralysing. When she had offered, tentatively offered, to help him to escape the fate awaiting him, she had hardly calculated ways and means. Now that this task was thrust upon her, she was at first appalled, but she was a courageous girl and did not think of evasion. It seemed to her that her word was passed, and that was enough. Everything else, even her father's possible anger, was not allowed to weigh against her promise. Besides all this, the compassion, so innate in the girl's nature, had grown more robust since her interview with the hapless man upstairs; and as she reflected further on what she had undertaken, she felt her courage mounting higher and her invention acquiring some vigour. She laid her plans and set about them with an energy that would have been captivating to Selwyn if he could have watched her. Unfortunately for him he had to remain both ignorant and passive, and he chafed incessantly.

IV.

MYRA DOSTER, besides a host of devoted friends, had one slave, a willing slave, who wanted to know no more than a wish of hers to bind himself to its accomplishment. He was an undersized, deformed youth, possessing that extraordinary strength so often observed in the closely-knitted frames of dwarfs. From what wretchedness the girl had saved him, and from what despair of mind her cheerful sympathy and tactful kindness had lifted him, need not be told now. It is enough

to say that he worshipped her and was ready to do her any service, at any moment, blindly and without question. In her emergency now she turned to this dwarf, who was known to all his small world as Gummer.

Gummer, she was sure, could be relied on as the human instrument, and the river, which ran conveniently near the bottom of their garden, might be made to serve as the path of escape. So much resolved on, Gummer was summoned, and he came with a blissful relish for whatever was in store for him.

"Gummer," she said with the palpitating soul of the inexperienced conspirator, "this is something very different from anything you have ever done for me."

Gummer's eyes flashed a brighter gleam, as if the relish was finer than he expected.

"And," she proceeded, "nobody is to know anything about it but just you and me."

Gummer's lips puckered, and he drew in his breath with a sibilant sound which might be translated "delicious."

"Do you think, Gummer," asked Miss Doster, looking him up and down, and feeling quite a desperate character, "that you could carry a man—a rather big man—down a whole flight of stairs and through the garden to the river? Do you really think you could—to oblige me?"

Gummer's eye flashed a brighter gleam, as if the relish was finer than he expected.

How Gummer's square back stiffened, and what a world of assurance there was in that confident nod of his head! Gummer's vocabulary was chiefly a matter of symbols, varied by an occasional monosyllable, but the girl was never at a loss for his meaning.

"Then," she proceeded, "this is what you are to do. You are to hire a good, sound, dry punt and moor it to the bank by the Barkeley Willows. Then, at exactly three o'clock this afternoon, you are to come to me for some rugs and blankets, and make a soft, warm bed in it. I will send both the servants out, and there will be no one but Barbara and me in the house, so you can take everything

through the garden. Then, when the bed is ready, you are to come back and help a gentleman, who has been hurt in an accident, to dress, and you are to carry him down to the punt. Can you do all that quietly and secretly, Gummer?" Over that word "secretly" her voice faltered a little.

But Gummer was not concerned with any suppressed disquietude in the mind of his guardian angel. He took the law from her lips. Whatever she wanted done had to be done, and in the way she wished it done. He rubbed his two big hands together slowly, over and over, like a workman with a particularly engrossing bit of work before him.

"Yes, I know I can trust you, Gummer, and that is all for the present. I will tell you later where to take the gentleman after he is safe in the punt."

"Right!" growled Gummer's thick voice. He waited another moment with his eyes on the girl's face and a wistful light in his own. Then she smiled, for the first time in their interview, and, as if that was the one assurance for which he had been looking, he turned on his heel and strode away.

And Miss Doster, thus committed to her plot, and tremulous for consequences, could find relief only in giving herself up to it. As the individual for whose reformation she was doing all this violence to her peace of mind could not be spirited out of the house by magic arts and without his own knowledge, he had to be informed of what was in progress, which made some further correspondence and the renewed services of Barbara as postman necessary. Before the momentous hour of three o'clock came Myra was beginning to feel that she was thinking far too much of the invalid and that it would be desirable to get his fate off her mind as quickly as possible.

On his part Selwyn lay blessing her for her fidelity to his one present craving, and for her energy in conquering difficulties. If he exaggerated these difficulties it was but natural, and the more he made of them, the more he found to admire in her spirit and pluck. Contrasting her with his own helplessness, she became a heroine—a woman among ten thousand.

There was still, of course, the test of actual trial before her plot could be pronounced a complete success, but when he found himself being helped into his clothes with Gummer's aid, Miss Doster's beneficence sprang up to summer heat; when he found himself lifted and borne down the stairs and at last out of the house of his vilifier into God's free air and sunshine, her goodness mounted still higher in his regard; when he lay a little exhausted and panting on the extemporised bed in the punt, he raised himself on an elbow and held out a hand to her, while the light in his eyes made her tremble strangely, and her heart, which was already palpitating quite as much as was good for her, disported itself in a fresh leap.

For she and Barbara had come down to the river to see him off and say good-bye, and there were also the final instructions to be given Gummer, in which Myra felt that the object of this conspiracy should be consulted.

Gummer was stooping and holding the punt against the current, ready to shove off, when Selwyn held out his hand to say good-bye. Myra laid hers in his clasp, and for one silent moment their eyes met, his glance so full of gratitude and admiration that her gaze fell.

"Oh, Miss Doster," he said, "what a man can do to repay all your goodness, believe me I will do. Anything I can say sounds so common-place. You don't realise, perhaps, what it is to me to be here."

"I think I do—something; and—and—you will not think of my poor part in it, will you? but of your promise to begin a new life."

Selwyn's half-smile escaped her; her eyes had not found courage yet. "Yes," he answered, "it is a new life that I begin to-day. I think I began it when you first came into my room the other day."

Barbara, not to be wholly ignored, found her opening here. "I told you, you 'member, sat Mywa would make you weal good."

"You did, little Barbara, dear; Myra

has a fairy wand tucked away in her heart and she just touches the eyes of wicked men and then they see an angel where she stands."

Barbara seemed quite contented with this profound judgment, but her sister thought that time was being quite unnecessarily lost. "We are letting the day go by," she exclaimed, "and you must be under shelter by evening. I do so hope that what I have done has been for the best. Now Gummer will take you down the river, Mr. Dorm, and——"

"Mr.——who?" asked Selwyn, with a puzzled look.

"Mr. Dorm," she answered. "We knew your name, you know, from the cards we found in your tool bag."

"But, my dear Miss Doster, my name is not Dorm; it is Selwyn—Robert Selwyn. What a queer mistake; I wish I had asked to see that bicycle; it can't be mine."

"But—but papa said he knew about you and your family. Your father was a client of papa's."

"That can hardly be, Miss Doster, for I am an American, touring here for pleasure. My family have never lived in England. What is the matter? Please, my—Miss Doster, tell me what I have said to distress you so."

For the girl's eyes were fast filling with tears. The strain had been a little too much for her, and now this new aspect of affairs, with the revulsion of emotion it brought with it, turned the scale. For a minute she could not speak. If this were not the man her father had supposed him to be, what a wrong they had done him! And if he were not, what a silly piece of business she had been drawn into in her anxiety to save him from the consequences of his ill-doing! And, after all, in spite of self-reproaches and a keen sense of humiliation, what a relief to know that he was not that scapegrace!

All these emotions made tumult in that gentle breast, and while she fought with them to regain composure, Selwyn watched and felt his own heart beating high with desire to take her in his arms, brush away those tears, and then go down on his knees in penitence for any share of his in her distress.

He was beginning, too, to see that some strange misconception was at the bottom of the churlish treatment he had received at the hands of the master of the house which he had just left. To clear up that doubt was, it seemed to him, the straightest course to relieve the situation. "Even at the risk," said he, "of giving you further pain, Miss Doster, I must ask if your father mistook me for someone else when he spoke so very plainly of my iniquities?"

She nodded in response and found enough voice to say: "A Mr. Dorm."

Selwyn broke into a low laugh, as hearty as his weakness would permit, but genuine. "It is a comedy of one error," he said; "please don't let it trouble you. Think rather that you have helped to hasten the *dénouement* and clear my character sooner than might have been."

"Oh, how could papa have been so wrong!" she cried, a spice of indignation leavening her dismay.

"Never mind that now. Tell him of it when I am gone. He will be relieved, too, when he knows he has not harboured a scamp."

"But, Mr. Selwyn, there is no need now for you to go away. Gummer shall carry you back."

"No; forgive me if I consummate the conspiracy. Gummer shall take me down the river and dump me into the first inn we come to. I cannot go into your house again unless your father asks me, but—I have a strong impression that he will ask me."

"Then Gummer shall bring back word where he leaves you. Gummer, you understand? You—are to take every care and to let me know where Mr. Selwyn is."

"To-night, Miss," he answered, preparing to shove off.

"Then, good-bye, Mr. Selwyn. I don't know," she went on with a catch in her voice, "if I shall ever have the courage to meet you again, when I have thought it all over."

"Oh, yes you will," he answered cheerily; "many a good laugh we will have over our deep, dark plot, when I am myself again. Good-bye till then, and—

bend down to me, please, just a moment —God bless you for your courage and sweet sympathy. Now, Gummer, cast off and full speed ahead."

Gummer worked the punt out into the current, and Myra and Barbara stood watching them till a bend in the river hid them.

* * * * *

Selwyn's prediction was verified. Mr. Doster's chagrin, when his mistake was proved to his satisfaction, led him not only to ignore his daughter's part in the conspiracy, but to make such insistent offers of hospitality that Selwyn was only too willing to find himself once more an occupant of the blue bedroom. An extended course of tennis and boating and long walks, and similar aids to the recovery of a sound body and mind, quite restored the one but tended to aggravate a mental disturbance which was first set up when Myra Doster paid him that visit under little Barbara's chaperonage. As Mr. Doster was, in after years, heard more than once to declare that his sorrow in having no son to succeed him had been entirely removed by the acquisition of a son-in-law of whom he was proud, it may be assumed that he forgave both plot and plotters and that Myra had, in the course of time, found it possible to meet her fellow-conspirator without embarrassment.

"SOMETHING IT IS WHICH THOU HAST LOST."

By DOROTHEA MOORE.

I.

ROLLING Prairie, league on league, boundless as Ocean,
Buffaloes, shaking the earth with their thundering tread,
Wonderful endless world, of stir, romance and emotion!
Where have you fled?

II.

Forest down by the water, trod by a dauntless few,
Entering your gloomy depths in a courage undismayed,
History nor Fiction held not a forest such as you!
Where have you strayed?

III.

Mightily-peopled tool-shed, where wondrous deeds were wrought,
Where Grenville faced the Spaniard, the "one and the fifty-three";
And Drake singed Monarchs' beards, and great fights were fought!
Where may you be?

IV.

My Prairie is lost in the oyster-shells of the Green.
My pathless forest I've near trodden on;
And earwigs alone are the guests my tool-shed has seen.
Childhood is gone!

GENERAL VIEW OF GILSLAND, SHOWING MUMP'S BRIDGE.

A CORNER OF SCOTT'S COUNTRY.

By A. CLARKE LITTLE.

IF there be one fixed tenet of the Englishman's social belief concerning which all are agreed, it is surely that which insists upon the annual summer holiday.

Broadly the holiday pilgrim may be divided into two classes: the "go-abroad," who adds to his ranks each year, and the "stop-at-home" The "go-abroad" pilgrim varies his route each year and has a better geographical knowledge of the Continent than of his own island. He gazes each year upon fresh scenes of historic events, of which he has never before heard, and packs his brain with facts concerning folk of whose very existence he was ignorant the day before. He comes home with a bad headache. Should his pilgrimage extend to a month he may qualify as a globe trotter. But whether he attains this honour or restricts himself to the Continent, he remains deplorably ignorant of his own country.

Our "stop-at-home" pilgrim rarely makes sacrifice except by the side of the sea. He goes to Margate or Blackpool—because he went there last year. The crowd and the din are like unto that of the Strand; which is just as it should be. He is made uncomfortable, and pays through the nose for it. His evenings are spent listening to a band, which is inferior to any of the many he can hear any evening at Earl's Court. His mornings are spent upon the beach keeping close guard over a bathing-box of which he hopes to obtain a fourth share. All the while he is conscious of a tired feeling, accompanied by dull pains in the back, and a general disinclination to do anything. Were he at home he would rightly diagnose his symptoms as due to liver. But here, where the sea air is doing him no end of good—impossible! It is his unswerving belief in the seaside as the only Mecca that renders the "stop-at-home" pilgrim as ignorant of his own hinterland as the "go-abroad."

Yet within the narrow limits of our

own country are many spots, set amid scenes of unsurpassed natural beauty, which vie with any in the world as health resorts. They, too, have their show places: landmarks in our own history. The names associated with them are names that we know and cannot forget. Rarely are they on the coast. No speculative land company has boomed them. Their reputation as health resorts is merely local; yet unassailably testified by the tombstones in their graveyards. They know no annual invasion of holiday pilgrims hastening to be fleeced, so accord the occasional stranger to their gates comfort and fairness.

Just such a spot is Gilsland, a score of miles from the Scotch border and on the river Irthing, which divides Cumberland from Northumberland. Should one demand further aid to health than the bracing air of the Cheviot Hills, it may be derived from sulphur and chalybeate springs. The healing value of these was known in dim historic times when the former was accounted holy. Long ere railway and steam packet made Continental spas accessible and fashionable our forefathers came from far in their lumbering coaches to drink at the sulphur spring. Amongst them came Sir Walter Scott. From the immediate locality he gathered material for many a plot. The stout knight, Sir Thomas de Moulton mentioned in "Ivanhoe," lived at Gilsland. Mump's Ha' stood on the bank of the Irthing just where the Mump's bridge now crosses it. The immediate neighbourhood bristles with historic relics. Birdoswald, the most perfect of the Roman stations along the wall built from sea to sea, and some of the wall just as the Romans left it 1,500 years ago, are close to Gilsland. To the north stretches the Waste of Northumberland, scene of some of the incidents in "Guy Mannering," and site of Bewcastle with its mysterious Runic monuments,

LANERCOST PRIORY, GILSLAND.

BIRDOSWALD AND ROMAN CAMP, GILSLAND.

dating from the Saxon period when Northumbria was a kingdom. Lanercost Priory, two miles to the west and as fine a ruin as one can see in any country, dates from the twelfth century and contains the tombs of many known to history. Here Edward I. rested whilst conducting his wars against the Scots. Nawarth Castle, a mile further on, is another show place, packed with priceless historic heirlooms. Over its ancient gateway are quartered the arms of the Dacres, de Vaux and de Moultons, whilst the shield of Lord William Howard, "Belted Will" of many a border ballad, hangs from the lead spout. The loopholed church at Denton with a vault for cattle, and many a ruined border stronghold, recall the stirring times of the "moss troopers."

MUMP'S HALL, GILSLAND. THE BLOCK OF HOUSES IN THE DISTANCE, CALLED HALL TERRACE, OCCUPY THE SITE UPON WHICH MUMP'S HA' FORMERLY STOOD.

To reach Gilsland, which is, as we have pointed out, a spot rich with historic relics, and a health resort of no mean order, set amidst scenes of unsurpassed natural beauty, we must first to Carlisle—a city well worth the seeing. The journey is rendered easy and pleasant by the London and North-Western Railway's service of express trains, which cover the three hundred miles between Euston and Carlisle in something under six hours. To Gilsland, seventeen miles east, local trains are frequent.

Arrived at Gilsland at five in the afternoon, there is little trouble about accommodation, even in the season. 'Buses from a couple of hotels meet the train. There are several good inns in the village, as well as many boarding and apartment houses dotted about the hills.

In the village an ancient grey building bearing the name "Merrilies Cottage" reminds us that we are in Scott's country. *But in assuming* that this well-to-do residence was the abode of the gipsy Meg of that ilk who plays so prominent a part in "Guy Mannering" we are wrong. The original of Meg Merrilies was Jean Gordon, if of anywhere, of Kirk Yetholm, a village further up the Cheviots. Nor must we assume that Dinmont House was ever the home of Dandy Dinmont or his original of the same work. In his notes the author tells us that any of a dozen stout Lidderdale yeomen with whom he was acquainted might have stood for Dandy Dinmont.

NAWORTH CASTLE, NEAR GILSLAND.

Hall Terrace, a row of houses on the left before crossing the Irthing, stands upon the site formerly occupied by Mump's Ha'. Mump's Hall, or Beggar's Hall, was a hedge alehouse of evil repute. It served in "Guy Mannering" as the inn in which Meg Merrilies met Dandy Dinmont and told him of the death of Ellangowan. In the early part of the eighteenth century it was kept by one Margaret Carrick. A note in "Guy Mannering," whilst relating the

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

From an oil painting.

adventures of "Fighting Charlie" of Liddesdale, a hero of the period referred to, explains the nature of the business done at the inn. It was in July, 1797, that Scott visited Gilsland. Here, no doubt, and possibly at Mump's Hall, he heard of "Fighting Charlie's" adventure with the footpads on Berwick waste after leaving the inn, and attributed them to the hero of his own creation, Dandy Dinmont.

CRAMEL LUNN WATERFALLS ON THE IRTHING, GILSLAND.

In spite of her evil career, Margaret Carrick lived to a ripe age, as the following inscription on her tombstone in Denton Churchyard records:—

GILSLAND; THE LARGE STONE IN THE FRONT IS THE "POPPING STONE," WHERE SIR WALTER SCOTT IS SAID TO HAVE PROPOSED TO HIS WIFE.

"MUMP'S HALL.

"*Here lies the body of Margaret Carrick, ye wife of Tho. Carrick, who departed this life ye* 4 *of Decem.* 1717, *in the hundredth year of her age.*"

Margaret Carrick was succeeded by her granddaughter, Margaret Teesdale, whose tombstone, close beside that of her grandmother's, records that she attained the age of ninety-eight years.

A conspicuous landmark is the substantial yellow brick mansion on the crest of a hill. This is the Shaws, for many years the principal hostelry, now a convalescent home. It is supposed that the name was given to it because of the adjoining thickets—shaw meaning a small wood in a hollow :—

"'Mang the birks o' Stanley shaw
The mavis sings fu' cheery O."

It was at a ball at the Shaws that Sir Walter Scott first met the lady who afterwards became his wife.

From the front of the Shaws a steep path leads down to the sulphur well, by the side of the Irthing. The surroundings are most picturesque, the river winding its musical way over a rocky bed between steep well-wooded banks. At the base of a cliff 100 feet in height, from which it flows, the pilgrim may drink from the health-restoring spring.

Crossing the river by a wooden bridge and walking up stream, a second bridge is reached. This should also be crossed, and a short walk, still up stream, amidst as romantic scenery as any in the world, we come to a well-worn stone, in shape not unlike an easy-chair. This is the "popping stone," and here, it is said, Sir Walter Scott "popped the question" to the afore-mentioned lady met at the ball at the Shaws. From the worn appearance of the stone we are disposed to believe that many others have done the same thing since, and with the same good fortune, we hope.

THE SHAWS, GILSLAND, WHERE SIR WALTER SCOTT FIRST MET THE LADY WHO BECAME HIS WIFE.

By HEBER K. DANIELS.

XVII.

MRS. HIPPLESTON'S PARROT.

BEFORE we left to go to London again I settled it with Mary's grandfather—she and her mother consenting—that we were to be married in London at the start of the New Year, and if so be Jim hadn't turned up again by that time, we'd live together in his house until such times as he did; and after the marriage was over, Mary's mother and her grandfather they'd go back to their home in the country again, leaving young Jim to stop always with us, on account of his not being able to abide his sister out of his sight for one moment, except when he was asleep and didn't know it.

So the thought of seeing them all so soon again it done away a good deal with the sorrow me and Mrs. Hippleston felt at parting, though when the time actually came for us to say good-bye at the railway station, our hearts inside us seemed to grow as heavy as lead itself.

For all that, the few months that were to pass till the new year came were the longest that I ever experienced in all my time. Day come, day went, and though there was more to do at Mr. Trapley's than I ever done before, each day seemed to be in itself a month, and each month it was a year.

Mrs. Hippleston she said it was like that way with her too, before she was married, and that the clocks never seemed to go fast enough to suit her and her sweetheart until the day of the ceremony arrived; but after that, and when the honeymoon was over, she never noticed anything particular about the time to call for any special remark.

She had a heart like a bullock had Mrs. Hippleston, when you came to know her properly, and was one of those sort of people that were bound to take to some domestic animal or other for a pet when they couldn't find a husband to love. Her particular fancy was an old grey African parrot, that had belonged to her second husband before he died, and had passed down to her along with his pension. It was different from most parrots that I ever see, or heard tell of, on account of its not being able to talk any more than a fish could, and hadn't any tail either to help it to turn over in its cage with. And the same stroke of lightning that paralysed its tongue and docked its tail during a storm, when it was swearing at the noise keeping it awake, had blinded it of one eye, and soured its temper so, that it was as unsafe to handle as a rat-trap. Mrs. Hippleston she said it was an awful warning to those that were in the habit of indulging in language with lightning near by, and if it had been a metal instead of a wooden cage, her Polly wouldn't have been alive now.

Anyway, it was the melancholiest bird I ever did see, and for solemnity more like an owl than a parrot. It wouldn't let anyone touch it 'cept Mrs. Hippleston herself, and even she had to stand ready to dodge, it was so uncertain. And if so be there were a lot of people in the room moving about, it was so distrustful over a liberty being taken with it, that it

kept on turning around and around after them with a clicking noise, every now and again, like a bottle-jack.

Mrs. Hippleston she tried her hardest every day to get it to wake up and say something, and kept on 'peating things so constant for it to learn, that it was more disinteresting for me to hear her than a whole aviary full of birds; and so I told her one day to leave off, as was only wasting her breath over a bird that couldn't have any use for its tongue unless it was to speak one of the dead languages; and all the time I know'd Mrs. Hippleston she never took me up so sudden as she done that day. "Young man," says she, "that'll do; you drop it." And I dropped it.

Towards Christmas they started repairing a house a few doors further down the street, and during the course of the work there was an Irish labourer that kept passing by our door with a barrow every ten minutes, that hadn't any tallow on its axle-tree, and made a squiggling noise as loud almost as a steam whistle, though more jarring. Well, Mrs. Hippleston's parrot it got interested in that sound, almost the first moment it heard it, and you could see at once that it would have given the rest of its life to have been able to imitate it. Every time the barrow went by, its eye swelled up in its head with excitement, and its feathers stuck out from its body like an old fir cone. At last, one evening, as we were sitting together over our tea, and Mrs. Hippleston beginning to get a bit maudlin over her first husband, that old bird it stood up on a sudden and ripped out one of the awfullest, rustiest screams that ever split a human ear in two. It clean deafened the two of us, and set all the crockery ware ajarring; and when the neighbours heard it they came running into the street to see who was getting hurt. I never could have brought myself to believe that any bird in the world could have held all that noise inside of it without its leaking out beforehand and warning us.

Now that it had found its tongue, so to speak, after so many years' silence, it kept it up the whole of that day at the window, except when the Irish labourer went by with *his* noise. Then it would stop short in the middle of a screech, and lean its head over on one side with its eye closed, and stay that way listening, as if it was being soothed off to sleep; and when the barrow had passed out of hearing it would sit up again and imitate that axle running dry until it made your hair stand on end, and the flesh creep all over your back. Even the drivers they'd stop their carts outside our door to borrow the loan of Mrs. Hippleston's oil-can to oil their wheels with, it was so real.

I never see Mrs. Hippleston so pleased for a long time; but it was a perfect pest to us while it lasted, and roused the 'bus driver opposite to such a degree by its everlasting sameness, that he threatened if the bird didn't imitate something else, he'd indite Mrs. Hippleston and me for a common nuisance. So Mrs. Hippleston, when she heard that, she kept the parrot covered up day and night until the building work was over, and of course by that time it had forgotten how it ever came to make such a noise, and the cover it could be removed without any fear of the consequences.

XVIII.

MRS. HIPPLESTON AND I PREPARE TO RECEIVE COMPANY. HOW THE NEW YEAR WAS BROUGHT IN.

NO one but Mrs. Hippleston knew how hard I worked for the next six months to earn enough money, over and above what we actually needed, to put by for the wedding, and for keeping up the house afterwards. Even Mr. Trapley he saw he was getting more out of me than he ever got from Jim, and made the most he could out of it by charging me up permiscus in all his 'counts; and when Christmas time came, he showed his 'preciation for what I'd done by raising my wages to the same amount that Jim was getting, with the full benefit of all overtime and settrer, and I saw now I was a made man.

And when Christmas Day came at last, me and Mrs. Hippleston we held it at our house all to our two selves, and I don't think you'd have found a more

happier and contented couple if you'd searched the whole parish of Battersea, and maybe all London as well.

We expected p'rhaps that Jim would have turned up to spend the day in the home he'd never failed to pay rent for, ever since he left it; and Mrs. Hippleston, no matter how she talked, and laughed, and enjoyed herself, she always had her eye on the back door, ready for a stampede over the wall with her parrot, providing she heard the sound of his latch-key being put in the lock. But when night time came and he hadn't showed up, she began to get a bit more easier in her mind, and when we came to remember that his last letter had the same north country postmark as all the others he'd sent, we concluded once for all that we wouldn't see any more of Jim that year.

Next morning was the day that was 'pointed for Mary and her family to come to town for the marriage, and so we were up by daybreak and making preparations to receive them all, and make them comfortable the best we could. So as soon as breakfast was over, Mrs. Hippleston she went out with her basket and came back again at noontime with so many pennorths and h'aporths of eatables and settrer, that it was a wonder she could find any room to stow them away without mixing them all up.

Then after we'd given the rooms a little bit more decorations with holly and mistletoe, I left Mrs. Hippleston to prepare the tea, while I went off down to the station to meet the train and receive our guests.

And there they all were as hearty as ever they'd been. All except young Jim, who, I thought, looked more shrivelled up than he ever done before, and there was an anxious, almost frightened, look about his large melancholy eyes that I didn't half like to see, though I didn't let on that I noticed anything, for fear I'd put a damper on their spirits.

In less than five minutes we were all under the old home again the same as before, with the old man chatting to every one, and carrying on his jokes with Mrs. Hippleston very different from the way he done the last time he was in it. And it was settled that our marriage was to take place on the second day of the new year, and until that time came you may be certain that it was nothing but one round of sight seeing and jollity from morning to night.

When the hour approached for the new year to come in, and we were all sitting around the fire and telling stories one after the other—mostly about fairies and such like, on account of young Jim—the old man he proposed that his daughter was to go outside along with Mary, and to come in again afterwards with the sound of the bells, and bring in the new year with them, so as to make our marriage a lucky one right from the start.

And the two women they 'greed to what the old man had proposed, and when the "quarter to twelve" was chimed by the nearest church clock, they went out laughing and blushing like a pair of school children, into the night; and the old man and the rest of us all got up and saw them off from the door, and closed it after them and bolted it, according to custom.

Then we went back to the fire again, and the old man he told us a lot more stories—some with morals in them and some without, according as they fitted in with each of us—and so we sat, and sat, and waited until we heard the midnight hour strike, and the old man he stopped short and turned to the door, expecting to hear the knock that was to tell us that the new year was ready waiting to be brought in. But there was no sound of anything stirring outside. Nothing but the solemn strokes of the clocks that told of the twelve hours of the year that had gone by.

Presently the whole of the bells in the parish, and far across the water, they chimed out their greetings to the new year in one tremendous crash of sound, and kept it going, along with the whistles of the railroad engines, and the fog-horns on the river, in such style that you'd thought that the town had gone clean mad. And amidst it all the knock came to our door, loud, and sudden, and continuous too, as if they were afraid it would never be opened; and we could

Between them was none other than Jim himself.

hear voices too, half 'monstrating and half coaxing, and a noise as if a scuffle was going on outside the doorstep. The old man he was the first on his legs, and going to the door he unbolted it and flung it wide open; and, then, before any of us could guess what was going to happen, in comes Mary, and in comes her mother, half in tears and half laughing, and between them both they were partly leading, partly dragging in a man, who, when the light of the fire and the lamp fell on him, we saw was none other than Jim himself.

But what a change there was in him since when we saw him last. His hair it was almost as snowy white as the old man's himself, and he stooped like as if he'd added another ten more years to his life, and altogether he was so altered in respect of general appearance, that he might well have been another person altogether.

Still for all that, we noticed that there was a straightforward, manly look about his eyes that was a strange sight indeed for all of us that had known him before, when he couldn't hardly look anybody in the face without a scowl, and he looked like a man that had suffered a deal from his conscience, and had changed himself so much for the better that he could never again bring himself to go back on his old lines.

No words were needed on his part to tell us that the lesson read to him had been learned never to be forgotten so long as he lived. No need for him to repeat to us over and over again what he'd said to his wife and child outside the house that night, when they came upon him standing there, with his heart yearning to come in before us all, and yet dreading, even with all his repentance, the way he would be received. We saw it all in his face, read it all in his eyes, and knew that he'd been forgiven.

The old man was the first to welcome him home; and he done it by taking him by both hands and leading him in silence back to his old seat by the fireside, where we all pressed around him to shake him by the hand. But before seating himself, Jim he went straight up to where the cripple was lying back in his chair and bent over and touched his thin cheek with his lips, and looked long and anxiously into his face. And when he stood up again I see a big tear standing in both his eyes.

And I caught Mrs. Hippleston just as she'd got as far as the scullery door, and brought her and the parrot back to Jim, who shook hands with her and thanked her in quite a genteel way for all he'd heard she'd done, and hoped she'd let bygones be bygones, and would stay in the house as long as she liked. Then he turned to us to speak a few words in explanation, but before he could get a syllable out of him he broke down, and if Mrs. Hippleston's parrot hadn't at that moment taken its cue from the steam whistles outside and let off a screech that actually brought the plaster down on us, I believe he'd have cried outright. But the bird it turned it all into a laugh against itself, and from that moment all was jollity and fun until far into the new year.

XIX.

FAMILY MATTERS. MR. TRAPLEY TESTS HIS LAST DRAIN. "WATCH AND PRAY, FOR YE KNOW NOT THE HOUR."

AND so Mary and I were married on the morning after New Year's Day; and everybody what know'd us was there, from my mate, who gave his daughter away to me at the altar, down to young Jim, who was wheeled into the church in his p'rambulator, and lay back in it watching Mary the whole of the ceremony, so Mrs. Hippleston said, as though he'd have devoured her up with his eyes.

Then afterwards came the wedding breakfast at our house, and Jim's speech, which for its kind was a downright masterpiece. It was then for the first time that he touched upon his past life and the change that had come over his character since that day, when the hideousness of his conduct was brought fairly up before him by his father-in-law's firmness and promptness. Then it was that he told us how, before he turned his back on his home, he'd sworn on his bended knees to atone for all he'd done,

and by steady work and keeping away from all temptation to redeem his lost character and respectability back again. He hoped, he said, that the present company would give him the benefit of any doubt on that point; though, so far as he himself was concerned, he had no fear in his mind as to his sincerity. He said it was this conviction of his being sincere that had at last brought him to visit his home once more—the home that he'd never failed to support in the hope that, one day, he'd be able to claim his wife underneath its roof again, and from that day forward never by any wilful action on his part to cause her gentle heart one moment of pain. He proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom 'midst loud cheers from the assembled company, and then gave way to the 'bus driver, who'd begged a day off on account of the festive occasion, and who made it the opportunity for shaking hands with my mate over all their past differences of opinion.

The 'bus driver he said the sight of his old neighbour so changed in his ways, and manner of speaking, had worked such a wonderful deal of good in himself that it wouldn't be his fault if he, the 'bus driver, made it his duty from that day out to 'radicate all superfluous words from his daily remarks during his professional journeys to the Bank and back again. He excepted, of course, those occasions, he said, when it came to locking wheels with a growler, when, as the assembled company knew, human nature would show itself before human culture had a chance of taking over the reins. As a concession, however, to the memory of one of the brightest and happiest moments of his life—and here he waggled his fat hand over at Mary like a playful old walrus—he'd restrain himself up to a point that would bring his observations on to a level with the standard generally 'dopted by the vestrymen of the parish.

It was surprising to those who'd been in the habit of hearing the 'bus driver and my mate carrying on in the old days to listen to the balmy mildness, so to speak, of their two speeches that morning. Especially so with the 'bus driver, who had hardly an oath in his from beginning to end, and what there was of that seemed only to flicker about over our heads as harmless and playful-like as summer lightning.

When he had said all he had to say, and drunk everybody's health separately without any water in it, the 'bus driver he sat himself down, and the wedding breakfast it broke itself up.

After that there came such a whirl of excitement, and congratulations, and leave-takings, and general excitement, that I couldn't for the life of me tell you of anything that happened 'tween then and the time when I found myself inside a cab, with Mary by my side, and a perfect cataract of old boots, rice, carpet slippers, and a horse shoe (the 'bus driver's contribution) raining down on us as we drove off for our honeymoon in the country.

* * * *

Between the day of our marriage and the time when I'm writing the last few lines of these my recollections, many things have happened to cause both joy and sorrow in the hearts of all those whose names have been mentioned in them.

Mr. Trapley he took Jim on once more in his shop, and still continued on in his usual way of doing work and rendering 'counts; though he had no help from either me or Jim in the matter of lumping our time and materials. And Jim he worked along mates with me year after year, until at last he began to get so old and feeble that he couldn't hardly tell a gas pipe from a water service; and Mr. Trapley, seeing it was nigh time for him to knock off, superanimated him, and gave him a small pension to live on for the rest of his natural life. And we took him and his wife to live with us in our little villa on the common, where there is always a chair for each of them on either side of the fireplace; and where, by the same token, they are now sitting at this very moment, looking so bright and happy, and so full of love for one another, that whenever we look on them, neither I nor my dear wife have any reason to be uneasy about the future when our time shall also come.

Mr. Trapley, as I've said, he continued

on in his usual way of doing business right through to the end; and though he took a great liking to me, and trusted me more than I ever know'd him do any one else, he never sent me or Jim out on any scamping work, if he hadn't another man in the shop. The same time, he always did say that he didn't believe that I was an Englishman bred, or I'd have helped to keep up the trade a little better than I had done, and not been so particular about dissecting my time and materials to a fraction.

For all that, he made me his head foreman in the shop after Jim left, and went on trusting me so much that at last he gave me an interest in the business and commission on all orders that I took, which brought my money up to nearly five pounds per week. So I was nearly rich at last. And altogether Mr. Trapley he was so friendly and considerate to me, that, with all his faults, I felt quite sorry for him when, one day, he came back from testing one of his own drains, and complained to me of a sore throat, headache, and a creeping chill up his back, which I see at once was sewer-gas and fever.

So I got him to go to bed at once, and went myself and fetched a doctor post haste to 'tend to him, but before we'd got back to the house Mr. Trapley he was raving mad with the delirium, and three days after that he was lying on his back helpless, his mouth wide open, and his eyes fixed on the ceiling with a dreadfully anxious and hopeless look, trying hard to say something that he carried with him that night into another world unsaid.

Being a widower, and having no children or near relations, there was no one that could claim Mr. Trapley's business, or that he could leave any of his property to, except it was an outsider, and when the will was opened and read by Mr. Gripps, it was found that he'd left me heir to all that he possessed, which was considerable.

So if I'd liked I was a real sanatr'y engineer at last; but I'd seen enough of the profession to know that I'd most likely lose the lot if I tried to run it on different lines to what Mr. Trapley done, and so I sold up the business to Mr. Hillyard's son, that was a plumber, and settled down comfortably instead.

Mrs. Hippleston she died shortly afterwards from sheer old age, and when her box was opened, there was enough money found in coppers in it to prevent her being buried by the parish, of which she lived in a mortal terror, and the balance of what was left she willed it to Mary; and we added to it and spent it in a monument over her grave, with an inscription on it that spoke only the truth about all her virtues.

One by one after that all our old friends seemed to drop out of the world and leave us behind, and when Mary's grandfather passed away there was only young Jim and his parents left alive to remind us of what had happened on that memorable Whitsun and New Year's Eve.

And it was with aching hearts that we saw that young Jim's time to part from us was being narrowed down so by the disease that was slowly withering him up, that it was only a matter of hours when he, too, would have gone away from us with the rest.

As the hour he'd watched for so long gradually began to approach him nearer and nearer, he loved to have his sister sitting by the side of his chair, while she read to him out of the Bible all about the motto on the old church tower, and the meaning of it, and talked to him about the old days when they'd sat underneath the shadow of it, and listened to the deep swelling sounds of the organ, and the sweet voices inside that floated out through the half-opened windows, and breathed to them of God's love and peace everlasting.

And as he sank away to his rest, and grew daily weaker and weaker, until at last it became dangerous to attempt to lift him from out of his bed, he never for one minute could bear her out of his sight; and if so be she left the room to fetch him food or medicine, it was pitiful to see the way the poor creature fretted until she came back to his side again. Even his own mother she seemed to be less in his thoughts than her whose gentle yet firm ways had taught him from his

And so Mary and I were married.

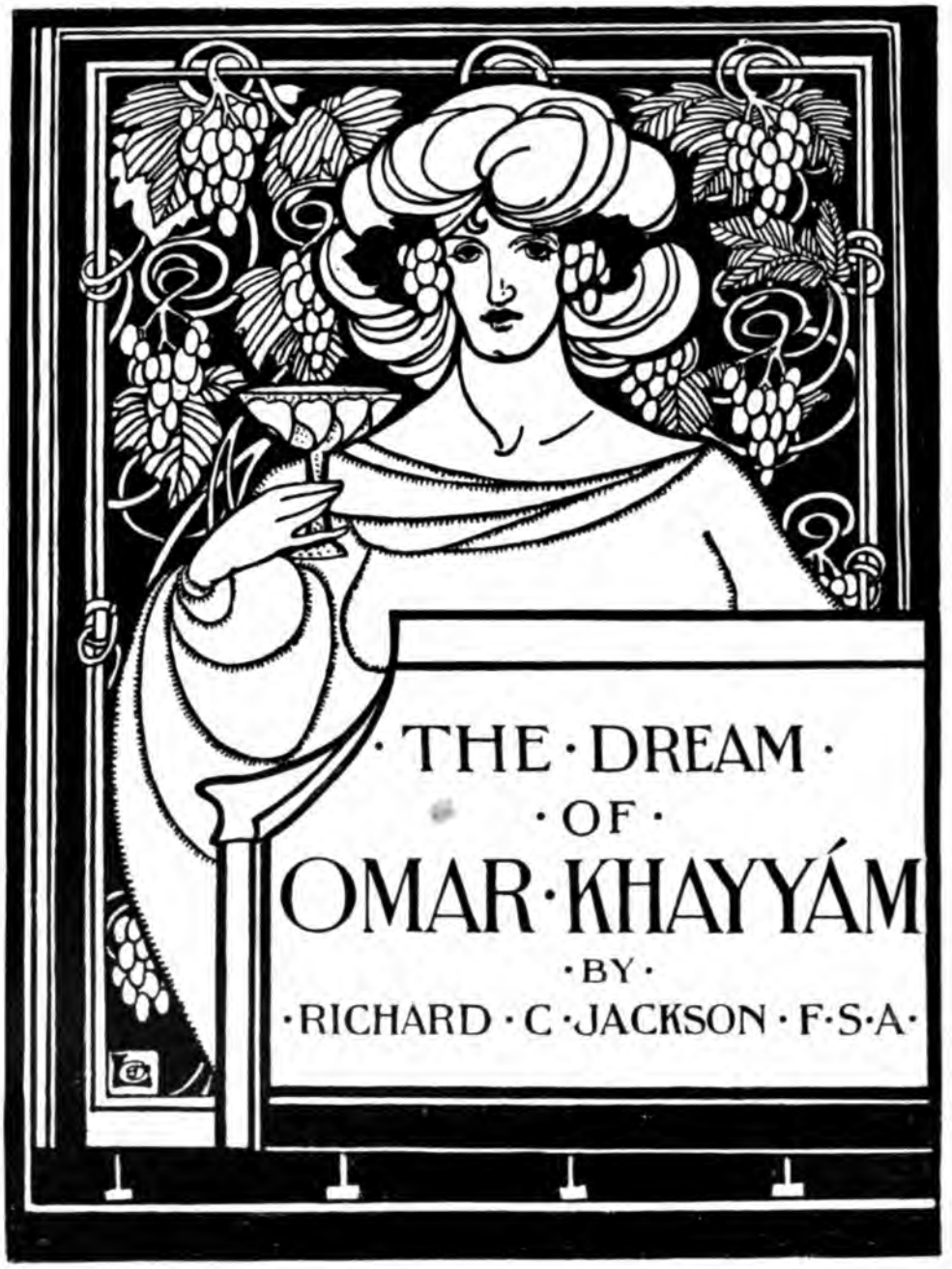
baby days to cling to her for protection in his utter helplessness.

When the hour had nearly struck, and we was all standing around about the little bed waiting for the end to come, he made a feeble sign to his sister with his dying lips, which she, seeming as if by instinct to understand, kneeled down by his side, and, gently raising up his head, she laid it on her breast in the same old soothing way she had so many times done in the days gone by, when the pains were on him, and she'd hushed him off to sleep. And in his eyes there was still a deep, wistful look, almost a frightened one, as if there was something on his mind—something that had been there all throughout that solemn day—which required now to be removed before it was for ever too late. And here again a sister's love seemed to be able to read his very innermost thoughts; for on bending down closer to him and whispering a few words in his ear, his face lit up all on a sudden with a look of such quiet happiness and resignment, that we who were watching him knew that the last cloud had passed away from his mind, and that he was prepared now for all that was to come.

And so, with his head pillowed on her breast and his cheek pressed tight to hers, the hour it came and went, and young Jim he passed away along with it.

And his wish—the one thought that seemed of late to have been ever uppermost in his poor unspoken mind—to be laid under the daisies and cowslips in the poor man's corner of the old churchyard, was fulfilled by us as we hoped it would have pleased him had he been but able to have seen it in the spirit.

And there he rests with his face turned in death as it had so often been in life, towards the old grey tower, and the words that had brought him the one great consolation of what was at the best but a hopeless life.



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THE DREAM OF OMAR KHAYYÁM.

By RICHARD C. JACKSON.

Omar Khayyám being of the ancient Koreishite tribe of heretics (i.e., ***men who followed strange earthly-minded ideas as to a belief in God, becoming thereby a "law" unto themselves***), *wakes from a kind of stupor in which he imagined Liberty* ***had set him*** *free from the persecution of the Prophet, and with a thankful excitement, exclaims:—*

MY enraptured soul!
What of that vision clear which I behold
Outstretched before mine eye, and looks like to
A sea of molten glass—of liquid gold,
Where birds of heaven all sweetly congregate
Nigh yonder pearl-white goal?

My mind is ill at rest;
Nor may I quench my thirst at once to rise
Above the thought which chains to this low earth,
If I but once may soar on pinions high
To own the mastery of self, to make
The conquest that is best.

Avaunt earth's vanities!
To own amid the noon-day sun, the joy,
Which basking in its purpling rays prolong
That joy which sleep alone may bring; the while
Forgetful of each care, on beams of peace,
I own what virtue is.

'Tis not in fairyland
One's thoughts may penetrate to realms unknown,
Since inspiration ends where thought begins,
But by that knowledge which in glory stands
By looking at the sun the live-long day—
By tutored thought I stand.

I may not ask the way
Which lies beneath the snow across the heath,
Since divers roads there spring both right and left.
For lo! the day is dark as pitchy night,
Where no one stands to guide my weary feet,
And homage take for pay.

I'll lay me down to rest
In pastures green each sober thought to ken,
Where dulcet melodies their sweetness pour,
Where gates of ivor shine inlaid with gold,
And open locks a treasure-house disclose,
By what is self possessed.

Suddenly, and in an instant, Omar is enveloped in a transparent mist, through which is seen a superhuman habitation resembling opals hung in mid-air—disclosing those purpling beauties which of all precious stones they at once discover, changing as they purple with the colours of the rainbow, which celestial empire looks still more beautiful by the brilliancy of the coloured stars. Then Omar says to himself :—

Here minst'ring spirits come,
Whose graceful action throned on beams of light
Are made to comfort me in sorrow cast,
Whose glistening robes of rich transparent silk,
Girdled with precious stones, as pearls are strung,
Make glad my happy home.

Zenobie's* locks all black
Fall gently round about her blushing thighs
Like laughter born for sinless eyes ; she speaks
More eloquently than speechless tears,
Enrapt by things mis-named which some call sleep :
I thank the Lord for that.

A pregnant brain to crown
A ring of damask roses brightest found
Are rubies rich than Burmah's precious mine,
Which Perian maids now twine for love of me ;
This vision rare, I say, can never cloy—
The pomegranate doth bring renown :

Her speech is soft and low ;
With gentle looks she casts her eyes upon
Whom she doth call the Poet of Naishápúr—
The " Tent-Maker "—to rise with purpose high.
Unto my trusting soul she says, " Now choose !
A blessing soon shall flow—

Lo ! I am sent to thee
To bid thee make a worthy choice of life :
These fruits are golden found, altho' unlike
In colour and in taste, for one is ripe,
And has its flow of life, ruddy and gay ;
The other's green, you see."

[This damsel had great eyes
Which looked on Omar with complacency,
Since gentleness in speech doth think the while
It bids go take of wealth or poetry,
(If silence golden is ?) that speech may ne'er
Pollute the azure skies.]

Here, with ravishment of soul, Zenobie exclaims (with true Oriental ecstasy, on seeing Omar discard the pomegranate designated by her as a representation of Wealth, choosing the second, which she called " Poetry ") :

* In mythology this is she who has everlasting life.

"O WORTHY choice to make!
The fruit that's chosen hath the germ of life,
It shines like those who sportive go to war;
For evermore your soul is filled with joy
Since poesy is fair Nature's golden speech,
Life's better part to take.

Behold those red tulips,
A wealth of poesy rare to bless thy race,
Since you life's pilgrimage shall worthy make
Upfill'd by luscious verse, with imagery
Which purples with the sun in Allah's praise!
I kiss thy roseate lips.

Awake! Awake! Life's kiss illumes thy brow,
It doth thy soul endow!
Awake! Awake! And let the joyaunce be
The depth of minstrelsy!
Awake and drink! The nectar of the gods
Bestows best of rewards,
Of Immortality in God's domain
Set free from mortal pain.

Awake! A rose-leaf rests upon thy lips!
A petal of the rose
All sweetness doth enclose!
True poesy is divine,
In essence, it is thine:
Awake! A rose-leaf rests upon thy lips!"

There is a kind of tradition, based on some oral confession or other, which affirms the impression of Omar Khayyám being so impressed by this dream, that it decided for him what sort of life his should be on this earth as far as he should have any voice in the matter—and he forsook the world for evermore in the abandonment of all and every pleasure which alone spring from the patronage which the holding of high and important offices of state confer. He would seek henceforth and find pleasure beside some dancing brooklet, where flowers spring along its banks, where the laughter of maidens fill the atmosphere with song. Is is also said, during the remainder of his days, he lived at Naishápúr, with a flask of wine and a book of verse.

Omar saw the friends of his youth rise to rank and power, who never broke with him the sacred bond of friendship (while as much as that becomes impossible if that be true what Aristotle affirms, viz., that friendship is one soul in two bodies). The fame of Omar as a teacher spread far and wide, the while it did not alter the even tenure of his ways. On this wise his "Rubáiyát" daily grew in importance and strength, writing, perhaps, as Tennyson did, but one line a day—thus making his life on earth still more fair and beautiful.

Of course, it is not to be supposed that Omar was perfectly free from all those sorrows which poets are heir to—while the want of sympathy for one's cares is all but a death-blow to every man who has any form of refinement above the humdrum of humanity, of which the all glorious Florentine has described with so much grace and vigour.* Omar, I say,

* The Hell of Dante is surrounded on the outside by what is called the "Ante-Hell," a place set apart for the fallen angels of the Bible, where a certain class of our common humanity called the *Neutrals* are hurriedly chased and continually tormented, while flies and wasps sting their nude bodies. This world of ours in the present day is filled to overflowing with these delightful creatures who never did (as Dante says) any *bad*, or *good* action for that matter, their only claim to fame being the giving of tracts to poor starving humanity. They spend their time in shuffling

felt the want of sympathy; did he ever, or more properly speaking, could he have desired the patronage of the Sufis?* I ask the question, and in the same breath negative it; they were a race of fanatics—the very counterpart of those wretches in these benighted days who are nothing more than mere *sacerdotals*, while the "ism" in their case at once becomes something worse than the "slough of despond."

Such were the sorrows of Omar, that it is said "he desired with the longing of a faithful soul for some antidote by which he might be assumed into perfect peace, in the realms of Paradise—without pain, without sorrow, without a vain regret; set free from every form of envy." And what was the sum of this desire? It was to enjoy, as it were, the cadence of an endless Alleluia, as we Christians call it, amid the fragrance of the rose, set within the company of those lily-souls who are clad with white, singing psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, to the great Creator of all things. In so many words, although I give a Christian's utterance to the emotions of Omar, in truth this *was* his one desire. Satire, at times, has a power, if not a divinity, about it—and if we have, nay, if Persia has, a single philosopher left in these days (and I love the Persians far better than I do my own soul), I will challenge one and all of them to prove, or, rather, disprove my assertion, viz., that the essence of Omar's "Rubáiyát" is other than a satire directed by the aid of eloquent verse against the mysticism of Moasi and the rest of the mystic poets. Why, our own beloved Shakespeare says, "I had rather be a kitten and cry 'mew,' than one of these same metre ballad mongers" (*vide* 1 Henry IV., Act 3).

Omar Khayyám, after this dream of his, lived as he died, with a cup of wine, a book of verse, and the sweet smile drawn from the breast of sincerity and truth, at Naishápúr, in the year 1123; and if the present writer (out of love and devotion to his beloved Persia) may add one single word in honour of her sweetest son of the muse, whom Edward Fitz-Gerald has made immortal by his elegant verse, of Omar Khayyám it may truly be written: "He maketh him to shine like the Rose of Sharon; the waters are his Ram-Shaîd, and Gilgath praiseth him."

If it may be said, Omar Khayyám was a "law" unto himself—perhaps it was from a knowledge of the absurd lengths to which the setting up of false religions, the "synagogues of Satan" (*vide* Rev. 11 chapter, 9 verse) go, of which Mahomet, the prophet, had the narrowest of all escapes. The legend is as follows:—

"Mahomet contrived to gain information of his intended assassination, and left Mecca in the middle of the night, accompanied by Abu Beker, the father of his most beautiful wife, Ayesha. Their enemies were, however, almost as quick as they were; and Mahomet and his friend had just time to conceal themselves in a cave, when the others came up. But in this minute of time, an acacia bush sprouted up before the opening of the cave, and grew wondrously, and amidst its branches was a nest, in which a pigeon was sitting on some eggs. A spider is also said to have spun a web over all. It is said, the would-be assassins seeing these things, passed the cave by as unworthy of notice. It was as well, perhaps, since they returned home otherwise than guilty of spilling the blood of their brothers."

with Public Opinion, like the Vicar of Bray. Dante says these "notorious monsters are alike disdained by Divine Justice and Mercy in the world to come for ever."

* This remark is *not* to be understood in a *personal* sense—for the reason of some folk having to be told of a race of horses (Hony-huhums) endowed with reason, "who bear rule over the race of man."

By OSCAR PARKER.

WHEN one attempts to analyse in cool blood the new play at The Playhouse, to which the author, Mr. Augustus Thomas, gives the title of "The Earl of Pawtucket," one is tempted to say that its success is due entirely to Mr. Cyril Maude—that with any other actor in the leading part the play would be foredoomed to failure. That, to be sure, is reckoning without the public, whose whims in such matters are not to be gauged before the event. The bald story is even more improbable than that of "Toddles," which preceded "The Earl of Pawtucket." Mr. Thomas presents to us an English nobleman, Lord Cardington, who has had two or three romantic encounters on the Continent with an American lady, Harriet Fordyce, and wishes to meet her again under more conventional circumstances. He determines to visit New York and, desiring to woo the lady, if eligible, without the glamour of his title, he borrows the name of an American chance acquaintance, one Montgomery Palmer, but without making the slightest inquiry as to Mr. Palmer's antecedents. It is Mr. Cyril Maude's triumph that he makes us love this fatuous nobleman and rejoice in his silly blindness to the possible untoward consequences of such folly, for of course the immediate consequences are most distressing, though the eventual results are agreeable enough. It is manifest that, having landed the pseudo Mr. Palmer in New York, the author may play any tricks he pleases with him. He could endow the real Mr. Palmer with any degree of infamy, so long as he involves the temporary substitute in the mazes of discomfiture intended for the real man. Mr. Thomas contrives nothing worse, however, than that the lady whom Lord Cardington is pursuing should have been the wife of the genuine Palmer, from whom she has obtained a divorce, with the right to resume her maiden name of Fordyce. Hence the most exasperating complications and misunderstandings, not lessened by the fact that the lady's lawyers are watching for the return of Mr. Palmer to pounce upon him for arrears of alimony which he has neglected to pay. The author deserves our hearty congratulations upon the skill with which he marshals his incidents to get the utmost amount of fun out of the ridiculous position in which Lord Cardington finds himself. And that makes the play. Through it Mr. Cyril Maude steers his course with that bland, gentlemanly, semi-bewildered, good-natured air of cheerful resignation, which he makes so immensely diverting; and Miss

Photo by] [*Dover Street Studios.*

MISS ALEXANDRA CARLISLE AND MR. CYRIL MAUDE.

"The Earl of Pawtucket."—THE PLAYHOUSE.

Alexandra Carlisle plays Harriet Fordyce with all that self-reliant *aplomb* and native alertness we associate with the American girl. Trust her for having read through the sham Montgomery Palmer's pretences and for having detected the coronet on her lover's brow, in spite of all his pains to appear *au fait* with American slang. She makes a delightful heroine. We are convinced that she is just the wife for such a man; she "knows her way about," as they say in the States, and it is doubtful if Lord Cardington ever will without her guidance.

"The Drums of Oude," with its ever haunting sense of impending peril until the moment of the climax, precedes "The Earl of Pawtucket" at The Playhouse.

"Mr. George" was followed at the Vaudeville Theatre by a revival of Sir Francis Burnand's three-act farce "Mrs. Ponderbury's Past." The play has a very mild flavour of antiquity, but perhaps that suggestion is a trick of memory, for I cannot honestly say that, in comparison with the most modern farcical dramas, "Mrs. Ponderbury" suffers from the fact that it has a past. In other words it is not old-fashioned—does not necessarily suggest Victorian taste. Possibly some effort has been made to garb it appropriately to present fashions, but I refer not so much to incidentals as to its traits of character. Mrs. Ponderbury, with her fictitious romance, her heroic defence of her honour against a midnight trespasser on her premises, and the cult of the sacred knife with which she drove out the intruder, might have been created last week. These inventions are possible to a lively imagination of any decade that has, or may, come within the experience of persons now living. Not every three-act farce indeed has so very possible a situation as its foundation stone, a distinct merit in Sir Francis Burnand's play.

For certainly Mrs. Ponderbury is not the only person who has had an adventure not entirely to her credit, and has promptly seized the occasion to embroider it, in subsequent description, with details that are as flattering to her self-esteem as they are untrue. Mrs. Ponderbury's midnight invader had, in truth, been a gentleman so enamoured of her fascinations that he had speedily—with most discreditable speed indeed—infected her with his ardour and had overcome her virginal scruples to such an extent that she permitted him the freedom of several kisses. As it would never do to advertise the true aspect of this nocturnal visit, and as the visitor might have been seen by some one, Mrs. Ponderbury invented a tale of heroic defence and final discomfiture of the amorous intruder, in which a knife played a leading part. Henceforth that knife becomes a sacred fetish. It always lies, so to speak, on the domestic altar. Casual guests require its story; constant frequenters of the house kowtow to it. Under the glare of the almost holy light that it emits, Mrs. Ponderbury has swelled into a kind of infallible social and domestic pontiff. Mr. Ponderbury, as her most immediate and natural prey, has been crushed into the mere semblance of a man; he is only the slave of the knife. However, his natural inclinations are not dead, only cowed, and when Madame Pollacca Mojeski appears fresh from music hall triumphs, with a conventional unconventionality towards the trousered portion of mankind, Mr. Ponderbury becomes skittish, in his moments of freedom, in inverse proportion to his customary bondage. The second act is wildly farcical, very amusing, since we constantly anticipate that in its *dénouement* we shall have Mrs. Ponderbury confronting her husband and the lively Mojeski in the compromising orgie of the studio. She does, and there is no more to be said—only that in the end her victims have their revenge, for the true story of that past midnight episode comes to light, and Mrs. Ponderbury's reign is over. She capitulates all along the line. She has so long lived on the lustre of the myth that its dimming is her undoing.

Do I need to say that Mr. Charles Hawtrey plays the part of the hen-pecked husband with just that sensitive unconsciousness of its humour that is required to make it most diverting—that no one could make a more aggravatingly

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MISS BILLIE BURKE AND MR. CHARLES HAWTREY.

"Mrs. Ponderbury's Past."—VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.

domineering Mrs. Ponderbury than Miss Marie Illingworth, and that for a Madame Mojeski the stage might be searched in vain for a more effective interpreter than Miss Billie Burke. What a contrast between the touch of swagger and unconscious vulgarity in her Mojeski and the dainty air of equally unconscious refinement in her Mr. George. Miss Burke is an artist who excels in delicate shades of colour.

Revivals have been remarkably numerous this past season. Besides the Savoy revivals of Gilbert and Sullivan operas, we have had "Mrs. Ponderbury's Past," referred to above, "Clancarty" at the Lyric, "The Duel" at the Garrick, "Liars" at the Criterion, "A Woman of no Importance" at His Majesty's, and "Divorçons" at the Duke of York's. At the moment I recall no others, but this is sufficient to justify the adjective "remarkable" as applied to the number of recent revivals. When to this list we add the American plays introduced last season to London audiences, and the adaptations and translations of plays by Continental authors, there is no escaping the conclusion that, apart from musical farces, dramatic composition is at an extremely low ebb among us at present. There is no lack of aspirants, but the woeful lack of dramatic fibre, of ability to write effective dialogue, of originalty of plot, of even any knowledge of stage-craft displayed in nearly every original manuscript, is painfully apparent to those whose duty it is to read them.

The revival of Sardou's "Divorçons" was chiefly noteworthy from the introduction it afforded of Miss Grace George to a London audience. This young American has reached that enviable position on the stage of her own country where her name in the cast of any play is sufficient to enrol an audience. Long before her London season concluded she had secured her place here as well, so that whenever she elects to return to us (and I understand that is practically assured for the spring of next year) she will find her welcome ready for her. She is an actress of fine sensibility, with a command of resource equal to her sensitive reading of the part she assumes. To those who were impressed by her unusual ability, and a certain spontaneous conscientiousness she gave to her intrepretation of Cyprienne in Sardou's comedy, it was cause for regret that she was only seen here in that somewhat trite and, in parts, turgid play. Up to the end of its second act Sardou carries us consistently in the flowery fields of legitimate comedy, but disillusionment comes at the third, with the comic waiter and the bedraggled Adhemar and the frantic entrances and exits of the police. The second act, however, gives Miss George all the opportunity needed to convince us of her abilities. She takes the measure of Sardou's impulsive heroine exactly. She is grave and gay, indignantly declamatory and apprehensively silent, jealous and indifferent by turns and always convincing, always the creature of whim and impulse. Otherwise, too, the play was satisfactorily cast, though Mr. Frank Worthing's M. de Prunelles was, perhaps, a trifle laboured, and Mr. Douglas Gerrard's Adhemar a little too boyish.

It was a great pleasure to see Sir Charles Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore again in their original parts of Sir Christopher Deering and Lady Jessica Nepean in Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's "The Liars." The play itself, first produced only ten years ago, has not had time to grow stale. The situation is one of eternal possibilities—the morose husband; the frivolous wife, almost too frivolous to leave the secure path of marital fidelity unless driven to it, but romantic to the verge of folly; the cynical man of the world who upholds virtue for its social values; and a society that revels in intrigue and its excitements—all these have a sort of perennial freshness, and the play might have been written this very year. If there is any element of incongruity with modern conditions, it is the character of Sir Christopher Deering. Society seems every year to find less place for the philosophical moralist who observes life from an impersonal eminence of satirical good nature and applies the brake for his acquaintances when they appear to be losing their

Photo by]
MISS ESME [illegible]

nerve. *Laissez faire*, or "let 'em rip," is more the philosophy of our modern Deerings, if there are any left. But, nevertheless, who would miss Sir Charles Wyndham's delightful impersonation in "The Liars," his suavity, his satirical consciousness of the futility of it all, his engaging self-effacement, his ease and perfection of manner? The third act of "The Liars" is, too, a model of its kind, a model deserving the careful study of all would-be dramatic writers. In no play has Mr. Jones shown himself more completely master of his materials, more conscious of dramatic effect.

Oscar Wilde's comedy, "A Woman of no Importance," did not seem to fill the frame at His Majesty's Theatre. It was sumptuously staged, quite in Mr. Tree's grand vein, but the play is better suited to a smaller stage and a smaller auditorium. Much of the fragile humour of the dialogue and something of the intimate relation in which an audience stands to effective situation on the stage seemed to evaporate in that large atmosphere. And I think Mr. Tree rather emphasised the deliberate *nonchalance* of Lord Illingworth to the point of jeopardising its vitality altogether. He looked the part; he walked the part; he acted the part; but he spoke it as though utterly bored by it. At all events, he individualised it. He made its cold, calculating cynicism stand out in repulsive contrast to Miss Marion Terry's tender, emotional, womanly rendering of Mrs. Arbuthnot. How strong the characterisation is in "A Woman of No Importance"! They are not exceptional characters—not exceptionally base or exceptionally worthy, not too wise or too foolish for this commonplace world, but each is distinct. They are all human beings and conform to codes of recognised human conduct, each after its kind. And Wilde could write a pathetic scene with as unerring a touch as he could pen the light persiflage of a group of society dames. The scene between Mrs. Arbuthnot and her son is one that plays upon every chord of our sympathies. It was consummately acted, of course, but the author knew how to lay the train for the action. His epigrams seem stale only because we have heard them before. It is a kind of wit that stimulates only on the first hearing; give time for analysis, and the effervescence is gone. But Wilde was not an epigrammatist only; we shall always wonder what he might have become had he been less of an egoist.

"The Door upon the Latch," dramatised by Mr. F. Kinsey Peile from R. L. Stevenson's "Le Sire de Maletroit," played as a curtain raiser to "A Woman of No Importance," was disappointing. We missed the fine delicate flavour of Stevenson's story. The qualities which fascinate in the tale are too purely intellectual for transmission to the stage; they require too much dramatic stiffening; and, moreover, the improbabilities of the story become annoyingly glaring in drama.

The Moody-Manners' season of English opera commenced on the 15th July at the Lyric Theatre, and will continue until the 7th of this month (September), eight weeks in all, a longer London season than we have hitherto been favoured with in the five years this admirable company has visited us. The season opened with Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor," a most satisfactory performance, which has been followed by a remarkably comprehensive repertory, embracing all the most popular lyrical compositions of classic opera. German opera has been drawn upon for "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," "Aïda," and "Merry Wives of Windsor;" Italian for "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Pagliacci," "Tristan and Isolda," "Marriage of Figaro," "Faust," etc. The musical features of the season have been dealt with elsewhere under "Musical Matters Monthly," and it only remains for me to deal with the subject from a dramatic standpoint and the general character of the performances. It has been evident that the management were determined to spare no effort to make the season noteworthy in all respects. Every composition has been presented with conscientious care. The stage setting has been adequate, the costuming painstaking, the

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MISS ESME HUBBARD AND MR. NORMAN TREVOR. "Little Miss Hercules."—NEW ROYALTY THEATRE.

grouping effective, the *mise-en-scène* always satisfactory and often picturesque, implying attention to those smaller details that go far to make an attractive *ensemble*. Of the action, so often regarded as a negligible quantity in grand opera, too high praise can hardly be given. The parts have been acted uniformly with spirit and conscientious effort to realise the characteristics of persons and incidents—to give dramatic vitality to the play no less than adequate expression to the composer's ideas, a far more difficult task than is usually realised. Only indefatigable rehearsals and complete assimilation of the various parts by the cast can make this admirable result possible. The shortness of the *entr'acts* is also to be strongly commended. On the opening night, Mr. Charles Manners, who had taken the exacting part of Sir John Falstaff with a full-bodied sense of its humorous possibilities, on being recalled with enthusiasm at the fall of the curtain, took occasion to say that they were prepared to respond in earnest to the support of the public, and if the public showed that they wanted English opera of the best, the management would be only too pleased to give them the best in every way, a promise that was heartily cheered by the large and enthusiastic audience.

Mr. Channing Pollock's three-act drama at the Aldwych Theatre, "In the Bishop's Carriage," inevitably suggests "Leah Kleschna," and to the disadvantage of the later play. In "Leah Kleschna" the characterisation is more distinctive; the psychological interest is stronger and makes a more effective appeal to the intellect; the incidents, unlike the development of the story in "The Bishop's Carriage," impose little or no strain on the sense of actuality. In both plays we have a girl who has been a thief from childhood brought under the influence of a reformer who falls in love with his *protégée* and works upon her better and untrained instincts until he turns her to honest ways. But the strength of "Leah Kleschna" is in part the convincing character of Leah's father; we feel that we can pardon anything in a daughter trained under such an influence. And, secondly, Leah's reformation is so real a thing that she feels the only refuge left her is to bury herself among the toilers in the fields far away from the old life and as near to God as she can get. Moreover, Leah Kleschna is a finer spiritual type of womanhood. Nance is a vulgar little reprobate, a creature of the slums, and Latimer, who takes her in hand, can suggest nothing more secure for her as an honest calling than the music hall stage. If I were sufficiently intimate with Latimer to speak my mind to him I should say to him, when he proposed to marry Nance, that he would have a safer home if he married an Eskimo girl made stodgy on a diet of blubber. Nancy's "pal" in her thieving days was a coarse, brutal degenerate, ugly in character, in temper, in manners and in looks; and yet the reformed Nance declares she must go to him, if he wants her, when he comes out of prison. Of course, the author presents her as acting under some quixotic sense of duty, but it is not at all convincing. These things create in us a certain repugnance towards both hero and heroine, which is quite fatal to a sympathetic feeling for them. In spite of these faults in the play itself, however, and others which might be named, it is acted with great spirit and sincerity. Miss Fannie Ward gives us Nance as the author drew her, with consummate ability. She extenuates nothing of the vulgarity—of the downright coarseness of the slum-girl, and yet she manages to make us feel that there is in her a vein of pure gold that justifies Latimer's optimism. She redeems the play from failure, and she has to struggle against some too evident *gaucheries* in its construction, but the skill with which she accomplished this stamps her as an actress of hitherto unrecognised power and promise.

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MISS FANNY WARD AND MR. FRANK COOPER. "In the Bishop's Carriage."—ALDWYCH THEATRE.

THE MYSTERY OF MINFORD GRANGE.

By J. L. HORNIBROOK.

MINFORD GRANGE was one of those curious old moated places, buried in the heart of the country, which change little with the changes of time. There was an air of antiquity about it. Except that the drawbridge which once spanned the moat had been replaced by a more modern structure, it retained all its old-time features. The house itself had not been touched.

The owner of the Grange, Sir Reginald Anketell, was a man of distinct and peculiar personality. In appearance he was tall, gaunt, and rugged-looking. There was a curious air of unsociability about him, and a look in his eyes which I can only describe as "haunted." Somehow, he gave one the impression that there was a secret mystery or tragedy in his life, which he concealed alike from the world and from those around him.

My own connection with the Grange and Sir Reginald Anketell came about in the most ordinary and commonplace manner. He had a son, a crippled lad, for whom he wished to engage a companion and tutor. After some correspondence I was selected for the post, and made my journey accordingly to the old house.

My impressions when I first set foot in it were of an odd and peculiar kind. The vault-like stillness of the place was depressing. Even the servants moved about with subdued manner and noiseless tread. It was strangé, too, but as I stood in the great, gloomy hall, I had a queer sensation of some mystery connected with the house or its owner.

After a brief interview with Sir Reginald, who received me with cold formality, I was introduced to my pupil. Though the lad was a cripple, and could only move about with the aid of crutches, he had an intelligent and interesting face. There was a curious olive tint in his complexion, and his eyes were large, dark, and singularly expressive. He turned them upon me in a strangely questioning manner as I entered, and then they seemed to light up with a look of welcome.

I soon found that the Grange was not only a house of mystery, but a place where a stranger was apt to meet with sudden and unexpected surprises. The very next morning I had an instance of this; and the incident, little prepared as I was for it, surprised me a good deal.

I rose early, and was downstairs almost before the sleepy servants had begun to move about the house. It was at the beginning of autumn, and the fresh morning air, sweeping in through the open windows, tempted me out of doors. I determined to take a brisk turn in the park before breakfast.

Crossing the moat I struck in among the fine old trees with which the park was timbered. At this early hour there was not a soul about. I did not even catch sight of a stray gardener or labourer on his way to work.

Though I had come out for the sake of exercise, my mind was a good deal occupied with Sir Reginald Anketell and the mystery which appeared to surround him. I had learned the night before that he was a singular man; singular in his ways and mode of living. He rarely quitted the Grange for any purpose whatever. His days, for the most part, were spent in the seclusion of the old oak-panelled library, from which he seldom emerged except at meal-time.

While I was thinking of this, and wondering as to the cause, I reached a sort of open glade in the park. In striking across it I caught the rapid thud of hoofs somewhere to the right. I glanced round quickly and beheld a young and exceedingly pretty girl, mounted on a

spirited cob, come dashing out from among the trees.

She was heading straight in my direction, though she did not appear to perceive me until she was quite close. When she did, she pulled up as if in surprise, and stared at me with large, wondering eyes. For my part, I thought I had never seen such a charming picture as she presented at the moment. Her lovely cheeks were glowing with the morning exercise, and her whole appearance was one of youthful grace and beauty.

She continued to regard me in questioning silence for a moment or two, and then, as if she suddenly remembered something, broke into a little gay laugh.

"Oh, I forgot," she said. "You are Mr. Rutherford, Ernest's new tutor, are you not?"

"I am," I replied, inwardly wondering who this charming creature was and what brought her out into the park at such an early hour.

"It was stupid of me not to guess it at first," she returned. "I heard last night that you had arrived."

"I had not the pleasure of seeing you," I remarked.

I fancied as I looked up at her that something like a shade of sadness passed for a moment over her fair young face.

"No," she said. "I am not a prominent member of the household at the Grange. I keep more or less in the background. The fact is——"

She hesitated a moment, as if reluctant to speak too openly before a stranger. Then, giving way to her impulse, she went on: "The fact is, Mr. Rutherford—I may as well be perfectly candid with you, for I have no doubt you will discover the truth before long—I am practically nobody at the Grange, although a member of the family. My father never gives me a thought. His whole soul is wrapped up in my brother Ernest and his own affairs."

"Sir Reginald Anketell is your father, then?" I said, in surprise, for she did not bear the slightest resemblance to my pupil.

"Oh, yes. He was married twice, you know. But, as I said just now, he never troubles much about me. I live an entirely separate life. I am supposed to be under the wing of Mrs. Blenkinson, the housekeeper, and I am afraid that good soul finds me rather wilful and refractory at times. For you must know, Mr. Rutherford," she continued, with a little roguish smile, "I am fond of having my own way. Although Mrs. Blenkinson does not always approve of it I turn out every morning, wet or fine, for a spin in the park. Sometimes I come home drenched."

She laughed a little at the remembrance, and then added, "Now that I have told you all about myself, we had better be getting back to breakfast. I have no doubt it is waiting for us; for, among other peculiarities, we are very early people at the Grange."

She wheeled her horse round in the direction of the house. I walked along by her side, thinking myself fortunate in having such a charming companion. It was certainly the last thing I expected when I set out for my morning stroll.

Sir Reginald did not make his appearance at breakfast that morning; indeed, it was not unusual for him to remain out of sight all day. My pupil had his meals upstairs; so that I was left alone with Miss Mabel—that was her name—who entertained me with many stories about the Grange and the queer old nooks it contained, all of which she seemed to know by heart.

Much to my regret, she disappeared immediately after breakfast, parting from me with a half-rougish smile over her shoulder. I went upstairs to attend to my pupil, with whom I was soon on friendly terms.

During the day I saw nothing of Mabel, much as I looked forward to another friendly chat with her. She did not appear at dinner that evening; and, indeed, as she herself had said, seemed to keep very much in the background. I had a suspicion that she shrank from the stern and gloomy baronet, who was a father to her only in name.

The following morning, however, I encountered her again in the park, having gone out, I must confess, for that express purpose. We lingered about there until breakfast-time, her merry

She pulled up as if in surprise.

laugh ringing out more than once into the clear morning air. It was very delightful to me, and it soon became our regular custom to meet at this early hour, when we had the park entirely to ourselves.

I rarely saw her in the house, though she sometimes stole into the room when I was alone with her brother. If by any chance she heard her father coming, as he occasionally did, she slipped away at once, and I could see by her face that she wished to avoid meeting him.

It was not only in the treatment of his children that Sir Reginald Anketell's peculiarities were displayed. He had many other unaccountable prejudices. One was a rooted aversion to tramps and wayfarers of every kind. None such were ever allowed near the house; nor, indeed, was any stranger, even though he presented a respectable appearance, permitted to enter.

Then, again, every precaution was taken at night-time to render the place secure from intrusion. The iron gate

which gave access to the bridge across the moat was closed and locked; windows and doors were carefully fastened; and a large, powerful mastiff was let loose about the premises. All this was seen to regularly at eleven o'clock; after which hour we were virtually prisoners until next morning.

In spite of the attraction which Mabel exercised for me, I had many disturbing and perplexing thoughts. I often asked myself what Sir Reginald Anketell feared, what unknown danger threatened him, and what was the secret he guarded so closely?

I questioned Mabel on the subject, but she appeared as much in the dark as I was myself. It is true she was aware that her father was haunted by some secret dread; and had been, she told me, for years. As to the nature of it, however, or how it had arisen, she could offer no explanation.

"It must have been caused by something that happened long ago," she said. "I am not sure—it is merely a guess on my part—but I fancy this 'something' took place when he was in India."

"In India?" I questioned.

"Yes. He was formerly in the army, you know, and was stationed in India for many years. It was there he married a second time. I never saw my stepmother, and could not even tell you who she was or what she was like. She died, I believe, when they were only married a year or two. My father came home soon afterwards, bringing little Ernest with him, and ever since he seems to have been haunted by some strange fear."

I pondered a good deal over this information. I felt convinced that Mabel was right, and that it was to India we had to look for a solution of the mystery. Strange and remarkable experiences sometimes fall to the lot of Englishmen in the East, and I wondered if such had been Sir Reginald Anketell's fate.

One night when I got to my room I opened my window and sat before it, giving myself up to thoughts of Mabel. The sky was heavily overcast; it was pitch dark, and there was not a breath of wind. The only sound which reached me out of the blackness below was an occasional low growl, which told that the mastiff was prowling about as usual. A deathlike stillness reigned over the park, the trees of which did not give forth a single murmur or rustle.

Suddenly I perceived—or thought I perceived—something which caused me to give a quick start. Looking across the moat I was certain I saw a dark, stealthy figure glide swifty and silently from the cover of one tree to another.

In an instant I was on my feet. The danger which threatened Sir Reginald Anketell seemed to be at hand. Screening myself behind the curtain, I waited in watchful suspense, my eyes striving to probe the darkness on the opposite side of the moat.

Though my sight was remarkably keen I could distinguish nothing further; not even the shadowy outline of a human figure. I was beginning to think I was mistaken, that it had been mere fancy on my part. And then, as I stood watching there, I caught a sound which instantly awakened all my suspicions. It was a faint, almost inaudible splash, and seemed to come from the moat. It might have been caused by a water-rat; and yet, under the circumstances, it struck me as distinctly ominous.

I was now fully convinced that there was danger at hand, though for the moment I hardly knew what steps to take. Sir Reginald, to the best of my belief, was still in the library, but he had strictly prohibited me from intruding upon him there at any time. No doubt he had a revolver always ready at hand, and if I hurried down to warn him he might turn the weapon upon me before I had time to offer an explanation.

While I waited, hesitating and uncertain, their came a low, fierce, threatening growl out of the darkness below. Breathlessly I listened to hear what followed. For a moment all was still; and then came a sharp yelp of pain. It was followed by a succession of terrible snarls and growls; a commotion as if the dog was fighting with something—it could not have been a man, or his deep roar would have been heard as he sprang upon him—and once more all was still.

Convinced that some dastardly work

was in progress below, I thrust my head out of the window and looked down. I could see nothing of the dog; but I saw something else which was startling enough. Several dusky, crouching figures were gliding towards the house from the direction of the moat.

I hesitated no longer. In an instant I was out into the corridor and hurrying along towards the head of the staircase. I ran about half-way down, leaned over the banisters, and called out in a guarded tone to the baronet.

"Sir Reginald!" I cried. "Sir Reginald!"

The library door, which led directly into the hall, was opened quickly; and in the light which streamed forth I saw the tall figure of the baronet appear. His face was tense, set, and rigid, and he seemed keenly alive to the fact that there was deadly danger at hand.

"I heard it," he said, in the same guarded tone. "They are here. Arouse the servants quickly. Let there be no noise, no lights. Bring them down into the hall and I will see to the rest."

He stepped back into the library and extinguished the lamp, leaving the whole place in total darkness. I rushed upstairs again, groped my way to the servants' quarters, and proceeded to arouse them as quietly and quickly as possible.

It was some little time before I could make them understand clearly what had happened and what was expected of them. Telling them to follow me to the hall at once, I hurried back in that direction. On the way I encountered Mabel, who had caught the alarm and dressed hastily.

"What is it?" she asked, her face white and frightened. "What has happened?"

"I scarcely know yet," I answered. "But there is danger, grave danger, I fear. I saw several dark figures stealing towards the house."

"Does my father know?"

"Yes; I ran down to give him warning, and found that the alarm had already reached him. He is waiting below in the library until the servants make their appearance."

Having given her all the information in my power, I tried to persuade her to go back to her room, but she would not consent. We moved on together to the head of the staircase, where we waited for the servants. Standing there in the darkness we listened with strained ears for the slightest sound from below.

The servants seemed a long time in coming, and I was debating whether to venture down alone. While I hesitated, a sharp, terrible cry came from the library; a cry of deadly terror. It rang through the dark and silent house in an awful manner. Mabel clutched me instinctively by the arm, and I felt her tremble violently as she clung to me.

"What is it? Oh, what is it?" she cried.

"I cannot tell," I answered hastily. "Something dreadful seems to have happened. We must find out at once."

The servants came running up at that moment; for they, too, had heard the terrible cry. I turned to them quickly.

"Fetch a light at once!" I cried. "We can do nothing in this pitch darkness."

One of the servants ran back, and presently joined us again with a candle in his shaking hand. There was a white, scared look on every face, and all seemed reluctant to venture down into the hall.

"Come," I said, taking the candle and preparing to descend. "Follow me."

They trooped after me in a body, keeping close together, and exchanging a few terrified whispers. At the library door we paused and listened. Not a sound, not a movement of any kind, reached us from within.

I opened the door cautiously and entered, keeping well on my guard against surprise. So feeble was the light of the candle in that immense room, I could distinguish nothing at first. Then I made out a tall figure stretched out on the floor near one of the windows. It was Sir Reginald Anketell.

Before advancing towards the spot where he lay, I cast a rapid glance around in search of an intruder. There was none. Save for the motionless figure on the floor the room was empty.

"Back!" I cried to the servants—"back for your lives!"

I stepped forward and bent over the baronet. As I did so, I saw something which sent a cold thrill of horror through me and caused me to spring back. Fastened to his hand, its deadly fangs still embedded in the flesh, was a venomous reptile.

"Back!" I cried to the servants, who had followed me cautiously. "Back for your lives!"

I rushed out after them into the hall and plucked down a weapon from amongst the armour on the walls. Armed with this, I hurried back to the library and quickly despatched the reptile. Then I bent over Sir Reginald again, only to find he was beyond all human aid. The poison had already done its fearful work. He was dead.

Nor did I fail to perceive how the dastardly deed had been accomplished. Though the windows of the library were heavily barred on the outside, one of them—that near which the baronet lay—was open at the bottom, the weather being warm for the time of year. The men I had seen, whom I now believed to be Hindoos or other natives of India, had thus been enabled to slip the viper into the room, knowing that, though the lamp had been extinguished, the baronet was still there. Probably Sir Reginald was in the act of closing the window when the reptile had fastened its poisonous fangs in his hand.

In the confusion that followed, the control of affairs was left entirely to me, the servants being too frightened to take any steps whatever. A moment's reflection convinced me we had nothing further to fear from the Hindoos. I concluded that, hearing the baronet's terrible cry, they knew that their deadly design had been accomplished, and decamped immediately. In this, however, I proved to be mistaken. They had another, though less fatal, purpose in view, which they also succeeded in carrying out.

I had Sir Reginald's body conveyed to his room upstairs, and sent a messenger off at once to summon the police and a doctor. We did not venture down into the library again that night; and it was only next morning, when the police were pursuing their investigations, that we entered it once more.

We were surprised to find on examining the room that a small safe which stood there had been broken open and rifled of its contents, though I was positive it was intact when we removed the body the previous night. I had no doubt that this, too, was the work of the Hindoos; for we discovered that one of the bars of the open window had been cut through, leaving a space wide enough to admit a man. I must not forget to add that the intruders had destroyed the dog in the same manner as they had killed its master. A viper was found clinging to the dead brute's muzzle.

* * * *

It was not until some considerable time afterwards, and then from more than one different source, that I learned the history of this extraordinary affair. Briefly, it was as follows:—

While in India, Sir Reginald Anketell had fallen in love with a beautiful native girl, a princess in her own right, who returned his affection ardently. Obstacles being in the way of their union, for such a marriage would not be permitted by the girl's relatives, they eventually eloped. Her people, when they heard of it, vowed the most deadly vengeance against the baronet.

But that was not all. The girl, it was found, had carried away with her some rare and valuable jewels, which had been treasured in her family for centuries, and which were regarded almost as sacred. Whether Sir Reginald was aware of this at the time I cannot say. At any rate, after her death, up to which event he had succeeded in evading the vengeance of his enemies, he brought the jewels home with him and deposited them in the safe in his library.

He must have known all along that Indian vengeance never slumbered, and that those who sought his life would follow him to the ends of the earth to accomplish their purpose. In what manner they succeeded at last I have already told. It was characteristic of Hindoo cunning; for one of their number must have been a snake-charmer,

and knew that he carried more deadly weapons than could be devised by all the wit of man.

I did not sever my connection with Minford Grange after the tragedy. My pupil, who was now Sir Ernest Anketell, begged me to remain, and Mabel added her entreaties to his. Eventually, when she became my bride, I took up my abode there altogether; for Sir Ernest, who felt lonely in the sombre old house, would not hear of our departure.

NOT A PERMANENCY.

MANAGER: "I'm very sorry, John; but I find that we must part with you."

JOHN (*who has been forty years with the firm*): "Weel, if I'd known this wasna' gaen to be a steady job—I wunna ha' ta'en it."

Sunny Boulogne

By ARTHUR PLANTA.

TO the jaded man-about-town there is no place where a week-end can be spent with greater enjoyment than at Boulogne-sur-mer. There is a general coterie of good Bohemians, and of restless Britons, such as Mr. Kipling rejoices in, who have seen many other places in the world besides this popular Continental resort. What, then, is the attraction to the *blasé* Londoner who wants to find a change that an English watering-place does not offer him? The answer is a simple one—the greatest charm of Boulogne lies in the fact that you can lead just the life you please, quiet or gay, or a mixture of both. No doubt this is the result of it being so international—half French, half English. A casino, such as it is understood here, is what we lack on our English coast. Dancing every night from nine to eleven, in one of the finest ball-rooms in the world, yet an informal dance, where you can appear in morning dress, and ladies keep their hats on if they please. There is one of the prettiest of theatres giving performances every night—mostly operas and operettas. Every afternoon there is an excellent instrumental concert, and occasionally there is an afternoon children's ball. There is a magnificent club-room for cards, a room for the circling *petits chevaux* game, a reading room, and, to crown all, apart from the usual mixed surf bathing, there are two splendid swimming baths, open to the air and filled with sea-water. For others there are the golf links, where you will be welcome all the livelong day. Or you may wander along the streets looking idly into the shops till you find *something* that makes you rub your eyes. You had, perhaps, never dreamed before that Boulogne is a walled town, yet here before you through the shadow and the leaves of ancient trees, stand the thirteenth-century walls of the high town of Boulogne, thirty-five feet high, and as stark and unclimbable as when Henry VIII. first laid siege to them. A quarter of a mile long and nearly as wide, these high curtains of dark stone rise, their course ruffled here and there by a semicircle of a bastion, and here and there by a sturdy gate set between twin towers, and crowned with Our Lady in her drifting boat, the patron saint of the town. You would never dream that so romantic a citadel hid itself behind the high modern buildings of the lower town, yet a new and yet more delightful scene of stone and fresh avenued green opens up at each step, and if you are a painter you will have to go far afield, indeed, in northern France before you find as lovely a picture for your pencil as this old Boulogne.

Well, this is a gem among seaside places that has long been neglected, and

the enterprise of the South Eastern Railway in opening up a new week-end service to make it accessible to Londoners deserves the highest praise. You may now leave Charing Cross on a Saturday at 2.20 p.m. and have your tea at six o'clock at any of the score of good hotels in Boulogne. You may spend the evening at the opera, the theatre, or the Casino, and wake the next morning to a long day of sunny holiday-making unspoiled by any reflection that while the afternoon is still bright and clear you will have to pack up and hurry off for the return to England. The new scheme allows you another night in Boulogne, and yet lands you in London soon after noon on Monday by a special turbine boat and special train.

Hitherto ninety-nine out of a hundred of the British visitors who flocked here in previous summers saw nothing beyond the promenade and the Casino. What wonder that one of the most interesting cities of northern France is looked upon as a "place of transit and not of lounge"! What wonder that to many who have availed themselves of the new special service of boats, which will continue to run across the Channel until the middle of September, the abiding charm of ancient Boulogne came as a new and unsuspected thing! It was a famous port in the days of the Romans. It is as picturesque now as it is ancient.

Irregularly built on a hillside, its red roofs and green foliage, rising above the harbour, hide the older part of the town. Conspicuous on the heights stands the chapel of the fishermen, with its life-sized Calvary outlined against the sky. The fishermen, as they enter or leave the harbour, do reverence to the distant figure on the heights. Connected with this chapel is the church of St. Pierre-des-Marins, in the sailors' quarter. The interior of the church is decorated with fishing-nets, festooned from pillar to pillar. Once a year the fishermen assemble in St. Pierre-des-Marins, and go in procession to the cathedral in the high town, and thence to the east sands, where the priests bless the sea. And then the little fisher-boats put out to reap its harvest.

THE PRINCIPAL FACADE OF THE CASINO.

The streets for the most part are winding and narrow, and some of them consist mainly of steps. The houses clustering on either side are adorned with shutters of all the colours of the rainbow. There

is an air of antiquity about the old town, its paved streets and grey houses with their many-coloured lattices, which is further enhanced by the old belfry hoary with age. Within the square, but a stone-throw from the rampart, stands the cathedral, an imposing structure, with a fine dome. Americans compare it to the Capitol at Washington. The present building is not old, having been rebuilt in 1859. Certain it is, however, that a church stood on the same site as far back as 606 A.D. Tradition has it that a boat was seen to enter Boulogne harbour, propelled by invisible hands, containing a statue of the Virgin and Child, also a copy of the Holy Scriptures and two other relics, surrounded by a light of

NEVER MIND THE TRAVELLER.

Jean: "Do not so impolite be, Pierre, my friend, but take you what you have already to the Hôtel de Folkestone, and leave me milord's bag that I may carry it to the Hôtel de Paris, which I have the honour to represent. Thus we will divide the good fortune.

great brilliancy. It is averred that the Virgin commanded that a church should be built. This was done, and the statue installed. It attracted vast multitudes, and became famous for its miraculous cures. The statue is now destroyed, with the exception of one hand, which was presented to the cathedral and is enclosed as a precious relic in a silver-gilt heart and suspended round the neck of a new statue of Notre Dame. The interior of the present cathedral is very fine, notably the high altar, which is said to be the finest specimen of mosaic work in the world.

On Wednesdays and Saturdays a market is held in the paved square near St. Nicholas' Church, and from an unearthly hour in the morning country women clatter into town in their long, bright-blue carts heaped up with market produce. The rickety stalls, shaded with huge umbrellas, are piled high with fruit and vegetables, sheaves of purple iris, stacks of flame-coloured lilies, and masses of roses. Hatless maids, equipped with quaint baskets, chatter and bargain.

A BOULOGNE FISHER-GIRL.

As the crow flies Boulogne is only twenty-six miles from England, and the patriotic Frenchman has always regarded Boulogne as being the best place from which to invade England. It was at Boulogne that the great Napoleon massed 180,000 men and collected a mighty fleet of flat-bottomed transports ready for swooping down on England. In A. Conan Doyle's delightful book, "Uncle Bernac," the author presents us with a vivid picture of Napoleon in the colossal camp, from which, between the years 1803–5, the Corsican intended to launch 150,000 men against our coasts. Messrs. Cassell & Co. have recently published a book, "Napoleon at the Boulogne Camp," which gives full details of the contemplated invasion. The author of this will tell us that during his childhood he often heard some of the old men of Boulogne say that whenever Napoleon arrived near the chapel, and before going away, he used to put his hand slowly up to his hat and remain solemnly standing for a few minutes. "Was he praying? Perhaps not; but at all events it was an unmistakable sign of respect which had all the appearance of sincerity."

The English are now very popular in Boulogne. Opposite the Hôtel de Dervaux, where English visitors congregate, is the museum, which contains some interesting Napoleonic relics and some British paintings. Several of them depict the visit paid in August, 1855, by Queen Victoria to Napoleon III."

The Fish Market is held early in the morning, in the Halle on the Quay Gambetta. The fishermen and their families occupy a separate quarter on the north side of the town, and form one-sixth of the population. They are remarkable for their adherence to the picturesque costume of their ancestors, and they differ considerably in character and customs from the other inhabitants

WHAT COULD IT HAVE BEEN? [*Drawn by Dudley Hardy.*

Baigneuse: "You are the twenty-third who has made that very remark to me this morning!"

of the town. Their wives, who are called *matelottes*, exercise unlimited sway on shore, whilst the sea is the undisputed domain of the husband. Boulogne possesses about 250 fishing boats, which extend as far as the Scottish coast and Iceland; and in favourable seasons realise as much as £400,000.

All through the season there are many special attractions at Boulogne. The Great North of France Horse Show, the Races, the Battle of Flowers, the Procession of the Assumption, the Great Fair, the Regatta — all are crowded into the weeks when London is making holiday. The Londoner may rely upon the heartiest of welcomes, and it may be a relief to many to know that English is understood and spoken in Boulogne by almost everyone with whom the tourist is likely to come in contact.

"Alone I did it!"

LA PLAGE AND THE JETTIES, BOULOGNE-SUR-MER

A LOVE SONG.

MANY a merry meeting
My love and I have had;
She was my only sweeting—
She made my heart full glad.
The teares stood in her eyes
Like to the morning dew;
But, now, alasse! she's left me
Falero, lero, loo!

A PSYCHIC POSSIBILITY.

By W. B. NORTHROP.

SHORTLY after the founding of the Society for Psychical Research, certain papers were submitted by members of the Society who desired their experiences and investigations brought before the attention of the students of Psychology. Among the papers sent in to the Secretary was one prepared by a student then attending King's College. For private reasons, this paper was not published by the Society during the life of its author, and the physician who had charge of it happening to misplace it, the strange narrative failed to see the light of print. Recently, however, it was turned up, having been found between the pages of an old atlas. Without comment, it is here submitted for the first time for publication.

THE STUDENT'S MANUSCRIPT.

"SOME doubt the immortality of the soul; others, while admitting its existence, credit it with exerting but limited influence over man's economy.

"I scarcely expect the strange incidents here related to appeal either to the fancy of the judicious, or the faith of the credulous. Nevertheless, I shall not permit such considerations to deter me from recording an experience as remarkable as it is unique.

"At one period of my life I pursued, with earnest enthusiasm, the study of physiological-chemistry, influenced in taking up this fascinating branch of the medical science not so much by the utility of the information I might acquire, as by the charms presented by the study to the knowledge-craving mind.

"For purposes of practical work, I constructed a laboratory. It occupied one room in the rear of a building in Thanet Place, off Fleet Street, near Middle Temple Lane. This room was on the second floor of the house, and could be approached in two ways: either by the front door of the house, passing through a long hall, and then ascending a short flight of stairs; or, entering an alley at the rear, I could reach, by means of a ladder, the window of the second storey. This less conspicuous, though more undignified, method of approach I employed when, chancing to obtain 'subjects' for purposes of experimentation I wished to avoid notice.

"The shape of the room was oblong, having two windows on the east, overlooking the alley, and two windows on the north—the latter facing the dingy side of another house scarce three feet away. A single door of stout wood, darkly panelled, shut off the laboratory from the rest of the house. Upon the inside of this door, to prevent intrusion at unreasonable times, I had placed a strong night-latch and a heavy bolt of wrought-steel.

"On the right of the room, elevated about four-and-a-half feet above floor level, was a small shelf on which stood a delicate analytical balance in a glass case.

"Upon a long table on the same side of the room, scattered about in orderly disorder, were retort-stands, evaporating dishes, crucibles, test-tubes, 'Florence-flasks,' and other glass ware—the conglomerate array of every chemist's shop.

"A broad writing table occupied part of the north side of the laboratory, above which were shelves of reference works upon physiology, chemistry, and kindred topics.

"Next the door was a small closet, its most important contents being two human skeletons; one, articulated and hanging from a support; the other in a state of woeful miscellaneousness, reposing angularly in a common box, the 'long-bones' projecting impudently out,

Its most important contents were two human skeletons.

as if indignantly protesting against the indignities to which the rest of the osteology had been subjected.

"The chemical composition of protoplasm was, at this time, the subject to which I devoted most diligent study. Upon this theme I worked with all the ardour of the beginner, stimulated by the encouragement of making several important physiological and chemical discoveries which rewarded my painstaking research. From studying the nature of protoplasm, I turned my thoughts to the investigation of the chemical nature of the mind.

"In this latter investigation, the difficulties with which I met seemed almost insurmountable, but I did not despair. My perseverance was rewarded with a marked degree of success, and I believe I should have attained an insight into the wonderful workings of the brain and mind had not my labours been brought to a sudden termination by the startling event I am about to relate.

"After studying the chemistry of mind for some months, I became convinced that it would be possible to demonstrate, by physical means alone, the exact nature of thought. Through chemistry, and by means of chemical appliances, I endeavoured to exhibit the true nature of intellectuality; and it was not beyond my expectations to be eventually able to give, in the spectroscope, the prismatic lines of soul.

"Though not a devotee of vivisection, still I employed it in order to experiment upon living brain substance, reconciling myself by the knowledge that the brain is one of the most insensitive portions of the anatomy. In consequence of having to work upon living brain substance, it was necessary to obtain 'subjects' from the lower animals, and hence many a canine and feline strolling about the Embankment, the little gardens and courts near the 'Temple' and among 'The Cloisters,' found their way into my etherised bag, and thence, unknown to their owners (and even to themselves) up the shaky rounds of the ladder leading to my laboratory window.

"Of course my experiments in analysing mental emotions naturally led to considerations of pure psychology. And here I clashed with the divines. Not a few of my clerical friends endeavoured to dissuade me from pursuing my studies, claiming that I tried to deprive the soul of its spiritual nature. Nothing I could say or do could convince them that, instead of being opposed to theological tenets, I was on their side! for, I claimed, if I could, in a gross, practical way, demonstrate the presence of the soul, what more could the doctrinarians desire? All the preaching in the world, and all the faith, would receive confirmation from my work!

"From innumerable quarters I received letters denouncing my efforts; and some of these were from poor fanatics, who even went so far as to threaten my life if I did not desist from my 'unholy' task.

"By a careful investigation of the phenomena presented by sleep, I concluded that it was possible to solve the problem. Sleep formed a working basis for all my hypotheses.

"Following this clue, I finally made a discovery. In a word, I discovered a method of separating absolutely the soul from the body in such manner that death did not take place. This was not a case of suspended animation, such as may be brought about by certain drugs, and other means; but was a clear division and separation of the body from the soul!

"This remarkable discovery came about somewhat after the following fashion:

"One night, while testing a proteid substance which I had obtained from the grey-matter of a brain in active operation, I found in my crucible, after incineration, a light rose coloured powder, resembling burnt rice-chaff. The quantity was about one-sixty-fourth grain, as I ascertained upon weighing it on the balance.

"I was about to throw the ash from the crucible, when the thought occurred to me that I might first try if it had any effect on the system. The quantity was very small and I had no reason to suppose it poisonous, so I placed it in my mouth and swallowed it.

"Continuing my work after this, and anticipating the happening of nothing unusual, I became aware, before long, of a change of some remarkable nature being wrought in my system. My limbs became somewhat numb, my flesh seemed covered by a 'tettery' matter, and my intellect was drowsed. I felt so sleepy, in fact, that I could not read the pages of a work I had been studying—a German book, Van Jasch's 'Clinical Diagnosis'—and so concluded to give myself up to my inclinations for a few moments.

"Spreading a blanket upon the floor—my usual habit when fatigue claimed a moment's cessation from labour—I lay down to rest.

"In the sleep which followed I imagined myself to be writing, in German, extracts from the work I had been reading. Awaking from this sleep, after an hour's time, I was utterly astounded to see on my desk, in choice German, the very extracts I dreamed myself to be writing. They were put down word for word, with neither character nor punctuation misplaced.

"This marvellous discovery startled me greatly. From the effect of the powder on my intellect, I knew that I had

It was necessary to obtain subjects from among the lower animals.

discovered a substance which brought into play the subjective portion of the brain.

"The brain, as is well known, records every impression, however minute. These impressions are received partly within the subjective portion of the intellect; partially within the objective. Those impressing the objective portion may be readily recalled; those impressing the subjective portion are stored up as on the cylinder of a phonograph, to be evoked only by some extraordinary and abnormal condition. For instance, children who have been associated with foreigners, even for a short time, have been known to speak various languages, as Greek, Arabic, French, Italian, even Chinese, though they had never studied these tongues, and may have heard them but once. During certain sicknesses, the subjective portions of their intellects have been brought into activity, and the mind has given off these remarkable evidences of its wondrous workings. The explanation is simple: the subjective portion of the brain, which records everything without exception simply, through the disease, or illness, begins working, and its impressions are made objective. In olden times, people speaking strange languages thus have been burned and tortured for witchcraft, the strange exhibition giving good ground for supposing the sufferer to be possessed.

"Now, if I had discovered a method of bringing the subjective portion of the intellect into play, the toils of memorizing would be over for ever—no study, no language would be difficult of attainment; a book read once, a piece of music heard but one time only, would remain indelibly fixed in the mind—every word of the book, every grace-note of the operatic piece would be within our power to recall, merely by the taking of a harmless bit of powder!

"Continuing my experiments, it occurred to me that, if the powder could have the effect of so powerfully stimulating the subjective faculty, it might also carry the main thought of the waking state into the phase of sleep. I found that I could select any subject for thought before taking the powder and giving myself up to its influence, and then, during the sleep which followed, in each instance would the thought which I had previously chosen be followed. My dream, if such it were, never departed from the thought I had selected. Of course, it is natural that the idea which mainly occupies one's waking thoughts should also be dwelt upon in sleep. However, it does not follow that our thought during sleep always dwells upon the main topic of the waking mind. No matter how important or taxing our waking thoughts may be, it often follows that our sleeping ideas are on entirely different subjects. The occurrence of the waking thought in the sleeping condition is capricious in its operation, and it is impossible to compel the thought of sleep to dwell upon any topic.

"By means of the power imparted by the substance I had discovered, however, I found that, without failing once, the sleeping thought could be directed as I desired.

"I next directed my research to an endeavour to ascertain if the powder could bring me in contact with people who had departed this life. Of course, I hardly expected to meet with any success in this line; still, I had entered a wide field, and the potentiality of the substance I had not tested to the full measure.

"In order to test the substance as to its power of bringing me in contact with the dead, I took a portion of the powder, and fixed my thoughts upon the memory of an intimate friend who had recently died.

"In the sleep which followed, I saw him as in the very life, and held a lengthy conversation with him upon a matter which had been of mutual interest before his death.

"Upon awakening after this first experience in actually communing with the dead, I was not so refreshed as I had been on former occasions after the effect of the powder had worn off. My mind was not so clear.

"For several succeeding nights, by directing my thoughts to my departed friend, I held communings with him;

and on awakening, found it most difficult to realise that he had ever ceased to live.

"Nor was this friend the sole communicant I possessed among the shades. I recalled and conversed with many whom I knew to be deceased. All that was necessary on my part was the taking of the powder—not over a sixty-fourth grain at a time; for, I found, by experience, that doses smaller in quantity had little effect, while, when the amount taken was larger than a sixty-fourth grain, the sleep-thoughts (I can scarcely call them dreams) became interrupted, fantastic, and conglomerated in nature.

Before he could cry out I sprang upon him and threw him.

"I will now narrate, to the best of my recollection, the events which, as I have said, brought about the frightful experience which resulted in almost a fatality to both mind and body.

"On one occasion I took the usual portion of the powder and lay down to rest, fixing my mind at the same time upon the contemplation of the memory of a deceased associate of former years.

"In the 'manifestation' which followed, he and I wandered in a beautiful garden, beside a lake, the borders of which were covered with magnolias, azaleas, and other beautiful flowers, their reflections painting the waters in many hues. Long, pendant, grey moss, clothed the huge oak-trees that beautified the place, and rays of soft sunlight glinted across verdant lawns, where birds of gay plumage flashed in the sun's rays from place to place.

"My companion seemed sad in demeanour, and, instead of conversing cheerfully, with me, as upon our former meetings, his mind appeared pre-occupied. He said little, as we wandered, holding each other's hand, beside the silent lake amid the grand moss-grown oaks and banks of flowers.

"At length I said: 'Some trouble seems to possess your mind. Tell it me, I pray, if the imparting of it be not a matter forbidden by the laws of changed existence under which you now dwell.'

"The look of sadness upon his countenance deepened, and he gazed at me for some time without speaking; 'You do not seem' he said, 'to consider that you also, at the present moment, are under a changed phase of existence.'

"'I do not understand,' I answered, 'Surely, my hold upon the flesh is still unbroken, while you stand already emancipated from the troubles and perturbations of mortal life.'

"'You have asked what saddens me. I shall tell you,' he said. 'Know then, that it is your utter ignorance of the

danger in which you now stand that makes me unhappy.'

"'How!' I exclaimed. 'What danger could——'

"'Allow me,' he said, with a wave of the hand, as if deprecating interruption. 'You do not seem to be aware that it is your soul only that at present communes with me. We are millions of miles distant from the place where your body is. I must tell you that no less than ten spheres intervene between you and the world you have left. This garden is——'

"'The world I have left?' I interrupted. 'What can you mean?'

"'Simply this,' he answered, 'Your body is now in the laboratory in London, while your spirit is here with me. The powder you have been so recklessly experimenting with possessed the quality of separating the soul from the body independently of death——'

"'But,' I interposed, 'I see no danger in this! I have taken it so often, and its effect has not been injurious. Why should there be any danger?'

"'You must let me explain,' replied my friend, 'for the time I may be with you upon this occasion is limited, and, hereafter, it may never be possible to see you more.'

"'The substance you have discovered acts similar to, but almost defeats the purpose of, death itself. The main difference consists in the fact that, in the ordinary course of nature, after death, dissolution occurs—the animal body is resolved into its component elements, ammonia, carbon, hydrogen, and so forth. However, after one takes the substance you have discovered, the soul is liberated from the body, which lapses, as it were, into a state of coma—or, rather, suspended spiritually. In this state the resemblance to sleep is very striking.

"'The difference between this state and true sleep consists in the fact that there can be no arousing until the soul returns to its place.

"'Now, while your body is lying in that condition, devoid of soul, it is possible that some wandering spirit may take possession of it.'

"'Do you mean to tell me,' I asked in alarm, 'That my body could during my soul's absence be invaded and, as it were, pre-empted by another?'

"'Exactly,' was the reply.

"'Is it a possible thing,' I asked, 'that, upon returning to the laboratory, I may find my body possessed by another spirit?'

"'Not only is that a possibility,' was the reply, 'but most probable.'

"'What shall I do then?' I pleaded, in great trepidation.

"'Hasten back' my friend replied. 'Guard your former habitation from harm—be patient; watch, wait. The opportunity will come for your gaining repossession. You are now to be punished for daring to pry into secrets purposely hidden from man. Farewell,' he added, 'I trust you will find all safe—but I fear—I fear. Alas! I am not permitted to tell you more.'

"He faded from me.

"I came to my other consciousness, if I might use the term. My laboratory was not as I had left it! I noticed a strange disorder about the place—the door stood ajar. This was a matter of great surprise to me; for, previous to my taking the powder, I had, as usual, turned forward the latch on the door, and had shot the bolt securely.

"No one could have entered, even by the window, as it was secured and fastened upon the inside.

"As I stood marvelling at these things, I heard steps approaching. I recognised the tread as belonging to a fellow-student who sometimes visited me. As my door stood open, he entered; I went forward to meet him; but, to my surprise, he looked apparently through and beyond me into the laboratory.

"I spoke to him, asking how my door had become opened. He paid no attention whatever to my query. He merely looked about as if expecting someone, muttering to himself, 'He must have stepped over to my lodgings. We probably passed each other in the street. He'll return soon. I shall sit here and await his coming.'

"So saying, he seated himself at my desk and began reading the German work to which I have already alluded.

"Approaching him, I said, 'What does this mean? Whom do you expect to meet here?'

"He paid no attention.

"'Why do you not answer me?' I demanded.

"He went on reading quietly.

"I became angry, and, leaning over his shoulder, knocked the book from his hands.

My own form, possessed by another spirit, approached the door.

"Without a word, his face turned pallid; he paused a moment as if stupefied, and then, with a frenzied cry of terror, rushed from the room.

"I was angry at his manner, and went immediately to the door, and violently shut him out. As the door shut to, and I had locked it securely, it occurred to me again, 'How could it be possible for the door to be opened unless from the inside, and yet: Who was inside but myself?' I asked. 'Could I have opened it unconsciously, or in a sleep walk?'

"'What did all the mystery mean; why was my friend so alarmed; why did he rush from the room?' While these thoughts were coursing though my mind, I happened to look in a mirror overhanging my writing table.

"To my consternation, no reflection of myself appeared in the glass! Suddenly I realised it all! My body, which I had returned with such solicitude to find had —DISAPPEARED!!!

"When this truth burned into my soul, I became frantic with terror—I flew from the room, and began a search for my delinquent corporeal being.

"What had happened to it? Whither had it gone during my absence? In

possession of what spirit was it—fiend or angel? I knew not!

"All night I wandered distractedly over London—down courts and byeways; through lanes and alleys. The quest was in vain!

"As dawn approached, I returned to the laboratory, entering by way of the window at the rear, which, though closed, of course, presented no obstacle to my passage, my spirit being impalpable.

"To my joy and surprise, I found the long-sought body sleeping quietly upon the floor in the position in which I had left it.

"Had I been dreaming then? Had the scene with my friend, and the conversation with the spirit of my departed companion been freaks of the imagination? What possessed me—fancy?—delirium? or madness?

"At any rate, I felt that I was about to awaken from the horrible nightmare that possessed me. I could not, however, rid myself of the notion that my body had been possessed by another spirit during my absence. Though it lay there apparently sleeping, still there was something uncanny about its sly stillness that repelled me.

"To my horror and amazement, I heard a voice saying, 'Not yet are your wanderings over, my friend, You cannot enter and take possession of this body now, for 'tis mine by right of conquest. During your absence I entered, and here I shall stay. I am weary of the form I used to inhabit, and much prefer this. You go and find that.'

"A peal of fiendish laughter followed. With a sneer, the spirit inhabiting my body directed me to one of the most squalid purlieus of the city, where I found, in a filthy cellar, amid a heap of loathsome rags, a being with scarcely a remnant of the human form in its make-up.

"The face was that of a ghoul, indescribable in its repulsiveness; bat-like ears, covered with coarse hair, protruded from the side of the head, and tusks stuck out from the corners of the mouth. A low forehead ran slanting back from a deformed nose, which separated two snake-like eyes. The frame was powerful, though repulsive in the extreme. It had broad shoulders, short, muscular legs, ending in feet greatly misshapen. The arms were much too long, and terminated in hands which looked like hawk's talons. On the neck was a most disgusting wen.

"Loathe it as I might, I was compelled to take up my abode in that repulsive form.

"Even during the short period of time that had elapsed since the finding of this body and the leaving of my own, some dreadful crime might be committed, and I hastened to return to the laboratory with all the speed I could muster with so poor a machine at my command.

"On the return, I fell several times. Once or twice bystanders and pedestrians attempted to assist me; but, when they beheld my horrible face, with the dangerous eyes, and the clutching hands, they let me alone. One woman fainted dead away upon seeing me.

"A police officer, thinking me a criminal, ran after and arrested me. I went quietly with him some little distance, but when we reached a narrow lane off Fleet Street, my anxiety became so intense that I could stand it no longer. I suddenly struck the officer a blow in the face and escaped. He pursued me some distance, calling on me to halt. I ran on continuously, however.

"Becoming more accustomed to the management of the uncouth body, I made swiftly toward Thanet Place.

"Despite my efforts, however, I was unable to rid myself of the crowd of people following me. They kept hallooing 'stop thief' 'stop murderer.' Those in front of me, hearing the cry, would obstruct my progress; and, so soon as one tired of chasing me, another would take up the cry. Thus, while I gradually became exhausted, my pursuers grew ever fresh and eager.

"Finally, after half-an-hour's hard running, I felt the impossibility of proceeding much farther, and began to look about for a hiding place. If my pursuers had only known that I ran, not because I had committed a crime, but to prevent the perpetration of one, how gladly would they have allowed me to proceed.

"It occurred to me, at one time, that it would be best for me to stop and explain the whole situation; but who would have believed such an improbable story, told by so hideous looking a creature, marked with every crime? I concluded, by this course, I would have only lost time; besides, I might be put in prison, and while awaiting examination the fiend in my form would have been at liberty to commit most fearful outrages.

"As I ran on, and these thoughts filled my soul, the body grew suddenly weaker. I was about to drop and give myself up; when, looking ahead a short distance, I saw a small alley leading into a court.

"Down this court I ran. Not far ahead I saw an opening in the pavement—one of the holes through which coal was delivered.

"As none of my followers were in sight, I dropped quickly into this aperture and crouched down, keeping as much out of sight as possible. This refuge I had not sought too soon; for, a moment later, hurrying feet scampered over the pavement above me. One man stopped and peered down the aperture, but went off after the others.

"After the people had gone, I crawled stealthily into the cellar of the house. From this cellar, stairs led to the first floor.

"It was pitch dark, but I groped my way to the foot of the stairs. A large box stood next the wall, close by. I felt over it with my hands. It was empty. 'A good place to hide in,' said I.

"Scarce had I said this than the door at the top of the stairs opened, and a ray of light came streaming down almost full upon me. I slunk hastily into hiding.

"Through a crack in the box I saw a man-servant coming down with a scuttle for coals. He bore a lighted candle in his right hand, the scuttle being in his left.

"He came on down, passed by my hiding place, and went to fill his scuttle. Though concealed from his view on his coming into the cellar, I did not realise that, unless I altered my position, I would be plainly seen on his return. This fact was suddenly brought home to me by hearing the scuttle fall with a thundering crash!

"Turning, I saw the servant staring, wild-eyed, into my face. He seemed frozen. Not a muscle moved. Even the candle he carried did not tremble—his mouth stood open wide from fear; within it, I could see his tongue curled up and parched.

"Before he could move or cry out, I sprang upon him, threw him, seized a lump of coal, and stuffed it in his mouth to keep him from making an outcry; tying a piece of sack across his mouth to retain the coal in position. I next bound his hands and feet.

"Creeping back to the box, I listened and waited; as, from the scuttle's dropping so loudly, I had no doubt that the people in the house had been alarmed, and would come down to learn the cause of the uproar.

"I waited some time. No one above stirred. The man at my feet groaned. I approached to ease the piece of bagging about his neck, fearing he might be choking. To my utter surprise, who should I find the man to be, but my own servant!

"He shrank from my touch. I assured him that he was safe from harm; but I could see by the terror expressed in his eye that he fully expected to be murdered. My mission, however, was a saving, not a destroying one.

"Perhaps I was not too late to prevent the perpetration of some terrible crime.

"Stooping down, I asked the man, in a whisper: 'Is the chemist upstairs' (meaning, of course, my own body)?

"The butler nodded in affirmation.

"Leaving him securely bound, I went toward the stairs leading up into the house, and proceeded noiselessly up them. The house was in utter darkness—silence prevailed.

"Being thoroughly familiar with my surroundings, I found my way easily, and was soon on my way to the laboratory.

"The door leading into my workroom stood partly open, a faint gleam of light, like a fine white line, streaming across the dark wall opposite the landing. I listened intently. Strange sounds coming from the room attracted my attention.

I distinguished heavy breathing, as of a dying man. My heart was in my mouth in an instant!

"A murder had evidently been committed!

"Being a doctor, I instinctively—not thinking for the moment of the hideous object I presented—decided to aid the sufferer at once. I burst into the room. Never shall I forget the sight that met my eyes:

"My fellow student lay upon the floor in a pool of blood. In one hand he grasped a pistol. Blood oozed from his mouth and ears. The room was in the utmost disorder—glass ware and books thrown down, tables overturned; the wall, on the left hand side, bespattered with blood. The fumes of some horrible gas pervaded the atmosphere.

"As I entered the room the apparently dying man suddenly raised himself on his elbow, and, clutching his pistol, turned upon me. Upon beholding me, his eyes fairly started from their sockets. I have never before seen horror so strongly depicted upon any countenance.

"His first words were:

"'Had *you* done this, I would not have been surprised; for I see you are Satan himself; but to be attacked by my fellow student and warm friend—it is terrible.'

"He sank back, fainting.

"I leaned over him, and examined his wounds. He was bleeding from a horrible knife-thrust in the side, severing the fourth intercostal, and part of the pectoralis major muscles.

"I administered restoratives, and managed to transfer him to a rude couch which I improvised for his reception.

"Proceeding to dress his wounds, I applied a roller-bandage about his body, and was about to finish the dressing when I heard the door slam downstairs, and a wild, mocking laugh came up through the darkness.

"The wounded man heard it. He sat up and listened, his eyes staring wildly. The door leading out on the dark stairway swung slowly open. My own form, possessed by another spirit, approached the threshold. Face to face did we stand, the possessor and possessed, with souls opposed, and bodies all unmatched!

"The wounded man carefully aimed his pistol at the intruder, his eye gleaming down the barrel. I made hurriedly toward the door to protect the form which belonged to me. The dim presence of my former self, with glaring eyes, and hideous grinning countenance, entered the room—I sprang towards it to shield it.

"At that moment a pistol shot rang out.

"A wild, piercing, agonised shriek, weird and terrifying, burst upon the night. The bullet had entered the body which I had interposed. My own was saved, and I immediately took possession of my rightful form.

"The dead body I dragged out on the landing, intending to have it disposed of in the morning. I then returned to the room to attend to my wounded friend. He had fainted. I managed, however, to restore him, and place him comfortably and out of pain preparatory to his removal to the hospital.

"Going out on the landing to place the dead body where it would not be seen, to my surprise I found that it had disappeared. There was a small pool of blood on the landing, and, glancing down the stairs, I saw a succession of crimson stains leading straight to the front door, which was standing open a few inches. Evidently the creature with whom I had exchanged souls had been only wounded, not killed. I could not then, or at any subsequent time, account for having regained my own body but on the supposition that, when the bullet was fired point blank at my body as it was entering the door, there was a momentary loosening of the tie between it and the soul that tenanted it, somewhat akin to that instant of blank unconsciousness or vertigo that we all realise after having passed through a sudden and great peril, a mere point in time but sufficient for my personality to recover possession of its place in its natural tenement. And of course the soul which had temporarily inhabited that body had then no alternative but to return to its own. Several hours later I read in a

I see you are Satan himself.

daily paper a sensational account of the hunting of a hideous dwarfed creature through the streets of the city; of his savage attack upon a constable who attempted to arrest him; of his unaccountable escape for a time from pursuit; of his subsequent appearance in a badly wounded condition; and of his brutally savage fight with the crowd that sought to capture him, with the result that he was finally killed by the infuriated mob.

"I had a difficult task in dealing with my comrade when he recovered consciousness. I saw no way but to make a full disclosure of my discovery and its consequences. I am afraid I failed to convince him, and I think he has always remained convinced that for a few hours in my life a clot of blood pressing on the brain had rendered me a dangerous lunatic. I let him think as he will, for never again will I experiment with the red powder or put it in the power of anyone else to do so."

THE LOST LAND OF KING ARTHUR.

By J. CUMING WALTERS.

(*Author of "In Tennyson Land.*")

VI.—Of The Round Table and King Arthur's Battles.

Ah, Minstrels! when the Table Round
Arose, with all its warriors crown'd,
There was a theme for bards to sound
In triumph to their string!
(Twelve) hundred years are past and gone,
But time shall draw his dying groan
Ere he behold the British throne
Begirt with such a ring!

Scott.

Full fifteen years, and more, were sped;
Each brought new wreaths to Arthur's head.
Twelve bloody fields, with glory fought,
The Saxons to subjection brought;
Rython, the mighty giant slain
By his good brand, relieved Bretagne:
The Pictish Gillamore in fight,
And Roman Lucius, own'd his might;
And wide were through the world renown'd
The glories of his Table Round. *Scott.*

LOVERS of the Arthurian legend might feel a sense of disappointment if they were told that King Arthur never founded a Round Table, and that all tradition on that subject was belied. But the closest students of the ancient story are compelled to come to the conclusion that, even granting King Arthur "made a realm and reign'd," his Round Table existed only in the imagination of later chroniclers and the weavers of the romances. The evidence in favour of the Round Table is of no substantial character, despite the veritable relic which exists at Winchester and is proudly pointed to as the original and genuine article. When Geoffrey of Monmouth pieced together the fragments of history, the fables, and the traditions of the last of the British heroes, and produced that wonderful narrative which has served as a basis upon which to rear the elaborate and complicated structure called by Malory the "noble hystorye of King Arthur," he found nothing whatever in those sources of information either of the Round Table or of the Holy Grail. It was in 1155, when the "flower of Kings" had five centuries of dust upon his tomb, that Wace in the "Brut" gave the first intimation of the existence of the idea.—"Fist Artus la ronde table, dont Breton dient mainte fable"; from which we are led to infer that the tradition was of Breton origin. Others have assumed that the story of the Round

Table established by King Arthur for the accommodation of twelve favourite knights who met in perfect equality was but a variation of that told of Charlemagne and his peers, though the foremost scholars now assure us that the two ideas were separate and distinct. The extraordinary fact remains, however, that the earliest histories of Arthur are silent on the subject which is so impressive and memorable a feature of the later histories. Whence the idea was derived, and how it came to be imported into this narration, none can tell; but of its fitness of character there is no question. It is in thorough keeping with the Arthurian story, supplies an appropriate illustration of his character and methods, and enforces the leading doctrine of knightly fellowship and the unity of the chivalrous band whose primary object was "deeds of worship."

It is absolutely impossible to reconcile the many conflicting accounts of how King Arthur's Round Table was obtained. One report is that it was made by Merlin for Uther Pendragon; that Uther gave it to King Leodegraunce of Cameliard; and that Leodegraunce gave it as a wedding gift to Arthur when he married his daughter, Guinevere. Malory confirms this in his "Book of the Round Table and the Three Quests," when he puts these words into the mouth of the king—"I love Guinevere, the King's daughter, Leodegraunce, of the land of Cameliard, which holdeth in his house the Table Round, that ye told he had of my father, Uther." And Leodegraunce, when he heard of the projected marriage, said; "He hath lands enough, he needeth none; but I shall send him a gift that shall please him much more, for I shall give him the Table Round, the which Uther Pendragon gave me; and, when it is full complete, there is a hundred knights and fifty; and as for a hundred good knights, I have myself, but I lack fifty, for so many have been slain in my days." King Arthur received the Table Round and the hundred knights, "which," he said, "please me more than right great wishes."

In the "Book of Sir Galahad" we find that King Arthur "would wit how many had taken the quest of the Sancgreal, and to account them he prayed them all. Then found they by tale an hundred and fifty, and all were knights of the Round Table." But obviously this Round Table which seated a hundred and fifty knights and left a space for the Holy Grail, was not the special Round Table for King Arthur and the favoured twelve knights of his selection; though it may have been the Round Table which in the "Book of Sir Percivale" we are told Merlin made "in token of the roundness of the world: for by the Round Table is the world signified by right. For all the world, Christian and heathen, resort unto the Round Table, and when they are chosen to be of the fellowship of the Round Table, they think them more blessed, and more in worship, than if they had gotten half the world." So said the Queen of the Waste Lands to Sir Percivale. Yet in regard to this great institution there exists the bolder idea of its astronomical derivation, and considering to what extent astrology has entered into the Arthurian story the theory that the Round Table was suggested by the movement round the Pole of the Great Bear—"the seven clear stars of Arthur's Table Round"—must not be overlooked. Each age of chivalry has had some such institution, and the Round Table continued to exist in this country until the time of the Third Edward. Yet the actual era remains unverified

> "When first the question rose
> About the founding of a Table Round,
> That was to be, for love of God and men
> And noble deeds, the flower of all the world."

Nor were the repeated efforts of English monarchs to keep alive the institution conspicuously successful. The original standard could not be maintained, and the tendency of these later times when the romances were being enriched and elaborated, when Arthur and his knights were regarded as models, and when tournaments were held in imitation of the ancient jousts, was in reality a downward tendency. The ideal which men strove to realise did not correspond, as Ten Brink has pointed out, with the spirit of the former age. "People had become more worldly, and were generally

anxious to protect the real interest of life from the unwarrantable interference of romantic aspirations. The spirit of chivalry no longer formed a fundamental element, but only an ornament of life—an ornament, indeed, which was made much of, and was looked upon with a sentiment partaking of enthusiasm. But now chivalry was no longer the simple outflow of a dominant idea, but rather the product of a pleasant self-conscious reflection. Minds ideally constituted strove to fill the traditional moulds and formulas with a really ethical substance, and by trying in their own way to transpose these ancient poems into action, developed a really tender and humane disposition. The majority of people rejoiced merely in the splendour, and in the festive, dignified existence that raised them above the commonplace and distinguished them from the vulgar crowd. But in every case there was the intermixture of an incongruous element." The lapse to Quixotism was inevitable, and with the lashings of the follies of the undiscriminating imitator of the knights of chivalry, the old custom passed away in derision. Cervantes did well and did evil by his destructive satire: in cutting away the parasite, the false and foolish chivalry which had fastened itself upon the wise and the true, he cut also to the roots of the goodly tree which deserved to fall more nobly, if fall it must. Renan reminds us that it was not Arthur the King who has been adopted by all peoples, but Arthur who charmed the world as the head of an order of equality in which all sat at the same table, and in which a man's worth depended upon his valour and his natural gifts. The fate of an unknown peninsula mattered nothing to the world—"what enchanted it was the ideal court presided over by Guinevere, where around the monarchical unity the flower of heroes was gathered together, where ladies, as chaste as they were beautiful, loved according to the laws of chivalry, and where the time was passed in listening to stories, and learning civility and beautiful manners."

The fashion set by Cervantes was followed in later times by John Hookham Frere, whose projected "National Work" comprising the "most interesting particulars relating to King Arthur and his Round Table" is a brilliant *jeu d'esprit;* and by Mr. Clemens ("Mark Twain") whose "Yankee at the Court of King Arthur" scarcely ranks either among his witty or his memorable productions. The greater number of modern writers, having neither the provocation nor the excuse of Cervantes, have selected for treatment the worthier and purer side of chivalry,* but their idealisation had led to confusion also. Such sober history as exists proves conclusively that the knights of the most chivalrous age lacked those attributes upon which so much stress has been laid, to the glory of poetry but to the obscuring of fact. It is not within my scope, however, to dwell longer upon this subject, but to call attention to the

* Frere's poem was caustic, but it had a certain value in showing the unromantic side of Arthurian times. The following verses, than which far less delicate ones could be found in the poem, may be taken as a specimen:—

"And certainly they say, for fine behaving
King Arthur's Court has never had its match;
True point of honour, without pride or braving,
Strict etiquette for ever on the watch;
There manners were refined and perfect—saving
Some modern graces which they could not catch,
As spitting through the teeth, and driving stages,
Accomplishments reserved for distant ages.

They looked a manly, generous generation;
Beards, shoulders, eyebrows, broad, and square, and thick;
Their accents firm and loud in conversation,
Their eyes and gestures eager, sharp, and quick,
Showed them prepared on proper provocation,
To give the lie, pull noses, stab, and kick;
And for that very reason it is said,
They were so very courteous and well bred."

When we come to consider probabilities, aided by such unsparing lines as these, we may even accept as truth the old folk-song which tells that when King Arthur ruled the land he "ruled it like a swine." The American poet, the late Mr. Eugene Field, in his "Lay of Camelot," has also shown the humorous aspect of the Arthurian Court. While all this may be legitimate enough, and provide opportunities for the wit of the authors, it is not the aspect which we prefer to contemplate for any length of time, or one which has any continuous pleasure for the mind.

BM
THE · SIEGE · PERILOVS

Round Table either as its reputed existence or as the use of its name may be regarded as an indication of the extent of King Arthur's realm. But here, perhaps, we reach the most doubtful ground of all. Wherever we step we touch a crumbling footway or find ourselves utterly lost in a region of superstitions. The advance along this illusive track is therefore wholly unprofitable, save that we are enabled to perceive how Arthurian traditions permeate the land, how tenaciously the supposititious links with him and his age are cherished, and how the crudest facts are turned to account in order that some claim may be popularly justified to association with his fame.

Of the multitude of places in Britain claiming to possess King Arthur's Round Table, the ancient capital of Winchester ranks first. Caxton in his famous Prologue provides a list of proofs of Arthur's actual existence—"In the castel of Dover ye may see Gauwayne's skulle, and Cradok's mantel; at Wynchester, the rounde table; in other places, Launcelottes sworde, and many other thynges." Tradition ascribes the foundation of Winchester Castle to King Arthur in the year 523, and the large oaken table there hanging in the Chapel of St. Stephen, carved with the figure of the King and the names of the knights, is affirmed to be the identical board at which he and his knights assembled. King Henry VIII. exhibited it as such to the Emperor Charles, but alas for romance! the researches of modern antiquaries have caused it to be ascribed to the time of Stephen, thus disposing once and for all of Drayton's proud contention:—

"And so great Arthur's seat ould Winchester prefers,
Whose ould round table yet she vaunteth to be hers,"

and equally falsifying Warton's declaration:—

"High hung remains, the pride of former years,
Old Arthur's board: on the capacious round
Some British pen has sketched the names renown'd,
In marks obscure of his immortal peers."

The great antiquity of Winchester would make its possession of such a relic, if genuine, quite possible. The ancient capital of England was possessed by the Romans who erected the massive walls and temples of which it justly boasts Some authorities declare that the first Christian church was erected in Winchester about the year 169, three centuries or more before King Arthur's time, and that it was converted into a temple of Dagon, or Woden, by the Saxons late in the fifth century. Portion of Winchester was called by the Romans "Gwent," or the Hollow, and this name being confused with the Gwent in Monmouthshire probably led to the transference of the scenes of the Arthurian legend to the famous capital. This class of error, as has been already pointed out, has not been infrequently met with in old chronicles. It was owing to some such confusion of ideas in the mind of King Henry VII. that he named his son, born in Winchester Castle, after the Arthur of romance. Winchester, in fact, plays no mean part in the Arthurian drama. It was at times confused with Camelot, and given as the alternative name of that place. But there is no substance in the claim that the Round Table now to be seen in Winchester is really Arthurian. Even Defoe in his eighteenth-century chronicle of a journey from London to Land's End talks contemptuously of the pretence to pass off the relic as "a piece of antiquity to the tune of twelve hundred years," and he threw absolute discredit upon the whole story.

Caerleon-on-Usk, the historic capital of King Arthur's realm, claims (as we have related) also to possess the Round Table, but in this instance the visitor is taken to a field, still bearing the name of the "Round Table Field," in which a circular cavity probably marks the site of a Roman encampment. The local legend is that beneath this field King Arthur and his knights sleep entranced, and await the summons to come forth and save England from peril. On the top of Cadbury Hill, Somerset, at a spot known as Cadbury Camp, a vast artificial circle, which is doubtless also of Roman origin, is designated the Round Table; and about half a mile from Penrith in Scotland a circular intrenchment, eighty-seven feet in diameter, is

popularly known by the same name. Scott mentions "Penrith's Table Round" in his "Bridal of Triermain," and one of Lockhart's notes explains that the circle within the ditch is about one hundred and sixty paces in circumference, with openings, or approaches, directly opposite each other. "As the ditch is on the inner side it could not be intended for the purpose of defence, and it has been reasonably conjectured that the enclosure was designed for the solemn exercise of feats of chivalry, and the embankment around for the convenience of spectators." This Scotch reference has a significance of its own, but, standing alone, and combated by other claims, it cannot be deemed of very high importance.

Sir Walter Scott quotes the lines of the poet David Lindsay:—

"Adew, fair Snawdon, with thy towris hie,
Thy chapell-royall, park, and Tabyll Round,"

which removes the relic, natural or artificial, to North Wales; but Anglesey also claims that what others call a Roman camp overlooking Redwharf Bay is the "Burdd Arthur," or Arthur's Round Table. Leland's Itinerary contains the announcement that near Denbigh "there is, in the Paroch of Llansannen in the Side of a Stony Hille, a Place wher there be twenty-four Holes or Places in a Roundel for Men to sitte in, but sum lesse, and some bigger, cutte out of the mayne Rock by Mannes Hand; and there Children and Young Men cumming to seke their Catelle use to sitte and play. Sum caulle it the Rounde Table. Kiddes use ther communely to play and skip from Sete to Sete." No conclusion can be drawn, and no satisfaction can be gained, from this medley of conflicting claims: we learn only that the tradition was widely diffused and that either in a spirit of contention to claim possession of the relic, or with the desire to ensure the survival of the recollection by symbols, the name came to be indiscriminately bestowed upon artificial imitations or natural resemblances of the original. George Borrow in his "Wild Wales," however, seems to favour the Welsh localities as Arthurian.

If we turn to the question of the number of the knights supposed to range themselves at the Table Round we find similar diversity both of record and opinion, and equal preposterousness in rival claims. The Table at Winchester had "sieges" for twenty-five, including the king. The Table mentioned by Malory had "sieges" for one hundred and fifty: one hundred were sent by Leodegraunce, Merlin found twenty-eight more, King Arthur chose Sir Gawaine and Sir Tor, and the remaining twenty were left for those who proved themselves worthy. Yet the old frontispiece to Malory's History showed only thirty knights seated at the Table; Scott, in his "Triermain," mentions only sixteen; and the old ballad on Arthur specifies the number of "good and able knights" as fifty. To leave such details, let it suffice to learn from Malory that "by the noble fellowship of the Table Round was King Arthur borne up"; or let us agree with Drayton, for the sake of poetical justice, that Arthur's and Charlemagne's knights were of exactly the same number:—

"Who bear the bow were knights in Arthur's reign,
Twelve they, and twelve the knights of Charlemagne."

Among the many remarkable traditions concerning the Round Table is that which survives in Wales that Arthur assembled his followers on the heights of the Brecknockshire Beacons, and there made known his design to establish a knighthood and to found a Table Round. On the summit of Pen-y-Van may yet be seen huge stones and rock fragments which the superstitious regard as the broken relics of the Table, to the real existence of which far more attention has been given than to its allegorical significance. The Round Table is, in fact, purely symbolical throughout the romance, an idea conveyed by the customary means of a simple figure, a parable. It is illustrative of the equality and the unity of the order of chivalry, and of the singleness of purpose and ambition of the Arthurian warriors and adventure-seekers. The breaking up of the Table Round is the sign of the falling away in allegiance of the knights and

of the approaching disintegration of Arthur's kingdom. When the fellowship of the knights is strongest and the complement is complete, the king is at the height of his power; when there are vacant seats at the Table, there are indications of a decline; when only a remnant of the knights meets once more at the monarch's call, the kingdom is half-lost; when the fellowship is broken and the Round Table has disappeared, the end of Arthur's reign is come, and his power is shattered for ever. "We all understand," said Sir Lancelot, "in this realm will be now no quiet, but ever strife and debate, now the fellowship of the Round Table is broken; for by the noble fellowship of the Round Table was King Arthur upborne, and by their nobleness the King and all his realm was in quiet and in rest."

By the deftness of the chroniclers the symbolism of the Table Round becomes slightly intermixed with the symbolism of the Grail quest, Sir Galahad, the perfect knight who could sit in the Siege Perilous, being the only knight who could be blessed with the vision of the Holy Grail. It was those alone of the fellowship of the Round Table who entered upon the quest, and it was the one pure hero, the man of most worship, who achieved that quest. Two seats in the Round Table were left vacant by Merlin. One was filled by King Pellinore when he had proved his worthiness; "but in the Siege Perilous," said Merlin, "there shall no man sit therein but one, and if there be any so hardy to do it he shall be destroyed, and he that shall sit there shall have no fellow." The double prophecy was fulfilled. The unworthy knight who attempted to occupy the siege was carried away in a flame that burst forth instantaneously, and Merlin's own fate is by some ascribed to his inadvertence in sitting in that mysterious chair, strangely carven and lettered. But for Galahad there was no such fear. Long did the Siege Perilous remain vacant, for while Arthur and his knights were building up the kingdom Lancelot's son was unborn. But at the assembling of the fellowship one Whitsuntide a hermit predicted to the king that that same year one should be born who would sit in the Siege Perilous and win the Sangreal. Henceforth the two ideas are found constantly united. At Camelot all the seats at the Table were found newly written with gold letters, and upon the Siege Perilous were the mystic words: "Four hundred winters and fifty-four accomplished after the passion of our Lord Jesu Christ ought this Siege to be fulfilled." The knights were filled with wonderment, and they awaited the coming of the worshipful man who could sit there and not be harmed. Other miracles were wrought that day; the air and sky were full of omens, and Lancelot said: "I will that ye wit that this same day will the adventures of the Sangreal begin." "A good old man, and an ancient," clothed in white, entered the palace, bringing with him a young knight without arms. No one knew whence they came, but they listened in awe to the reverend stranger, who declared that the youth by his side was the long-expected knight, of the king's lineage, of the kindred of Saint Joseph, destined to sit in the Siege Perilous and to achieve the Grail quest. It was Galahad, Sir Lancelot's own son, having for his mother Elaine, the daughter of King Pelles, who was "cousin nigh unto Joseph of Arimathie," and the possessor of the holy vessel. In the mysterious seat the young knight sat unfearing, and the knights beholding this whispered to each other, "This is he by whom the Sangreal shall be achieved." It was the virgin knight who could alone draw out the sword from the stone, and who again proved himself the greatest, after which he began with religious ardour his appointed task.

Galahad's story was a late addendum to the Arthurian legend, and it is very difficult to suppose that he was an historic figure. Yet his prototype is said to have existed in the person of Catwg the wise (Cadog), the second principal of Llancarfan College, where he was the successor of the renowned Bishop Dubois. In his youth Catwg had been a soldier, later he joined the Christian Church, and the neophyte had the advantage of receiving personal instruction from the

aged master, the foremost divine of Arthur's time. But the suggestion that Cadog was Galahad is scarcely open to serious consideration, and Walter Map, the first to relate the history of the virgin knight, was not likely to have had any such prototype in his mind. His conception seems to have been mainly poetic. The story is crowded with mysteries, superstitions, and idealisms. Galahad is scarcely human in any of his attributes, and he is so invested with marvels that we may safely set him down as an imaginary type or the most shadowy of traditional figures.

In discussing the real Arthur, as distinct from the Arthur of romance, we must bear in mind that he was primarily the warrior, the representative of a cause which necessitated the constant display of his power in battle. As such he is first celebrated by the bards, and it was around the warrior and chief that the romance grew. From being simply a military leader, he became a type of hero about whom gathered many legends, and in course of time he was made the central figure in all the stories of marvellous adventure current in the early days. That there was an Arthur leading a forlorn hope, chief of a people slow to yield and hard to subdue, need scarcely be questioned. He is the original hero, the last and greatest of a conquered race; he is the giant-figure standing behind the mythical Arthur of fable and romance. Born when his land was attacked by the invader and his people were fearing extinction, he valorously met the foe, and for a while stemmed the victorious current of the Saxon and the Roman arms. Defeated at last, he became, as was inevitable, a type of hero—a later Odin, a demi-god—and in the romances and songs we read rather of aims than accomplishments, of desires than of deeds. More and more as time cast its glamour about him, King Arthur became the embodiment of a natural aspiration, and the vanquished race revenged its defeat in songs of defiance, songs which vaunted of victory and were matched to triumphant strains, songs which relieved the thought of present disaster and recalled only the olden triumphs or prompted dreams of future glory. These songs took their rise in prophesies and sprang forth into golden promise of power and success. Speedily the ideal replaced the real. Poet after poet, chronicler after chronicler, added attributes to the hero; and ultimately from one strong man waging desperate war against outnumbering foes, the Arthur of romance was evolved, the Arthur whose conquests were an unbroken series and whose territory was limitless, the Arthur with his invincible knighthood, the Arthur who could never die, but who, in Merlin's words, "like the dawn will arise from his mysterious retreat." The legends supply one more proof that a nation with a voice, with the power of utterance, is invincible in spirit; captive and conquered though it may be, it remains unsubdued and free in impulse and thought. We can conceive how bold and defiant the spirit of the Cymri remained when in the eyes of the race the defeated king was still visible as the master of all kings, and the vanquished people could boast that he who fell under the Roman yoke—

> "Swept the dust of ruin'd Rome
> From off the threshold of the realm, and crushed
> The Idolaters, and made the people free."

To this race Caerleon and Camelot became cities of magic splendour and magnificence, and the courts and camps of Arthur surpassed in strength and riches the luxurious home of Cæsar. The land was strewn with relics of Arthur's power; the downs and plains were the scenes of his momentous victories; the hills were his chairs and footstools; the old encampments were the scenes of famous tourneys; the dark woods suggested the scenes of strange adventures for the knights; the holy wells, the rivers, and the places where Nature was brightest and most beautiful, were all associated with leading events and enterprises in the history of the king and his noble retinue. Particularly did the Cymri insist upon the successive and overwhelming defeats by Arthur of the Saxons, their traditional and most hated foe. Yet in their vaunting they gave Arthur the mastery of half Europe,

claimed that the Roman Emperor became his vassal, and that upon his head the Pope himself placed a crown.

Arthur fought twelve great battles against the Saxons between the years 457 and 520* Either names have been mixed, or the chroniclers have monstrously departed from fact, or else we must conclude that the British warrior was actually king of the greater part of England, Wales, and Scotland, for his victories extend from Cornwall to Lincoln, and from Caerleon in Wales to the Scotch Lowlands. The twelfth and greatest of his victories was at Mount Badon, where "in one bout" we are told, "Arthur vanquished eight hundred and forty-one," and "no man overthrew them but himself alone." The identity of Mount Badon, where "our good Arthur broke once more the Pagan" has long been a matter of dispute. It has been contended that Bath was none other than Mons Badonicus, and that the actual battlefield was a spot known as Banner Down; but the claim has almost entirely been abandoned now that so much evidence is forthcoming in favour of another site. Bath seems to have been fixed upon as a likely place not only on account of its veritable antiquity and its early occupation by the Romans, but because it appeared to be a sort of translation or corruption of the word Badon. But this is an etymological blunder, for, as has been pointed out, a sixth century word cannot be elucidated in this free manner with the help of a word which had no existence until the tenth century. The authorities are now fairly well agreed that Badon must be identified with Badbury Rings, but again a difficulty arises, for there are two places called Badbury, not very far from each other, one in Wiltshire and the other in Dorset. There is also a Caer Badon in Berkshire which at least two historians have favoured as the scene of Arthur's crucial contest with Cerdic. Our knowledge of the battle comes from the Welsh bards who celebrated it in vaunting songs, and from Gildas and Bede, but none of them assists us to establish where Badon was, or, for the matter of that, at what date the battle was fought. Lady Charlotte Guest reminds us that Gildas, who bore the name of Badonicus from being born in the year in which the battle was fought,† described Badon as being at the mouth of the Severn, but this passage has been declared an interpolation. Mr. Freeman, Mr. Stokes, and other modern historians give their vote for Badbury in Dorset, but without mentioning their reasons. The Badbury in Wiltshire seems to me to be the more likely place if for no other reason than that King Arthur is often mentioned as travelling through that county, and as being in the vicinity of Salisbury and Stonehenge, whereas Dorset seems to have been outside the sphere of his visits and operations. The Wiltshire Badbury is only a few miles from the gigantic and mysterious megalithic structure which had actually been attributed by Geoffrey of Monmouth and others to Aurelius Ambrosius, or Arthur. One tradition ran that it was a monument erected by the Britons on the spot where the massacre of the British nobles took place by order of Hengist. But in the light of science we learn that Stonehenge was an antiquity in the time of the Celts, and that its origin must have been as much a mystery to the contemporaries of King Arthur as it is to us of to-day. Stonehenge is not mentioned by the old chroniclers, but, remarkable to say, neither is Badon; but Salisbury is the subject of Merlin's fateful prophecy of Arthur's doom in the battle with Mordred. Mr. Joseph Ritson went exhaustively into the subject of Mons Badonicus, and after citing all that was recorded of it by Archbishop Usher, Matthew of Westminster, Gildas, Geoffrey, Sir John Prise, and many others, he still left the issue uncertain. What seems only to be established is that the battle was a

* The names of, and the leading incidents in, the twelve "glorious wars," are enumerated with accuracy by Tennyson in "Lancelot and Elaine," the recital coming from Lancelot's lips, and having for its purpose the proof that at the time "there lived no greater leader." Joseph Ritson's curious little volume on King Arthur likewise treats this subject fully.

† Gildas Badonicus, as we have seen in the first chapter, is also a reputed native of Bath.

LAVNCELOT·IN·DISGVISE·IS·OVERTHROWN BY·THE KNIGHTS·OF·THE ROVND TABLE

decisive triumph for the British against the Saxons under Cerdic, and that Arthur personally performed prodigies of valour. Tennyson has represented him charging at the head of his knights, and standing high on a heap of the slain watching the flying foe; and Drayton has sung—

"How he himself at Badon bore that day,
When at the glorious gole his British scepter lay;
Two daies together how the battel stronglie stood:
Pendragon's worthie son, who waded there in blood,
Three hundred Saxons slew with his own valiant hand."

It is a truly marvellous account which is given of Arthur's valorous conduct at the battle of Badon. Wearing his breastplate, his gold helmet with the dragon device upon it, and taking his sword Excalibur, his spear Ron, and his shield Pridwen, he first received a blessing from the Bishop Dubritius and then headed his force against the Saxons who received the attack in a wedge-formation, as was usual. The issue of the battle long remained in doubt. The fighting was of the most desperate character on both sides, and at the close of day the Saxons had the advantage. Next morning the contest was resumed, Arthur storming the mount and being at a disadvantage by having the lower position. His personal example, however, fired his troops with courage. Drawing his sword and uttering the name of St. Mary he rushed among the enemy and dealt such strokes that a man fell each time. In all 470 Saxons lay dead as the result of that terrific onslaught, and the Britons rushing in at the right moment completed the Saxon rout. This was the end of a long campaign which had taken Arthur through Lincolnshire, Staffordshire, and Somerset. The date of the battle, as is usual with Arthurian dates, cannot be fixed. It is given by different chroniclers as 493, 511, as 516 in the "Annales Cambriæ," and as 520.

It is surprising that Badon* should remain vague and undefined, when the sites of some of the other and less important battles are in most cases not dubious and are easily ascertained. We know, for example, that Barham Down, or Barendowne, the scene of one of the last encounters with Mordred, was near Canterbury; and the fact that thereabouts was an Anglo-Saxon cemetery may either be testimony to the fact, or may have suggested to the chroniclers the likelihood of its being an ancient battlefield. Mr. Ritson traced the localities of the other Arthurian struggles to the banks of the Glen in Lincolnshire and of the Duglas in Lancashire; he thought Bassas might be Bashford in Staffordshire, though others favour Boston in Lincolnshire; Cathbregion was in Somersetshire, and so forth. Of these battles we have no details in Malory. On the other hand, we have a long account of the expedition to Italy undertaken by Arthur against the Emperor of Rome after the latter had presumed to demand tribute from him. His complete humiliation of the Emperor's subjects is, of course, insisted upon. Prisoners were taken in large numbers and compelled to become Christians; a duchess besought him to spare the women and children, and Arthur thereupon issued magnanimous orders; the keys of cities were brought to him by young men, and his march through north Italy was one continuous triumph. "Then he rideth into Tuscany," says Malory in his most laconic style, "and winneth towns and castles, and wasted all in his way that to him will not obey." Finally the senators offered him allegiance, and the noblest cardinals in Rome came voluntarily to him and "prayed him peace." Arthur accepted their gifts, and decided to hold his Table Round, "with my knights as we liketh," in Rome at Christmas. Then, having been crowned by the Pope "with all the royalty that could be made," he apportioned the realms among his knights and servants, and returned to England, landing at Sandwich,† where the queen

* Mr. E. W. B. Nicholson, in the *Academy* (1896), has advanced a number of very strong and learned arguments in favour of the original idea that Mons Badonicus was Bath.

† Sandwich is mentioned several times in the romance, but the references are unimportant. Ancient as the place is, there is no reason to connect it with British occupation. At the time the chronicles were written, however, it was too important a seaport to escape mention.

and a large company were waiting to receive him. King Arthur, his knighthood, his undefeated warriors, and his almost miraculous battles, are perhaps more a theme for the poet than for the historian. Such lines as Lytton's accord with the romance, and realise the aspirations of the unsubjugated tribe and of those who sang to its fame and prophesied its future triumph.

"Rings Owaine's shout,—rings Geraint's thunder-cry,
The Saxon's death knell in a hundred wars;
And Cador's laugh of triumph:—through the sky
Rush tossing banderolls swift as shooting stars,
Trystan's white lion—Lancelot's cross of red,
And Tudor's standard with the Saxon's head.
And high o'er all, its sealèd splendour rears
The vengeful emblem of the Dragon Kings.
Full on the Saxon bursts the storm of spears;
Far down the vale the charging whirlwind rings,
While through the ranks its barbèd knighthood clave,
All Carduel follows with its roaring wave."

(To be continued.)

YACHT RACING ON THE SERPENTINE.

MODEL yacht racing might be called the adult form of toy boat-sailing, through which most of us have passed at some time in our juvenile careers. The earliest outward symptom of the disease is probably a tiny piece of wood, with a match for a mast and a piece of paper for a sail, set adrift on some slowly moving brook and wrecked on the first obstacle in its course. Few boys aspire to the possession of a real model yacht, such as we may see skimming the waters of the Serpentine on almost any fine day when the frost is not biting too hard. Some of these models cost a good deal of money, too much for the savings of most youngsters, and their owners even maintain a club. Many of these boats are exact models built to scale of full-size racing craft.

THE ART OF ACCOMPANYING.

By GEORGE CECIL.

A LAMENTABLY large number of pianists are under the impression that the art of accompanying consists mainly in being able to read at sight. As many people do not, apparently, know what constitutes the perfect accompanist, it is proposed to deal at some length with the subject. And if the sagacious musical reader gleans a few "ideas" which can be turned to account, none can say that this article has been written in vain!

Paradoxical though it may seem, ability to read at sight the most difficult accompaniment is not absolutely necessary. For unless the music is of the straightforward character, beloved by the simple composer of ballads, the accompanist should not be expected to join forces with the singer, or instrumentalist, without having first made a study of the accompaniment. The important thing to remember is that it is written for the purpose of supporting the voice, or instrument. Consequently, if the person who is at the piano looks upon the accompaniment merely as a piece of music which has to be played because it forms part of the composition, a desirable *ensemble* scarcely can be expected. The pianist who is not in sympathy with the song (or who is incapable of affecting an interest in it) is an incumbrance to the singer. Though the music is played according to the composer's instructions, the apathy of the accompanist may get on the vocalist's nerves to such a degree that the unhappy performer cannot possibly show to advantage.

Equally annoying are the unintelligent (but well-meaning) people who cheerfully undertake to accompany when they are better fitted to play "musical chairs." It is a regrettable fact that, with a few brilliant exceptions, amateur accompanists leave much to be desired. For some unexplained reason, they go out of their way to aggravate the long-suffering warbler, or instrumentalist, by committing every possible sin of omission and commission. Indeed, a lady-accompanist has been known to put murderous thoughts in the mind of a musical curate. But the coming generation of pianists may, by digesting these unkind words, rise superior to their predecessors. Though a thorough knowledge of fiddling or singing cannot be expected of them, there is no reason why they should not learn

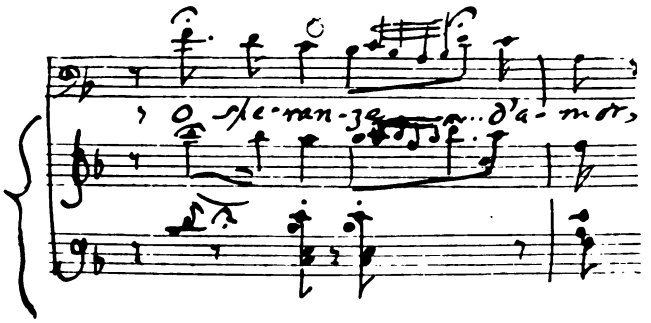
MADAME FANNY MOODY, WHO NUMBERS AMONGST HER ACCOMPLISHMENTS THE ART OF ACCOMPANYING.

enough about the voice to anticipate the singer's wishes. The co-operation of a pianist who is thus prepared is invaluable —even though the *technique* is not all that fancy paints. The accompanist who can transpose at sight "Mon cœur s'œuvre à ta voix" may be a marvellous sight reader—but, owing to ignorance of singing, a sore trial to the unfortunate Dalila.

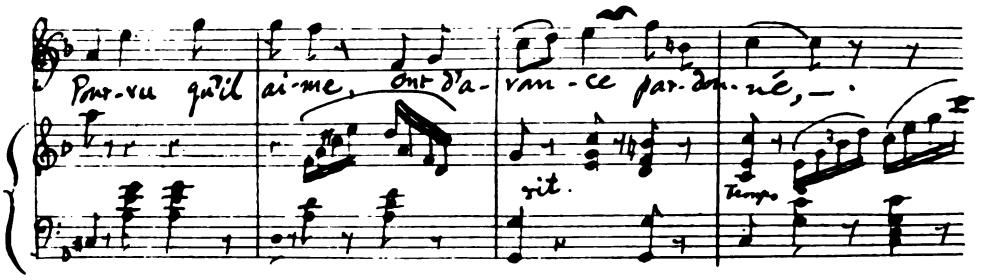
Many a complacent Miss who can rattle off a Liszt "Rhapsodie" is—owing to inborn stupidity—incapable of playing so easy a piano part as that of "Caro mio ben."

It is interesting to note that several of our successful singers are admirable accompanists. Amongst these are Madame Fanny Moody, the bright particular star of the Moody-Manners Opera Company, now performing at the Lyric Theatre, Madame de Vere, Mr. Edward Iles, and several others.

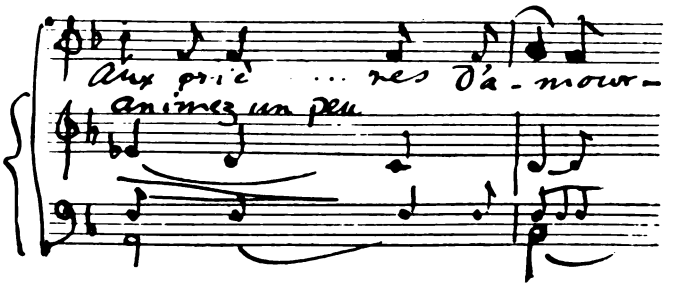
For some unexplained reason, many pianists—professional as well as amateur—neglect to apply the *colla voce* or *col canto, rallentando, accellerato, morendo, a piacere* and *ritendo.* In the beautiful *cantabile* movement of "Eri tu" is to be found the phrase:—



Even an accompanist of standing may not have noticed that the D and the B flat are held, and that the phrase is marked *col canto*—meaning that the accompaniment (which is written in unison with the voice) must follow the singer with a precision from which no deviation can be allowed. In the charming duet, "Ange adorable," which is allotted to Roméo and Juliette, there occurs the line:—



The object in introducing a *ritendo* and a *tempo* is that the purport of the words may be accentuated. It is to be regretted that Gounod's instructions do not always commend themselves to the accompanist. In answer to Roméo's question, "N'entendent elles pas la voix qui leur conseille un arret plus clément," Juliette replies:—



The *animez un peu* usually is disregarded by the amateur pianist—and often by the professional genius.

Many singers and instrumentalists are a nuisance to their long-suffering accompanists, in that they take the most unwarrantable liberties with the time. If the principal of the two performers cannot be reformed, the pianist must exercise intelligence—and make the best of circumstances. In vocal music, however, a certain amount of licence may sometimes be taken. It is permissible for a singer occasionally to introduce an ornament and to interpolate a note which is both in keeping with the music and to the advantage of the artist and his hearers. Mere gallery display is, of course, unforgivable, but when Battistini introduces an A flat (as in his recent Gramophone record) into "Oh, sommo Carlo," the ease with which he emits the note and the beauty of its tone contribute to the success of his interpretation and to the pleasure that Verdi's music gives one. Tamagno used—especially in the *rôle* of Radamés — to indulge in certain methods which, though scarcely to the taste of the academical musician, claimed the admiration of his audience, and Bonci may be forgiven his amiable weakness for showing off high notes (as in his supremely fine Fonotipia record of "La Donna è Mobile") as he invariably warns the accompanist of his intention. In any case, a change of the above description is not so harassing as is the singer's inability to come in at the right place!

MADAME DE VERE-SAPIO, OF THE MOODY-MANNERS OPERA COMPANY, WHOSE ACCOMPANYING AFFORDS AN EXCELLENT OBJECT LESSON.

Students who are sufficiently astute to recognise that the supply of solo pianists is in excess of the demand, might find it advisable to turn their attention to accompanying. Amongst those whose work sometimes conveys a useful object-lesson to the aspirant are Mr. Henry Bird, Mr. Landon Ronald (who, to give him his due, accompanies in a desirable manner), and Miss Edna Murrell. The last-named combines touch, *technique*, and wide musical sympathies, a combination which is none too common and should be the aim of all who undertake to play accompaniments.

An equally useful lesson is conveyed by the sympathetic manner in which M. Oumirof plays an accompaniment — especially the accompaniments to the songs of his native land. He combines with technical skill of no mean order the caressing touch of the pianist who loves music and whose greatest delight it is to give pleasure to others, while in passages requiring fortissimo treatment he can rise to the occasion without taking the composer's intentions so literally as to frighten nervous people. It is also interesting to note that he can play his own accompaniment without handicapping himself vocally.